RESERVE STOCK
159
914·2 HAL
Book No.....
Class.....

Kensington Public Libraries.

NORTH KENSINGTON BRANCH
108, LADBROKE GROVE, W.11.

14 DAYS allowed for reading this volume.

If Books be detained beyond the time allowed a **Fine of One Penny per Day** will be incurred and no other Book shall be issued until such fine be paid. Books that are available for renewal may be re-issued once for a further period provided that they are not required by other Borrowers. No book shall be out to the same Borrower for more than 28 consecutive days.

Books must be used with care, and the leaves not under any circumstances turned down. No writing or marks of any kind must be made in any Book. Borrowers must return Books personally or by responsible messenger, and properly protected.

THE LENDING LIBRARY SHALL BE CLOSED ON WEDNESDAYS.

By Order,
A. HEYWOOD JONES,
Chief Librarian.

V500,365

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LIBRARY SERVICE

Author

Title

BOOK STORE

Books or discs must be returned on or before the last date stamped on label or on card in book pocket. Books or discs can be renewed by telephone, letter or personal call unless required by another reader. After library hours use the Ansafone Service (01-698 7347). For hours of opening and charges see notices at the above branch, but note that all lending departments close at 1 pm on Wednesday and all libraries are closed on Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, Bank Holidays and Saturdays prior to Bank Holidays.

METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION

26
1

942

PILGRIMAGES

TO

ENGLISH SHRINES.

By MRS. S. C. HALL.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

"Great men have been among us; hands that penn'd,
And tongues that uttered, wisdom."
WORDSWORTH.

NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & CO. 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1853.

Class 914·2 HAL
Access 159

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

KENSINGTON PUBLIC LIBRARIES

TO MADAME OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT,

NÉE JENNY LIND.

DEAR FRIEND,

I dedicate to you these Pilgrimages to the Shrines of British Worthies. England is the land of your affection, as it is of your respect; and I know it will gratify you to peruse the records of illustrious men and women who have been good as well as great, and whose lives were lessons in practical wisdom and active virtue.

I rejoice in the opportunity thus afforded me of expressing not only the high estimation in which I hold your genius—of which society is cognisant in but one of its many phases—but my joy and admiration that the pure womanliness of your nature has preserved you uninjured by the world's homage.

Dear friend, accept this tribute to those rare qualities of heart and mind which your friend and "neighbour" has had so many happy opportunities of observing; were I to enlarge upon this theme, I should fail to say all I feel, though you would say I flattered.

Ever your attached friend,

ANNA MARIA HALL.

August 1, 1853.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/pilgrimagestoeng0000mrss

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In this work, the author aims to render more familiar to the general reader, places which—in association with the great men and women of British history—cannot fail to be generally interesting.

Her own visits to these English shrines have been sources of deep and lasting enjoyment, and not without valuable instruction. If she succeed in sharing these advantages with others, she will have received her reward.

To the pen and pencil of the author's excellent coadjutor, Mr. F. W. Fairholt, the reader will be largely indebted for much useful information concerning the subjects treated of in these pages.

Several of the "Pilgrimages" have been published in the Art-Journal; in that work they attracted attention; and the author has yielded to the wish of the publisher in collecting them into a Volume, which she hopes may be found not unworthy of public favour.

The demand for a new Edition of the Work is very gratifying to the author: the publisher has considered it advisable to issue the two volumes in one—a form in which they will be more acceptable to the general reader.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
THE BIRTH-PLACE OF JOHN BUNYAN	1
THE BURIAL-PLACE OF JOHN HAMPDEN	25
THE RESIDENCE OF HANNAH MORE	49
THE TOMB OF SIR THOMAS GRESHAM	65
THE TOMB OF THOMAS GRAY	88
THE BIRTH-PLACE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON	105
THE BIRTH-PLACE OF RICHARD WILSON	127
THE HOUSE OF ANDREW MARVEL	133
THE TOMB OF JOHN STOW	147
THE HEART OF SIR NICHOLAS CRISPE	170
THE PRINTING-OFFICE OF WILLIAM CAXTON	182
SHAFTESBURY HOUSE	194
THE DWELLING OF JAMES BARRY	209
THE RESIDENCE OF DR. ISAAC WATTS	224
THE PRISON OF LADY MARY GREY	243
THE STUDIO OF GAINSBOROUGH	255
THE TOWN OF JOHN KYRLE	263
THE TOMB OF WILLIAM HOGARTH	274

Page.

THE GRAVE OF IZAAK WALTON 295

THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN 319

THE MONUMENT OF WREN 346

THE GRAVE OF LADY RACHEL RUSSELL 365

EDGEWORTHSTOWN 383

THE GARDEN OF SIR THOMAS MORE 408

ESHER—THE RESIDENCE OF JANE PORTER 423

THE GRAVE OF SIR RICHARD LOVELACE. 437

THE GRAVE OF GRACE AGUILAR 448

THE DWELLING OF EDMUND BURKE 464

THE REMAINS OF CLARENDON HOUSE 485

FLAXMAN'S MONUMENT 492

THE VILLAGE OF EYAM 501

THE MONUMENT OF EDWARD BIRD, R.A. 512

THE GRAVE OF MRS. HOFLAND 521

CHERTSEY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD 525

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

HE pilgrim who approaches a SHRINE without devotional reverence—reverence which stimulates the pulsations of his heart, and suffuses his eyes with unbidden tears—can have no 'calling,' so to say, to his pilgrimage. Instead of bearing the worldly 'fardel' of doubts and unbelief he must go forth with genuine faith and cordial enthusiasm—faith in the virtues of him before whose Shrine he seeks to offer the homage of mind and heart. Without this he can neither comprehend the *actions* nor appreciate the *motives* of the mighty dead; he becomes entangled in a net of so-called 'reasons' leading to unworthy and treacherous 'doubts.' One, who is still with us—a great mystic yet a mighty teacher—asks—'Does not every true man feel that he is himself made higher by doing reverence to what is really above him?' That steady and sturdy faith in all high and glorious things, is one of the first great steps towards the Heaven which shall be revealed hereafter.

We do not expect those who are born of the flesh to be without those weaknesses and failings which are the lot of humanity, but where there is a strong and lofty spirit, doing battle honestly and openly with what is wrong, and above all, warring against himself and lashing his own frailties

with a rigorous and unsparing hand—we tender the homage of FAITH to his good intent and unflinching purpose, and ask for him to be judged, not by the burs that cling to his garment, but by his high attributes and the holy PURPOSE of his MISSION.

The worthiest thinkers and writers of modern times have offered tributes to the genius which breathes throughout the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' 'New editions,' 'illustrated editions,' 'lectures on,' 'lives,' and even 'records,' of the author, have issued from the press, each aiding another; and few would make pilgrimage to the drowsy city of Bedford, but for the interest created for it by the once despised and persecuted, but now universally appreciated, advocate of Puritanism, whom the poet Cowper, with all his admiration for his genius, even in his day feared to name.

It had long—indeed, ever since our childhood—been with us an earnest desire to visit the place of John Bunyan's birth. It has been said, that when God's will crosses man's will, man calls it disappointment. We had often been 'disappointed' of our projected journey to Bedford. At last, however, it was accomplished, and we felt how much better it was that we had not visited it previously. The railroad offers facilities to those who have little time to spend in travel, which atones for its impairing much of the picturesque beauty of our country, and leaving but slight trace of the primitive habits and manners of our ancestors.

No one, we have said, would visit this midland town for its own sake. The locality calls to mind that of one of those heavy Flemish towns where there is literally no landscape; but where all is dark and flat, and rich with solid vegetation—not even a mound of earth higher than a churchyard-grave to animate the torpid scene. The Ouse creeps lazily here through fertile meadows, sunning its lake-like waters without the relief of a single shadow from mountain or small hill. Cultivation does its utmost to atone by abundance for lack of beauty; and the sleepy locality is not devoid of historical interest.*

* As far back as the reign of our Sixth Edward, a grammar-school was here founded; but it was endowed in 1566 by Sir William Harpur (a native of Bedford and Lord Mayor of London), and by 'Dame Alice, his wife,' with a house and premises in Bedford, and land situate in Middlesex. This land, in the heart of London, has so increased in value, and the trustees have made such use of their funds, that all Bedford seems one huge charity, and every householder in the city has a free education for his son. The increase of the value of

But that which renders Bedford a shrine, and elevates the whole neighbourhood into a place of intense interest, is the memory of a persecuted and imprisoned man, John Bunyan, the author of some sixty volumes of the outpourings of his own heart under various forms; many of these, however, evincing the strong hardy spirit of the fearless man, are only regarded as curiosities; for the oppressions and other circumstances that called them forth, have long since passed away, and are now matters of history; but the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is sacred in every Christian home, and will exist as long as the spires of our holy temples point to the skies, or a knee remains to bend in prayer at any house of Christian worship.

The Cottage at Elstow.

It seems strange to us that Southey, whose memoir is full of feeling for his subject, never visited Bunyan's birth-place, and Mr. Philip must have looked upon what is still called the Pilgrim's Cottage with a poet's eye, when he suffered the *vignette décorée*, which certainly adds to the pictorial

London land is curiously exemplified in Harpur's gift. He purchased 13 acres and a rood of meadow land in Holborn, which he obtained for 180*l*. This had produced, in 1668, the yearly rent of 99*l*. to the funds of his charity; but the progress of building rapidly augmented it, and it is now of the annual value of 12,000*l*.

Howard, the philanthropist, in later times, was stimulated by the bad state of his county

beauty of his book, to be considered as a faithful representation of the cottage at Elstow.* We give it as it really is from the pencil of Mr. Fairholt.

The Belfry Porch.

It was a day of mingled sunshine and showers when we arrived at Bedford, and after crossing the new bridge, which has been erected on the site of the old one, where Bunyan passed a portion of his captivity, we drove to the village rendered celebrated as his birth-place. We first paused at 'the green,' still the 'play-stow' or play-place of the village children; when we pushed back the gate and entered, we stood on the self-same 'green' where Bunyan stood more than two centuries ago, when he sought to disperse, by the wildness of a game at 'cat,'† the conviction of the evil of sabbath-breaking, which had struck upon his heart from a sermon, preached within the church, looking so gray and weather-worn amid those venerable trees; here he was

(Bedford) jail, to investigate and model the prisons of Europe, and was most liberally supported in carrying out his glorious projects by Mr. Whitbread, whose descendants possess considerable property in the neighbourhood.

* The old edition of his works, as first published by Charles Doe, thus quaintly narrates his early history :—'Our Excellent Author, by the Abundant grace of God, Mr. John Bunyan, was born at Elsto, a mile side of Bedford, about the year 1628, (his father was mean, and by trade a mender of pots and kettles, vulgarly called a Tinker, and of the national religion, as commonly men of that trade are) and was brought up to the Tinkering trade, as also were several of his brothers, whereat he worked about that country, being also very profane and poor, even when married,' &c.

† *Cat*, or *tip-cat*, is a game still played by children. The cat being a piece of wood tapering from the centre like a double cone; so that the blow struck at either end occasions 'the cat' to fly upwards with considerable force; the impetus given to which denotes the ability of the player, as well as his dexterity in hitting it again in its ascent.

arrested in the midst of that game, under the peculiar circumstances which he describes in his 'Grace Abounding;' from this well-worn and time beaten sward, which joins the church-yard, is the best view of the 'steeple-house,' or church tower, which is detached from the church, and in which Bunyan, even after his marriage, assisted the ringers, until 'his conscience beginning to get "tender," he thought such a practice was but vain, and therefore forced himself to leave it.' We wandered into the church avenue, and leaning against the worn buttresses of the tower, looked upwards to where hung the identical bells, which Bunyan feared might fall upon him in judgment for his sins; the church must at one time have been of monastic extent, and two hundred years ago exhibited more of the remains of catholicity than appear at present.

We thought of the time when Bunyan first began to worship earnestly within those walls, before the commencement of his hatred of prelacy, and when his great heart expanded even towards every particle of the dress worn by the officiating clergyman; in this church *beginning* his devotional existence, where, after his marriage with a woman whose only portion was two books—of which we shall speak hereafter—his earnest enthusiasm 'adored,' to use his own language, 'all things, in the high place, priest, clerk, vestments, service, and what else belonged to the church, counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk, most happy, and therein greatly blessed.' 'And, certainly,' says an un-named writer, who honours the locality where Bunyan transferred his overwhelming energy and burly activity into his master's vineyard,'certainly the spirit of the place might well work on a mind unenlightened and imaginative as was that of the glorious dreamer of Elstow. The building is large and lofty, hallowed by antiquity, and well calculated to interest and impress the romantic spirit of a young rustic. The door-way is a fine specimen of the round Norman arch, and above it is a rude representation of our Saviour's charge to St. Peter; and the body of the church contains two large brasses, commemorating a former Abbess of Elstow,* and another female, who probably filled the same office.' When we came out of the

* Here, in the old time, was an Abbey of Benedictine Nuns, founded by Judith, niece to William the Conqueror, and wife to Waltheof, Earl of Huntingdon. It was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary, and Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great. At the

church the rooks were flying low, and cawing loudly, and the dark heavy clouds, separated at intervals by streaks of light, told of the coming shower; but though, as in duty bound to do, we had given our first attention to the temple, where so important a change had been wrought in Bunyan's mind, we desired to return to 'the green' and see how time had dealt with the 'Green-house,' while we recalled to mind the passages in Bunyan's life recording how his life was spent in the self-same spot, when the trees were striplings that now are tending towards decay. Doubtless, the remnant of the cross, which might not in his early days have been converted into a stand for a sun-dial, excited his indignation, after he became a rigid nonconformist; it is now but the wreck of both, and tells neither of faith nor time. Nearer to the village is the 'Green-house,' or house upon the green, a large substantial building, now used as a rural school; its massive timbers, its low pointed door-way, and its antique character, prove that it is far older than the days of Bunyan; it might have been one of the barns or milk-houses, or stables, in which the good old Bedford Puritan wept and prayed; he asks of his spiritual children, in his introduction to 'Grace Abounding,' 'Have you forgot the close, the milk-house, the stable, the barn, where God did visit your souls?' After a few drops of large full rain, during which we ascended the creaking stairs, and passed through the low-ceiled rooms, the clouds rolled away, and the rich mellow sunset faded into the soft grey light of

The Green-house

Dissolution, its revenues were valued at 284*l.* 12*s.* 11¾*d.* The Brass mentioned above, to the memory of Elizabeth Harvey, Abbess of Elstow, (temp. Henry VII.) is remarkable as being the only representation extant of an Anglican Abbess *in pontificalibus.*

evening. We could imagine the village boys roystering upon the green, and indulging in words of riot which, in after times, the excited and over-wrought imagination of the sensitive Puritan exaggerated into terrible sin. We agree with the poet Southey in his opinion that the heart of the 'glorious dreamer' was never hardened; the 'self-accusations of such a man are to be received with some distrust, not of his sincerity, but of his sober judgment.' It would seem that he ran headlong into the boisterous vices which prove fatal to so many of the ignorant for want of that necessary and wholesome discipline which it is the duty of government to provide; but he was not led into those sins which infix a deeper stain.

Pious enthusiasts are just as prone in our own day to self-condemnation as was John Bunyan; they plough up their hearts, if we may so express it, and discover sins which the world could never suspect but for their own admissions; as long as this self-knowledge causes a deep and earnest watchfulness over themselves, and renders them charitable, it is in all respects a most merciful dispensation; sometimes it is so uncharitable to its fellow-sinners, that it seems to us a species of self-glory—a Satanic pre-eminence which fosters pride. Bunyan's great and early sins were sabbath-breaking and swearing, perverting the power of speech—the happiest gift of God—to blasphemy instead of blessing; his strong emotions sought the relief of words, and imprecations continually burst forth until he was brought by divine grace to see the wickedness of sabbath-breaking and evil speaking. Frequently in his boyish life he had remarkable escapes: and his grateful nature could not but recall how, when he forced open the adder's mouth to extract the poison, he received no wound; his affections were all right, and towards his wife he was not only loving, but permitted her to read to, and reason with him, so that he was not so utterly degraded as many would have it, as if to make the shining light of his conversion the more brilliant and marvellous.

He was but nineteen when he married, and if there was no prudence, so called, in a marriage even without humble means, there was in the woman the wisdom which leadeth to salvation.

But we must on, upon our Pilgrimage—leaving 'the green' to walk through the village, after taking our last look at the 'ancient' house where the 'glorious dreamer' may both have rioted and prayed. We could not but

observe, how beautifully and tenderly the light caught up various portions of the trees, darting its beams amid their depths, and leaving much in obscurity: then flinging long spectral shadows on the grass, and imparting a strange unearthly character by its 'flitting' to the old church tower, which just at the moment tolled out eight in its deep sepulchral voice. Before the chime was finished, the whole character of the place was changed; the 'flitting' light was concentrated into a halo round the grim, grey tower of the venerable pile. There are few traits in the character of Bunyan more engaging than his exquisite relish for the works of Nature; he loved to meet God in the loveliness of his own world, and many times had walked the path on which we trod, perchance, after his spirit had been refreshed and strengthened by a sense of the wondrous beauty and harmony of Nature—and passing thence to the contemplation of the power of Christ's atonement. Those who are read in the outpourings of his heart will remember how, when he had struggled through the Slough of Despond and escaped the chains of Doubting City, after hearing one comforting sermon, he exclaimed, 'I could not tell how to contain myself till I got home, I thought I could have spoken of HIS love, and have told of HIS mercy towards me, even to the very crows that sat upon the ploughed lands before me, had they been capable to have understood me!'

Although the shadows of evening were drawing in more closely, the women were still plying their busy bobbins over their lace cushions, as they sate at their cottage doors; the village is as rambling and as picturesque as a village can be, that has no back-ground; although the cottages must have been nearly all rebuilt since Bunyan's time, some are even now so old as to need repair to prevent their falling to decay;—thus the associations between past and present are astonishingly close, and contribute much to the actual feeling that this is really the Elstow of Bunyan's time.

We must pause at the threshold of his cottage, for though no vestige remains of the actual *walls* that heard his infant wail when he entered a world of strife and tumult, yet the *site*, and materials, are undoubtedly the same; for no builder of modern cottages would have bestowed such massive beams on such a structure.

A group of women arose from their lace pillows that we might enter the dwelling of him who, according to an old chronicle, was one of the

men 'that in those times were enabled of God to adventure farre in showing their detestation of the bishops and their superstitions:' he was born within a few feet of where we stood—in 1628; the dates he has immortalised occurred to our memory one by one. He began to preach about the

The Old Cottage at Elstow.

year 1656, was ordained pastor 21st of October, 1671, and died on the 31st of August, 1688. What a marvellous change in the circumstances of the tinker's child! who struggled into existence beneath so humble a roof,* and the termination of HIS life, who triumphed over most bitter

* The research and kindness of Captain Smyth, R.N., have furnished us with a drawing, from the pencil of an eminent divine, who writes thus of the cottage and its locality:—

'The house he (Bunyan) lived in at Elstow was a favourite haunt of mine, when I was curate of that parish, on account of its historical associations as well as because there were two very old persons living in it who took delight in showing the very forge at which Bunyan worked—so they believed, and so did I. It is all gone now, the cottage having been pulled down some ten or twelve years ago. I send you a sketch made from an old drawing of mine done on the spot, under some foreboding fears that the time would not be long before the fate which has now come upon it would befall it.' The *old* cottage was of far more importance in appearance than the *new*, the shed at the side being what is so often mentioned as '*the forge*'—the word 'forge' leading us to believe that to the 'tinker's' humble calling might be united that of the 'smith,' a more manly and honourable trade.

persecutions and bequeathed to the world, for all time, a monument such as the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' The cottage raised upon the ruins of that which he occupied is of the poorest description, with the exception of the beams, which, in their thickness and the lowness of the ceiling, reminded us of the cottage at Chalfont, where Milton sheltered during the plague; it is in nothing remarkable, except, perhaps, being more dilapidated than many of the neighbouring cottages; but if Captain Smyth's communication needed confirmation, it would be in the fact that the cottage presents the appearance of want of care, rather than extreme old age: Mr. Fairholt, as we have said, sketched both; and the cottage as it *was*, and *is*, illustrates what we have written. The little garden is dank and tangled; it was overgrown partly by weeds and partly by vegetables, but both were neglected. 'It was a dear place to live in,' the lace-maker said, 'and prices for lace so low; they all worked at the pillow, but they earned little, work they ever so late or ever so early: strangers often came to see the cottage, but the townsfolk did not think much about it.' It is to be hoped the quiet people of quiet Bedford do not deserve this character; for ourselves, we can only say that those it was our good fortune to meet on our pilgrimage shared our enthusiasm. It was wrong to be disappointed that the poor lace-makers did not feel the influence of the sacred ground upon which they dwelt; it was, however, a comfort that they were free from the jargon of sight-showers, and suffered us to muse on what we saw—or did not see; not disturbing the enjoyment of that holy SILENCE which subdues tumultuous feelings by its solemn stillness, and calls up the dearest and purest memories to confirm or disprove those fancies which, though the offspring of facts, are frequently unworthy their descent. Some might count that as the very walls were not those that sheltered Bunyan, we had gained nothing by our pilgrimage—not so—had the whole place been desolate we still had trodden the self-same place where most of his days were passed; and we still had to visit the scenes of his imprisonment and his preaching. It is, moreover, a holy and elevating exercise to recall the past and its people, and dwell with them even in their silent tombs and mouldering graves.

When he was on the verge of eighteen he was most signally preserved from death, at the siege of Leicester; but this in nothing changed his life, though, doubtless, the providence took good root in his mind, to bring forth

fruit in due season ; soon after this Bunyan married the wife whose father was 'counted godly,' and who was dowered with two books, 'The Plain Man's Guide to Heaven,' and 'The Practice of Piety;' this young woman knew her duty, and neglected it not, but wiled her husband tenderly and lovingly into the right path, bearing with his frailties and yet steadfast in her faith and in her love ; meek and patient, yet having the great end of his conversion in view, despite his Sabbath-breaking even after his church-going, despite his oaths, that would break forth though he considered himself improved in Christian knowledge ; despite these, she persevered, she *believed* in him, she loved him, doubtless as a Christian wife: she prayed for him, earnestly, faithfully; and at last, his often stricken imagination heard the solemn voice on that very 'green' we had just quitted, saying 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to Heaven, or have thy sins and go to Hell?' When his soul was really aroused and his conscience awakened, he never halted or turned back. Oh! what then must have been the joy of his faithful wife, when she saw him put away all worldly strength and vain-glory, and kneel with bending head and contrite spirit, meekly, at the foot of the cross ; it is beautiful to observe the strong-hearted man with his vigorous intellect and gorgeous imagination, distrusting himself, putting away his own wisdom, continuing instant in prayer, and stimulating his righteousness by the constant perusal of Holy Writ; he at one period looked for sudden impulses, and direct signs and revelations, but after a time—and a long time it was—of turmoil and trial, his fiery spirit became subdued, and, as Doctor Cheever happily says, when writing of him, 'his piety not only grew elevated and glowing, but strong and impregnable, and of a deep, ripe, serene, and heavenly character, that fitted him as a wise master-builder, for his work with other souls, and as an experienced guide, to mark for others the road that leads to the Lamb.'

Mr. Scott, in the life of John Bunyan affixed to one edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' says it is not advisable to recapitulate those impressions which constitute a large part of his religious experience. 'But to admire him as he deserves to be admired,' says Southey, 'it is necessary that we should be informed not only of the coarseness of his youth, but of the extreme ignorance out of which he worked his way, and the stage of

burning enthusiasm through which he passed, a passage not less terrible than that of his own pilgrim in the valley of the shadow of death.'

In time, weaned from the Church which first awoke him to a sense of his spiritual darkness, he became a member of the Baptist congregation of which a Mr. Gifford (whose character had also undergone a great spiritual change) was pastor at Bedford, and after his death Bunyan went frequently forth as a preaching itinerant to neighbouring villages. In the year 1653 Bunyan was first received into this handful of Baptist Christians—and strangely enough the same year, 1653, Cromwell was declared Lord Protector of these realms—there was much similarity in the characters of these two men, but of that we have not space to write, yet the coincidence is singular. Bunyan's wanderings during the Protectorate, over his native county, must have been extensive, as there are traditions of him in numberless villages. He was, like all teachers of his class and time, for a considerable period, an Alarmist rather than a Comforter, but his experience rendered him, as he became older, more hopeful. We have no record of his domestic life during this period—indeed few 'preachers' have any—and thus it may be that what others consider their 'home duties,' are so frequently unfulfilled: but that he tenderly loved his wife and children there can be no doubt; there is no record of the date of his first wife's death, no telling how or when her simple, chastened, and believing spirit was called to HIM, who had so ordered her pilgrimage on earth as to be peculiarly instrumental in awaking her husband to a sense of sin, and a knowledge of the way, the truth, and the life. That he entertained a truly Christian belief in the instrumentality of women in Christian purposes, is evident from the position he gave to 'Christiana' in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Certainly before the commencement of the public persecutions against him, in the reign of the Second Charles, he had married a second wife—of whom hereafter. Even during the Protectorate he suffered much from calumny, as all men do who become remarkable by peculiar gifts; but the reign of the dissolute Charles had commenced; and many remembered the daring words of the nonconformist, and how he had served in the Parliament's army—and so he was arrested at a place called Samsell in Bedfordshire, while addressing a congregation; and after being examined by a 'Justice Wingate,' committed to Bedford jail, there to

remain until the quarter sessions. While his mittimus was making out, a Doctor Lindale, whom the nonconformist considered a 'great enemy to the truth,' rather jested with him, and said he had read of one Alexander the coppersmith, who troubled the Apostles. 'Aiming this at me,' said Bunyan, 'because I was a tinker;' upon which I answered, 'that I had read of priests and pharisees who had their hands in the blood of our Lord.'

Mr. Philip gives the renown of Bunyan's imprisonment to the city prison, which in his (Bunyan's) time stood on the bridge*; but those persons in Bedford with whom we conversed, seemed inclined to the belief, that the greater part, if not the whole, of his twelve years' confinement, was passed in the *county* jail—which is now a modern structure. We stood upon the bridge,

Old Bedford Jail.

and looked along the sluggish waters of the Ouse on the left; on the right is the Swan Inn; not the 'Swan,' in a room of which the nonconformist's second wife so heroically pleaded her husband's cause, but a new building, standing as the old one did, on the site of the ancient Castle of Bedford.

* Our engraving is copied from a View published in May, 1783. It is taken from the north side of the river. The church steeple is that of St. Mary's. This building was a gate-house, a part of the ancient fortifications of the town. The grated window of the jail is seen above the old stonework which projects from the bridge into the river, on the spectator's left. A jail similarly built still exists on the bridge at Rotherham, Yorkshire.

It seems to us more likely that Bunyan, having been arrested *not* in the city, but in a country village, should have waited for his trial at the quarter sessions in the county jail; but the accompanying engraving of a ring,* believed, and with some show of reason, to have been Bunyan's, was found in the floor of the old prison on the bridge, when it was pulled down in 1811.

It might be that after his examination at the quarter sessions, he was committed to the city jail, having first been imprisoned in the county; be that as it may, there is nothing more touching in his whole history than when he says, referring to that committal, 'before I went down to the justice I begged of God, that if I might do more good by being at liberty than in prison, that then I might be set at liberty, but if not, His will be done; for I was not altogether without hopes that my imprisonment might be an awakening to the saints in the country; therefore I could not tell which to choose; only I in that manner did commit the thing to God; and verily, at my

* This valuable relic is in the possession of the Dean of Manchester, from whom Captain Smyth, R.N., procured the impression, from which our engraving is taken; and we are kindly permitted to transcribe the Dean's own account of the ring:—'As to the ring, the history of it is curious. The old prison in which Bunyan was confined for twelve years after his trial before Hale, stood upon the centre of Bedford Bridge, which was pulled down in 1811. A friend of mine, Dr. Abbot, was present day by day while the work of dilapidation was going on, and in the course of time, out of the floor of the old prison, the ring was dug up. Abbot bought it, and wore it until within a short time before his death, in 1817, when he took it off from his own finger, and placed it upon mine, charging me to keep it for his sake. Dr. Abbot never doubted its genuineness, nor does there appear to be any reason for doing so. The place where it was found was undoubtedly Bunyan's dwelling-place for many years. Persecuted as we may consider him to be, there can be no doubt that he was, in his own days and by his own party, looked upon as a victim of state persecution; and there is evidence to show that he was not unkindly treated, but, on the contrary, found his friends increasing as his sufferings were supposed to be undeserved. His imprisonment was probably not much unlike that of St. Paul at Rome, bating that he was kept within the prison walls; but there were no visiting justices in that day, and no doubt his friends and others had access to him; and it may be that the ring was given to him by some person of condition, as a token of regard. I am inclined to think this must have been its history, as the letters I. B. appear to have been inserted after the ring was made. They were punched in probably by Bunyan himself. Indeed the whole of the indents seem to have been made by punching; they are not cut in by any graving tool.'

return I did meet my God *sweetly in the prison again*, comforting of me and satisfying of me, that it was HIS will and mind that I should be there.'

Three months of imprisonment followed, and then the clerk of the peace went to him by desire of the magistrates to see if he could be persuaded to obedience — which 'obedience' inferred relinquishing his calling as a preacher; this he refused to do; it is evident from this courtesy that Bunyan was then regarded with no common respect, even by his enemies. The coronation of Charles took place on the 22nd of April, 1661, shortly after this interview, and when the next assizes came, Bunyan's wife presented a petition to the judges that they would impartially take his case into consideration and that he might be heard, and threw a second petition into the coach to Judge Twisden. It is not difficult to imagine the trembling but eager hand of the devoted wife flinging this entreaty at the judge's feet, as he was preparing to descend from his carriage and proceed to 'the Swan Chamber,'—doubtless many in the crowd were filled with anxiety as to the result—and when glancing his eyes over the contents he told her that her husband was a convicted person, and could not be released unless he promised to preach no more, how must hope, strangled

The Old Swan Inn.

by despair, have expired within her bosom as she turned her eyes towards the prison, likely to become his tomb.

'Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning;' Elizabeth was so constituted as to be the worthy wife of the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' as well as the help-mate of John Bunyan, the tinker of Elstow; Sir Matthew Hale had expressed sympathy towards her, and the high sheriff (whose memory for this one act deserves a record more ennobling than his civic dignity) encouraged her to make another effort for her husband before the judges left town; accordingly 'with a bashed face and trembling heart,' she entered the 'Swan chamber' where the two judges and many magistrates and gentry of the county were in company together. We wish that one of those artists who immortalise noble deeds with a true and vigorous pencil, would think of this as a subject worthy to be recorded:—

The quaint 'Swan chamber,' its open windows admitting a view of the jail on the bridge,* and the heavy waters which passed slowly beneath this 'bridge of sighs;' the contrast between Judge Twisden and Sir Matthew Hale, the varied grouping and expression of the 'Magistrates and gentry of the county.' The nonconformist's 'young wife, with a bashed face' and righteous purpose!† Let it not be thought irreverent to the memory of one of the unsullied glories of England, the Lady Rachel Russell, if we remember that Lady Rachel craved to be her husband's secretary, but that Bunyan's wife, lowly born, lowly bred, but of lofty heart, became her husband's advocate. She had previously been to London to petition the House of Lords in his behalf, and one, whom she called *Lord Barkwood*, had told her that they could do nothing, but that his releasement was committed to these next assizes, and the assizes having come she stood there to plead her husband's cause. The painter, as is his gift, could throw her soul into her face, and illustrate any one of her replies by that expression:

* Our cut, copied from an old drawing of the house, taken before its entire demolition at the end of the last century, exhibits its quaint characteristics. The bridge foot is to the spectator's right, the church tower behind is that of St. Mary's, also seen in our view of the jail, which would of course be seen from the bow-windows of the old inn in which the Judges met.

† The Rev. J. Scott, in his life of Bunyan, prefixed to the edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' states that he was married in 1658 to his *second* wife, by whom he had *no* children. His family (four) were by the first wife; thus he had been only three years married at the time of the Restoration, and this accounts for his speaking of her as his young wife.

'I am come to you,' she said, 'and you give neither releasement nor relief;' and then appealing to Sir Matthew Hale, she complained that her husband was detained unlawfully in prison, for the indictment was false, and he was imprisoned before there were any proclamations against the meetings. One of the judges said he had been lawfully convicted, and thus aroused, she indignantly answered, '*it is false!*' and then reasoned why, according to her belief. 'Will your husband leave preaching?' said Judge Twisden; 'if he will do so, then send for him.' 'My lord,' was her faithful reply, faithful to her God as to her husband; 'My lord, he DARES NOT LEAVE PREACHING AS LONG AS HE CAN SPEAK.'

And now either in the city jail on the bridge, or in the county jail of the town, Bunyan was a fast prisoner, and although his jailer was his friend, and gave him opportunities of going forth, particularly at night, to meet little bands of his own faith, beside the sluggish waters of the Ouse,—or in the thickness of dark shadowing trees,—or, farther away, in unsuspected dells, where the footsteps of the midnight congregation fell on the pliant moss, and the winking stars or pallid moon were silent witnesses to the outpourings of his prayers, and the torrent of his eloquence; sinking, as it did, into the hearts of his hearers—still he was in captivity; and in the day-time, his blind child sitting at his feet, he might be seen tagging the laces woven by his family, that they might sell them to buy bread. And here in his prison-house, his tenderness was expressed in language so touching that few parents, we believe, could read the record without tears.

It was interesting to see the actual agreement entered into between Josias Ruffhead, brushmaker, and John Bunyan, brazier, by which Bunyan and his friends purchased '*a Barn*,' with a piece of ground adjoining it, in the parishes of St. Paul and St. Cuthbert, or one of them, of Ruffhead, for 50*l.*, in 1672. The present Minister believes that the 'barn' was the building for which the licence was granted, and which was afterwards permanently occupied by this Church as its place of meeting for many years. Mr. Jukes maintains his opinion that this 'barn' remained in its natural state until after it pleased God to remove Bunyan from the ministry.*

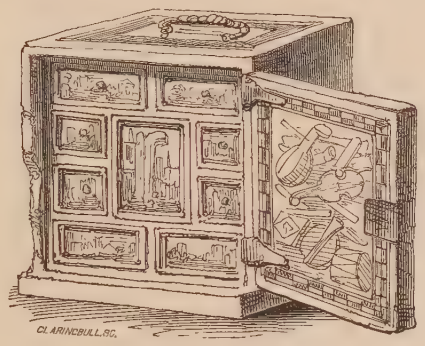
* The Rev Mr. Jukes has published a very interesting little history of Bunyan's Church compiled chiefly from the records of the old meeting. No lover of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' should be without it. Bunyan was called to the pastoral office October 21, 1671, during the eleventh

As no vestige of the old barn remained, but all external things were new, it was a great pleasure to hear from the worthy minister that a spirit of love, and peace, and charity, dwelt with the descendants of the 'old meeting,' and that while firmly united together they are in harmony and friendship with the 'mother church;' which, dearly as we love the establishment, we confess, was at times, much too severe in the punishments she awarded her truant children; thus, not adhering to the principles of her Divine Originator, who decreed that even offences which numbered 'seventy times seven' should be forgiven, she provoked them both by harshness and neglect to forsake the shelter of the spire and the music of the church bell, and wander forth until new tabernacles sprang up in the wilderness of the world, not to be re-united to her until the great day when all minor distinctions shall be swept away, and all—sheltering beneath the broad banner of Christian faith—shall rejoice that there is but 'one fold and one shepherd.'

Again, 'heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning;' it was pleasant to see the dark clouds passing as the morning dawned, and to turn our attention from the scenes of his trials to those of his triumphs. We sought the dwelling of the Baptist 'Interpreter,' to see the relics preserved in connexion with the 'old meeting.' It seemed as though we had passed through a storm and had just found a harbour of shelter, when we entered the cheerful parlour of Mr. Jukes, the far-down successor of John Bunyan in the ministry, and saw upon his table a venerable volume and a small cabinet which were once in the possession of the author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' The volume was Bunyan's church-book,—the cabinet was probably used for various purposes; it is not larger than what a lady would choose to keep ribands and gloves in. At all events, the fact of its having been HIS, sanctified it in our esteem; and next to the church-book, it is the relic we should most value. Mr. Jukes

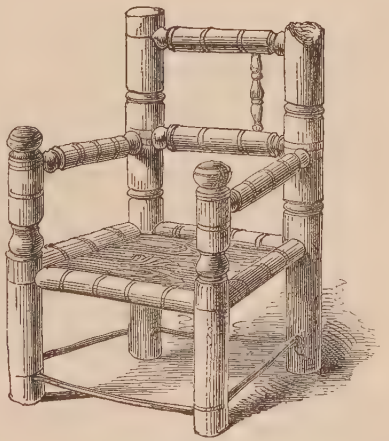
year of his imprisonment. Captain Smyth has favoured us with the following interesting notices of the preacher and his church in his time:—'He had a family by his first wife, one of whom died before him; but Fowitt Thomas Bunyan, rather a captious body, was admitted into the congregation in 1673. Fowitt's children—Katherine and John—were entered in the same meeting, the daughter in 1692, the son in the year following. John is often mentioned in the records of the sect, one of the last entries being his mission to reprove Brother Steven White, in April 1718. Shortly afterwards the dynasty seems to have expired in him, for we trace no more Bunyans in the Bedford documents.'

then accompanied us to the new Baptist chapel, erected on the site of the 'old meeting.' It is a large building; the interior plain, light, and cheerful, with ample space to seat 1200 persons; the minister who ascends the pulpit, can see nearly every individual in the congregation, and all the congregation can see him. How the spirit of Bunyan would have rejoiced in such a goodly meeting, assembled—in peace and safety, "none making afraid,"—on the plot of ground, where his persecutor Charles the Second, after so many years of suffering, licensed him to preach the Gospel in his own fashion.



Bunyan's Cabinet

The vestry contains Bunyan's chair, and we had hoped that his pulpit was preserved there also; but Howard the philanthropist gave thirty pounds for it, and a new pulpit.* We reverence the memory of Howard; but we think he ought to have permitted Bunyan's pulpit to remain in the 'old meeting.'


Bunyan's Chair.

We should like to see all the authenticated relics of Bunyan, preserved at this record of his triumph in Jesus — the 'old meeting;' and it seems a pity that there is not sufficient unity of purpose in his admirers to devote

* The chair is engraved above; and it will be seen that it has suffered some little dilapidation since the last published engraving of it. With regard to the pulpit, an old resident in

such relics as they possess to that purpose; there should be no 'mine,' or 'thine' in this case. Mr. Philip mentions 'a Mr. Hillyard,' as having a table made from the pulpit, upon which he sometimes places 'Bunyan's cup'; one tradition says that his 'broth' was carried to him in prison, in this cup; another that his 'broth' was brought to chapel in it, for his Sunday dinner in the vestry.*

Bunyan's Jug.

There is an old engraving of the great nonconformist over the mantel-shelf in the vestry, which, with one exception, is more like the ideal of Bunyan than any other likeness we have seen; the eyes are deep and expressive, the nose firm set, and large, but not coarse, the mouth expressive of great humour, and the chin ample and benevolent. The head is of a noble shape.

It was deeply interesting to us, as we wandered through the town or looked from the windows of the 'Swan' upon the Ouse, reflecting the passing clouds, to endeavour to realise Bunyan's position and spirit, 'while he was thinking for the world and writing for all time'—with few external objects to divert his attention, his secret soul being filled with the ever-glorious dream of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' The calm waters reflecting the multitudinous stars, the suggestive music of a dipping oar, the splash and sparkle of a fish setting the waters trembling beneath a moon-beam, the bark of a distant watch-dog, were all of them sounds and objects of interest to him during a portion of his prison time; and however damp it might and must have been, for the sake of the mysterious waters

Bedford says:—'The celebrated John Howard presented a new pulpit in the room of the old one, which was cut up: of part of the wood a table was made which now belongs to Mrs. Hillyard, the widow of the late Mr. Hillyard who was minister of the chapel for fifty years, and died about eight or nine years ago.'

* This is also in the possession of Mrs. Hillyard; and is engraved from a drawing kindly placed at our disposal by Captain Smyth. There is in the Baptist Library at Bedford, a Concordance of Bunyan's, although not that he had in prison. Mr. Philip also mentions another chair, 'now in the possession of the Polehill family;' and another in the Whitbread family, who have also his pulpit Bible.

which have ever tales to tell to the thoughtful and the imaginative, we would rather have had him imprisoned on the bridge than in the town—we would rather think of him *there* than among the houses: pass the waters ever so slowly, still there is freedom in the very bubbles that float upon the stream.

But we may, without scruple, indulge the remembrance that the last four years of Bunyan's imprisonment was little more than nominal confinement; for during that period he regularly attended the Baptist meeting, his name being always in the records, and in the eleventh year of his 'incarceration,' the congregation chose him for their pastor.

His character had obtained respect; his books, notice and renown. Dr. Barlow, then Bishop of Lincoln, and other prelates, are believed to have sympathised with his sufferings and assisted in procuring his enlargement. This might be considered an OMEN of the future universality of his fame—the highest fame mortality can hope to achieve.

Bunyan's House in Bedford.

In the full grave-yard of the meeting-house, there is but one tablet which bears the name of Bunyan; it is to the memory of Hannah Bunyan, a great-grandchild of Bunyan, who died in 1770, aged 76 years,—there is no record of the burial of either of his wives:* —we went to see the spot where his house in Bedford stood, and which was indeed a Shrine, for he lived there during the greater part of his *permitted* ministry; and it will be always matter of regret, that it was not purchased and preserved by the members of the 'old meeting,'

* We are told in the old edition of his works by Charles Doe—'As to his family, he left his widow, Elizabeth, and three sons; John, Thomas, and Joseph, and three daughters, Elizabeth, Sarah, and Mary; but his blind daughter (of whom he writes in his "Grace Abounding") died some years before him, and his widow died 169$\frac{9}{1}$.'

when it was offered them before its destruction;—we procured, however, a drawing of it, which we have here engraved.*

Bunyan had many friends in London, and frequently journeyed thither, and whenever his preaching was announced, the meeting was crowded to suffocation by his admirers. He was never free from apprehension of what might befal him from the powers that were; and, soon after James II. came to the throne in 1685, Bunyan conveyed the whole of his property to his wife by a singular deed which still exists; whatever evil he may have feared from the second James, he experienced none; but worked on—by word of mouth and power of pen, by the body and by the spirit, until his fine constitution quailed beneath over-labour. He suffered from what was called the 'sweating distemper;' and while his health was much impaired by its effects, undertook a journey to Reading, to reconcile a young friend to his father. The exertion proved too much for his strength; and after an illness of ten days, at the age of sixty years, 'his strong man bowed under him,' and his burden was laid at the feet of his Saviour.

Bunyan's son Thomas succeeded him in the ministry; but though he won *respect*, he never achieved admiration; indeed, no son of Bunyan's could shine while the glory of his father was remembered. Of his other children nothing is recorded, and even the exact spot of the Pilgrim's rest, in Bunhill Fields, seems undecided.

An aged lady, whose testimony is always sound, told us, that in her girlish days she has stood by the side of John Bunyan's grave in Bunhill Fields; she remembers it perfectly; the first time she ever saw it, it was shown her by her maid, a pious young person, who induced her, when she was little more than a child, to go and hear John Wesley preach—early—early on a summer's morning, to a hundred ministers who were about to proceed to various parts of the world; and, after the sermon, this girl took her to see the grave of the author of 'The Pilgrim's Progress;'—it was, she says, a decayed-looking grave, some brick-work fallen down, and a sort of head stone, green and mouldering, upon which was what she calls *faintly* carved, 'Here lies John Bunyan.' Often in days long passed, when the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was laid in her lap, and we read therein, has she

* The cottage was in the parish of St. Cuthbert, in the street opposite the meeting-house, and here Bunyan lived while he was pastor, from 1681 to 1688.

told us of this humble grave, and promised when we went to London we should see it: it was associated in our mind with the dead in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's; but when we did see it, and described to her that it was a fair large tomb, she was greatly pained in the belief that his body had been removed—a belief which Mr. Philip inclines to.

The vault beneath the tomb that bears his name, is that of his friend Strudwick, a grocer on Snow Hill, at whose house, after his journey to Reading, he was taken ill—and perhaps he died there.

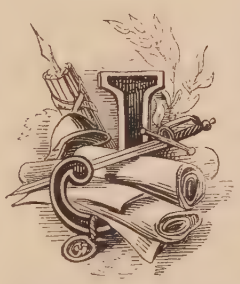
He would rather, we think, have chosen to repose where his wife Elizabeth could have been placed beside him, than in the stately vault of his friend; and the relation in which he stood to the Lord Mayor of London, at the time of his death—being his chaplain, or, as Southey proves from Ellis's Correspondence, his 'teacher'—would entitle him, if nothing else did, to a resting-place of his own. Mr. Philip believes he was originally interred in the 'Baptist corner' of the burying-ground at Bunhill Fields; but the fact of his being interred 'somewhere' within 'the place of tombs' sanctifies the enclosure, though we regret that the old stone bearing the inscription is nowhere seen. Our venerable informant is positive as to the words—'Here lies John Bunyan,' as she frequently visited the grave, and speaks of it to this day. Mr. Philip says that none of Bunyan's descendants are now in England; we have reason to believe that this is an error; when we were in Bedford, Mr. Jukes gave us the address of a very old lady in London, who claims to be a descendant of John Bunyan, and is possessed of a portrait of her ancestor, which she has left by will, to be given after her death to the 'old meeting;' on our return to town we set forth to seek her, and drove to the 'Angel' at Islington, within a few doors of which we were told she resided. We only arrived in time to be too late; Mrs. Sanigear had quitted her lodgings the day before; the landlady assured us she did not know were she was gone. 'She was so very odd—she liked none but her own people, the same as John Bunyan's. Yes; she left yesterday, and took *the old preacher's picture with her.*' We saw there had been a feud between the ladies; and must confess our informant lost in our good opinion, by referring to the picture we so much wished to see, in so irreverent a manner; so we drove away, wrote to Mr. Jukes, who very kindly procured for us Mrs. Sanigear's new address, and the next time we went to town, we

paid her a visit. The name of the 'old meeting' was an '*Open sesame*,' and she pointed to the portrait of her ancestor with evident pride. 'It is not an original,' she said; 'but was copied from an original that was painted on glass;' adding 'so they said when I was a girl many years ago, for in six months I shall be eighty-eight years old.' Despite her years, there is fire in her dark deep eyes, and an expression of both humour and severity in her mouth. We observed how very like she was to the portrait; she admitted that 'every one said the same, they all said she was like to it: she might have been once, but not now, for he died *young*, only sixty, *quite young*, but she was nearly ninety, only wanted two years and six months to be ninety all out.' She was his great-great-grand-daughter, and we understood her to say, she had a nephew who bore the name of Bunyan; we felt inclined to question as to which of the nonconformist's children she was descended from, but she did not like being questioned, at least she did not like the trouble of reply; she spoke of the 'old meeting' with animation, and looking at the picture repeated more than once 'He was a great pilgrim, a faithful pilgrim!' She told us she had left THE PICTURE to the 'old meeting,' but added that no one from the town of Bedford had ever called upon her, until Mr. Jukes had done so. She was kind and even cordial, but there was a natural severity in her tone and manner which savoured of the Puritans of old times. She would not permit the little maid who showed us up, to attend us down-stairs, but did so herself, standing at the open door after an assurance of how glad she would be to see us again.

She is not easily forgotten; her formal dress, close cap, and snowy neckerchief—pinned down as you see in portraits of some sixty or seventy years ago—and above all, the earnest steadfast expression of her face, telling of firmness of the most immovable kind, softened by a world of affection in her deep brown eyes. She was a singular link between the present and the past; and we make no doubt, would at this moment be willing to suffer imprisonment or death for the sake, not only of her general faith, but for any one point thereof. We ought to have inquired of her about the tomb; but we are unwilling to press questions on old age, and all who pass Bunhill Fields burying-ground, whatever doubts may arise as to this spot or that, may safely say—

There lies JOHN BUNYAN.

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF JOHN HAMPDEN.



UST at the close of the summer of 1848, it was our privilege to sojourn at a hospitable old English house in Hertfordshire; a stately mansion with abundant space, and yet, withal, so comfortable, and suggestive! every nook fitted with old story-telling cabinets, or great high book-cases crammed with rare books, books that conjure up old memories, talk in quaint language, and have a dark-determined-knowledge look. The walls, too, were impressive teachers, hung with fine portraits—Vandyck, Lely, and Sir Joshua, speaking from the canvas. And when our eyes were uplifted from the page, it was so delightful to us city dwellers to gaze out of the large windows into the green park, diving through dark recesses and deep hollows—beneath huge 'Patrician trees.' So still, so solitary, was the dwelling, that, but for the hallowing view of the Church tower, and the smoke from the adjacent village of Aldbury, we might have believed ourselves *détenus* in 'the happy valley.' It was so delicious to watch the clouds gathering over Moneybury Hill: to canter through the never-ending green drives of Ashridge—to wonder at the tameness of the forest deer—to speculate on the geological formation of Incombe-hole, where giants might play at bowls—to creep among the venerable box-hedges, and appreciate the taste of the old monks

of Aylesbury, who here established a Health-house for such of the brethren as were 'sick in the flesh'—to pause still longer on the 'Beacon Hill' that rises boldly and verdantly above the village of Ivinghoe, and recal much that we have read, or tradition tells us, of the times of England's bitter struggle between Despotism and Liberty,—when upon that very hill was kindled the beacon-fire, which told to Harrow the issue of the fight at Edge-hill, that Harrow might tell it to eager and anxious London! What fearful times—fearful to read of even now—most fearful to those who knew that the freedom of future England was in their keeping; when one of the hard Iron men, in whose high bravery and truth of purpose our utilitarian age finds it no easy matter to have faith, exclaimed, in the Commons House of Parliament, 'We must fight as in a cock pit—we are surrounded by the sea—we have no stronger holds than our own skulls and our own ribs, to keep out our enemies!'

Pacing further back, we recalled the old rhyme—

> 'Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe
> From the HAMPDENS did goe
> For striking the Black Prince a blowe.'

The three sisters were within our ken, while we stood on the Beacon Hill, and, without pausing to consider whether History confirms or contradicts the legend, THE NAME, thus suggested, reminded us that the home, and the grave, of the truest—the purest—the best—of England's Patriots, was nigh at hand, among the far-famed Hills of the Chiltern Hundreds.* A morning drive would take us there, through the quaint villages and

* From these Chiltern Hills is derived the celebrity of three of the hundreds of Buckinghamshire, viz., Stoke, Desborough, and Bonenham, which constitute a district very frequently referred to in the proceedings of Parliament, by means of the well-known phrase, 'taking the Chiltern Hundreds.' It is a mere ceremony, a legal fiction, expressed by the words accepting the situation of steward or bailiff of Her Majesty's Chiltern Hundreds—an office purely nominal; for though, perhaps, the claim to some fees might be enforced, if duties were performed, yet as no functions are ever discharged, so no rewards are acquired by the holder; it is therefore only 'in the eye of the law' that it is an 'office of emolument.' No such office can be conferred by the Crown on a member of the House of Commons without his thereby vacating his seat; and it is only by obtaining office that any person *qualified* to sit in Parliament can rid himself of the duties which any body of constituents may impose, even without his consent.

green lanes of Buckinghamshire—all tranquil and grateful for the abundant realities of a full-lapped autumn; and then we might have some hours to ramble amid scenes the great and high-hearted Patriot loved so well.

We passed that evening with Lord Nugent's history of the Patriot, to whose dwelling we had vowed a pilgrimage, calling in, occasionally, to council, one of the Old Chronicles, or consulting a volume of grave Parliamentary Reports—resolved to strengthen and refresh our memory, before presuming to look upon the honoured urn that contains the ashes of John Hampden.

We learned that he was born in the year 1594; that the city of London was his birth-place, and that he manifested an early love of letters, overcome only by those stern duties of the times to which taste and pleasure must unmurmuring yield. His reputation for scholarly attainments must have been considerable, for he was chosen to write the Oxford gratulations on the union of the Elector Palatine with the Princess Elizabeth. Strange destiny, that Prince Rupert, the issue of that marriage should have led the troops at Chalgrove by whom John Hampden was slain! We found him, in 1613, studying the law in the Inner Temple; there acquiring the knowledge to which he afterwards gave practice, to the salvation of that law. Yet this study in no degree hardened his nature; nor did it ever become stern under Puritan ascendancy. He loved worthily, and at twenty-five years old—in 1619—married whom he loved—Elizabeth, the daughter of Edmund Symeon, Lord of the Manor of Pyrton, in Oxfordshire. His lineage was old and honourable, his fortune more than ample, his love successful, his mind nurtured to perfectness by severe and thoughtful studies, and enriched and adorned by the higher delights of poetry; while his healthful frame enabled him to enjoy all country sports amid the delicious scenery he loved—as fathers love their children—where he cherished, as twin-born, the home affections and the Liberty that glorifies the name of ENGLAND. How clearly we felt, while tracing out the vast possessions that made him, perhaps, the richest Commoner in the kingdom, and revelling over the little of either conversations or correspondence that remains to those who would have sate at his feet for instruction—how clearly we felt that he was *forced* by troublous times from the privacy he loved; appearing suddenly, as Sir Philip Warwicke says, 'with all great qualities ripened

about him, of which he had never given a crude or ostentatious promise.' He was, indeed, compelled to raise the standard by what, among many high and noble qualities, was the highest and noblest quality of his nature —a deep, stern true, unquailing love of Justice! Although in Parliament during a portion of the reign of the first James, his fame, filling all England, is based upon the occurrences of the last few years of his great life; like his cousin Cromwell, he entered the arena when the blaze of youth had sunk into the deep burning fire of middle age: he had numbered forty years before he was recognised as 'the Patriot Hampden.' There is no record of his having bowed in the ante-room of the coarse and faithless James, for the title his mother coveted for her son; he had nobler aspirations—nobler company, than that which waited there; the Chronicles are radiant with the glorious names of those who constituted with him the GREAT MOVEMENT—the Parliamentary party. How they echo through the vaults of history! Wentworth, and Pym, and Eliot, and Selden! But we write not a Chronicle—though tempted to dwell upon strange records of strange times—often with natural indignation, when we read how James, scrambling through his dignity more like an idiot-baby than an anointed king, could offer insults to men like these!

We glanced rapidly over the early reign of his successor, the first Charles; dignified by some high virtues; disfigured by lack of forethought and want of truth; born out of season; belonging to the past, unwilling to advance, if not incapable of moving, with the times that rose and swelled about him! Then the gathering of Parliaments—dark clouds heralding a tempest—now dispersing—now collecting—outraged in their dearest rights and privileges—struggling for their constituents, as men struggle for life, against 'imposts' and 'levies,' and the worse mockery of 'loans,' which no man was free to refuse; Hampden with his friends—labouring with them to the death, yet seeking no self-glory. As the horizon darkens, as the storm gathers, so does this great spirit come brightly forward—suffered imprisonments even in the GATE-HOUSE;* but

* Hampden was confined in the Gate-House for his opposition to the forced loans endeavoured to be imposed on the country in 1625. This prison, which obtained much celebrity during the civil wars on account of the incarceration of so many eminent men within its walls,

never swerving, for a moment, from the path of honourable, though perilous, duty. How glad were we to find him again free; and though retaining his seat for Wendover, once more listening to natural thunder from the depths of his own deep woods—watching the increasing breach between the King and the people, but surrounded by his home affections, while upholding the Puritan doctrines in which he trusted, and pondering the means of checking the tide of unlawful prerogative.

The Gate-House.

Strange minglings of good and evil!—inseparable from all destinies! He had suffered persecution, indignity, imprisonment; but he was at home—with the wife of his bosom—the children of his love! Trusting in God—trusting, yet prompt for action. We rejoiced with him in his enjoyment of the free air, and in his strong hope of the future—the strongest of all strengths; but there and then, a sorrow came upon him that, for a time, obliterated the past—put aside for awhile the public wrongs that wrung his heart; for even more full of agony than the wail of oppressed England, was the deep-toned bell of that little church—where they all sleep now—when it knelled out to hill and valley, that the mistress of Hampden, the beloved and cherished of its lord—the wife and friend of his youth—had been called away from him when her counsel, tenderness and affection were needed most.

It takes brief time to read, or tell, of these events. Alas! the seeds of

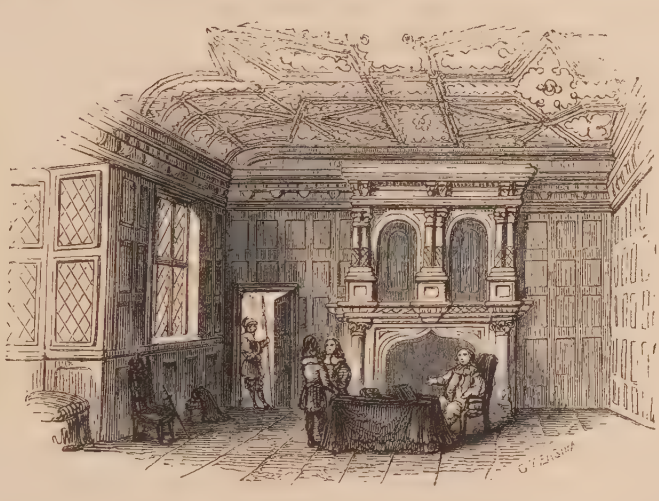
was erected in the reign of Edward III., and was originally the principal approach to the inclosure of the Monastery at Westminster from the open space in front of the western towers of the Abbey. It was converted into an ecclesiastical prison shortly afterwards, and was used for criminals on the suppression of monasteries. It was pulled down in 1777, at which period it had become a debtors' prison. Our view is from a drawing published in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1836.

civil war were sown, and nurtured, both by King and Parliament, who, wearied of each other, sought not peace. If the olive branch were held out, it was stripped of its leaves, and showed but as a dry and sapless twig. The patriot's energy was summoned from retirement by another blow struck at the country's liberty—by the issue of a writ for the levying of 'Ship Money.' Ship Money!* words steeped in the best and bravest blood of England; words to which we owed eleven years of nearly uninterrupted civil war; At the head of the resistants to this new impost, stood John Hampden; the eyes of the court and the people were alike turned upon the champion now ungloved; the subject fighting *for* the law —the monarch *against* it: the King and the Commoner pitted against each other—to the death; all Europe abiding the issue! The Commoner was overthrown, but not in fair fight; the 'court rescue' was the establishment of general discontent; the King and the people were separated for ever, by a matter of thirty-two shillings and sixpence!

Turning over the leaves of old and modern histories, we found that ancient worthies of the Chilterns differ as to the exact spot upon which the money was levied; many localities contending for the glory. No matter the place; there is no doubt as to who piloted English liberty through this

* The resuscitation of levies for furnishing ships to the king was one of the last acts of the life of Noy, the Attorney-General, who, by similar researches among obsolete usages, had already embroiled the court and country. He did not live to see this act enforced, but his friend the Lord Keeper Coventry warmly approving all means of extortion, revived a practice which had only existed in the earlier stages of English government, before the rights of the sovereign and people had been clearly defined; and which had in these distant days, been but sparingly resorted to. Finding that sea-port and other towns had occasionally been called upon to furnish ships for the service of the crown, it was determined to revive the forgotten power which had been abrogated by Magna Charta, and make it the means of raising a direct and heavy tax over the whole kingdom, subject to the king's will alone. The pretended reason for the rate was the aggressions of Turkish and other pirates; yet was the money obtained by this unpopular and unconstitutional tax so badly applied, that the Algerines took many English vessels, and made captives of nearly 5000 Englishmen, while the Dutch seized two ships (East Indiamen) valued at 300,000*l*. At no period of our country's history were the British flag and the sovereignty of the seas less respected. The bold opposition of Hampden struck a death-blow to this levy, which had been enforced and obtained, owing to the fears of some, and the lukewarmness of others, who looked less at the great principle involved in the right of arbitrary taxation in the crown, than at the sum required from each person, and the trouble and danger of opposition.

particular storm. After its lull, brief as it was, Oliver Cromwell and John Hampden would have sailed, with a chosen band of Puritan friends, to Connecticut; but the doomed King forbade their departure! Well for us that it was so. Truly, enjoying as we were, that evening, the freedom of



The Star-Chamber

free speaking, thinking our own thoughts, and uttering our own words, without dread of STAR-CHAMBER * or GATE-HOUSE, we carried back these *thoughts* to *things* those grand old champions of our liberty wrought for

* This building may be considered as the focus of Charles' despotism. From hence issued all the extortionate loans and levies which ended in the great civil war. So frightful in the end did it become, that its name infused terror, and to be "Star-chambered," was applied as a term indicative of the severest and cruellest infliction of semi-legal tyranny. In this court were men summoned by extra-judicial right, fined mercilessly and extravagantly, branded as felons, their noses slit, and ears cut off, for acts and words less strong than many in use daily by the Press at the present time. The Star-chamber stood on the eastern side of New Palace Yard, and was originally a portion of the royal palace. It obtained the name of *Camera Stellata*, from the walls or ceiling having been ornamented with stars; but the building in use for the meetings of this court from the end of the reign of Elizabeth until its abolition in 1641, although probably built on the site of the elder chamber, was evidently of the Elizabethan era, as the letters E. R. and the date 1602 appeared over one of the doorways. It was pulled down in 1836, for the erection of the New Houses of Parliament. Our view exhibits the interior of the principal room, from a sketch made immediately previous to its demolition.

us. Why do we utter hard words against these iron men in ungarnished helmets? Staunch, stern, true, deep-hearted men,—enthusiasts, as all must be who work great changes,—men combating with themselves as well as with their foes; fighting with the arm of flesh; and yet at war with those passions which lead strong men captive,—heroes in a double sense—as against others and themselves!

How rapidly, with those old books as our guides, did we pass over an interval of some ten or eleven years, and then again find Hampden married to Letitia Vachel; but she could have had but little contentment with her great lord; his habits of life were changed; she never abode with him in the sweet bowers of the Chiltern Hills. He lived for the people's service, not his own pleasure; and during the time passed in London they resided (as we read) in 'lodgings near the house occupied by Pym in Gray's Inn Lane.'*

The night was passing, and we were anxious about our next day's pilgrimage; we looked out into the park, the moon was shining brightly upon the upland woods, and the monument at the termination of the avenue to Ashridge showed like a huge spectre on the brow of Moneybury hill. We felt it was time to restore to their shelves the venerable councillors who had revived our knowledge of the past: replacing a volume is like saying adieu to an old and dear friend; and there seemed an almost interminable number of last words to speak before we parted; in them all we saw, pitted against each other—the KING and HAMPDEN—the former preserving his natural dignity and courtliness of bearing; unsparing of his own toil and presence to work out purposes unworthy;—the latter, having thrown away the scabbard when he drew the sword; chiefest among those who added to their rigid morals, a noble and simple vigour; having put

* When Mr. John Forster was writing the lives of some of those great lights, he sought in vain for vestiges of their dwellings. They were probably "garden houses" with a pleasant look-out towards the country. John Gerard dates the dedication to his *Herbal*, published in 1597, "from my house in Holborne, in the suburbs of London." Gray's Inn Lane was at that time one of the principal roads into London, and was connected by the old bridle-ways with the great north roads at Highgate. In such suburban districts the old aristocracy lived, and the Lord Gray of Wilton having a mansion here in the reign of Edward III., gave name to the *Inn*, which became celebrated as the residence of some of our greatest lawyers.

on, as Sidney says 'the athletic habit of liberty for the contest.' And yet, during the short remainder of his great days how bitterly was 'the Patriot' tried; domestic sorrows loosening the cords of life! The funeral plumes that waved over the coffins of his beloved daughter, Mrs. Knightly, and his eldest son, were stirred by the trumpet blast, the howls of ruined villages, and the still more agonising pangs of treachery—the treachery of relatives on whom he trusted! The motto in his banner

'Vestigia nulla retrorsum,'

marked well his public course, and marshalled him, at the head of his troop, clad in the ancestral colour of his house, the Lincoln green, to the various fields of Coventry, Southam, Worcester, Evesham, Edge Hill, Reading—Chalgrove; one by one those old chronicles were replaced; yet still we lingered in memory over pages eloquent with facts.

It was impossible to dismiss them from thought without again and again thanking God for the many blessings we enjoy in our age and generation—contrasting England of the present with England of the past; without rejoicing that the best lessons we receive in all high, all true, and more especially, all womanly, virtues, issue from the Throne; knowing that no English woman of rank, elevated or humble, can have loftier aims or nobler ambitions, than to regulate a household, to bring up children, to study all domestic duties, in close imitation of Her, whose example is of far weightier force in her Kingdom than all the precepts of her servants in Divinity and Law. The times in which we live may abound in difficulties; 'the Arts of Peace' may have been cultivated to ruinous excess; we may have to guard against the enervating effects of luxury on the one hand, and the debasing inroads of poverty on the other; but we have liberty of conscience, no evil influences in high places, no civil war to ravage our lands and desolate our homes. Our task is but to preserve the freedom, purchased by the bold hearts, great heads, and iron arms of our forefathers —and to be grateful.

Early on the following morning we left the pretty village of Aldbury far behind, passed the town of Tring, and drove through those actual hamlets of old times,—unchanged as their quaint names* "Aston-Clinton," and

* Much that is curious is connected with the names both of places and persons in many of

"Weston-Turville,"—where the cottages are shaded by noble trees, or peep, like toy-houses, out of bouquets of monthly roses and holyoaks, and wildernesses of clematis. We strongly desired to spend an hour in the beautiful church of Kimble, which formerly belonged to the Hampdens; for those village churches are full of interest; brasses and time-worn tombs are to be met with in their sanctuaries; an old morion above a tattered flag, or some hallowed name stamping a blue slate with immortality; and Kimble tempted us, looking so full of conscious glory, upon its steep, above the tree-tops; but we had a long day's work before us at Great Hampden. We passed 'The Chequers,' in heroic self-denial—for the present; and while we admired the tinted woods and uprisings of the Chiltern Hills, we became grievously perplexed by the net-work of lanes and drives that, as we got deeper into the country, cross and recross, and seem to diverge everywhere, and in all directions; the crows evidently considering as indisputable their right to the shorn harvest fields. Our driver was in happy ignorance of Hampden, either the patriot or the house, yet affirmed it was 'somewhere hereabout;' and but for a pretty cheerful girl, a miracle of intelligence, at a place we believe called 'Brockwell Farm,' we might have wandered vainly among the hills, and valleys, and paths, until the day was done. We had not heard that the fine red-brick Elizabethan house of the Hampdens had been stuccoed into whiteness, and we passed it without recognition; for the church, which we knew almost joined the dwelling, is concealed by trees. We drove on, however, to what an honest-looking smith, who wielded his iron as lightly as if it were a quarter-staff, told us was the 'Patriot's' village, and that the clerk of the church resided there. Hampden village consists of an irregular line of very primitive cottages, straggling along one side of a small common, from which their gardens have been taken, bit by bit; it is backed by rising and well-wooded ground. An old and ragged tree, nearly opposite the gate that separates the road from the common,

our English counties, and striking peculiarities, indicative of remote antiquity, frequently arrest attention. While Cornwall tells of early British location, Kent speaks of Saxon rule in such names of persons as Fordred, which appears on the coinage of that people; or of places, as Offham (the house of Offa), Wodensborough (the hill of Oden), &c. The names above quoted are equally indicative of Norman rule, and the settlements awarded to the followers of William the Conqueror.

attracted our attention ; and a peasant, whose appearance bespoke little of what we term 'comfort,' seemed much astonished at our visit to 'so poor a place.' He shook his head gravely, and told us—'The people dead and

The Village of Great Hampden,

gone said that tree stood there in the "Patriot's" time, but the clerk of the church knew it all ; he could tell all about the "Patriot," and everything : he would call him in a minute ; when gentry did come to see so poor a place, they ought to know everything.' The clerk soon came—a tall thin man who stooped rather, and looked perhaps older than his years. His calm intelligent face lit up, when Hampden's name was mentioned and he knew the nature of our errand, 'Ay,' he said, 'that tree had heard the blast of Hampden's trumpet, sure enough!' No doubt it was *there*, under the woody brows of his own Chilterns, he first issued the command to gather the militia of his own country, which had, long before, caught the spirit of its great leader. We imagined the parishes and hundreds with their preachers at their heads, marshalling up a defile to the right, to meet him who had so bravely struggled for their liberty! 'Not only the tree,' resumed the worthy clerk, 'but the cottage in which I live, was standing then,' and he invited us to look at the beams, 'they were so thick.' When we entered, he pressed upon us pears and plums, the fruit of his garden ; and

his wife selected the largest from her store, and took no little pride in the thickness of the low oak beams. She regarded us with respect when she found we had come from London to see and hear all about 'The Patriot,' which no one, she assured us, could tell better than her husband; 'we must have great curiosity!' She had heard that Tring was twelve miles off; she had lived in this cottage forty years, but had never been so far. She confessed, with a quiet smile, 'she was no great traveller.' This Dorcas had bright eyes beneath her white hair, and was withal kindly, courteous, and intelligent, with abundant health, and was well learned in simple garden and house craft, and better still, in that lore which renders wise unto salvation; yet, from the time of her youth, she had never been twelve miles from that most lonely and primitive village in which she was born!

Yes; nothing is more likely than that Hampden mustered his men upon that common; for the broad and beautiful table-land, spread in front of the house, which now commands so glorious a view of the surrounding country, was then intersected by quaint hedges and garden fantasies, suited to the taste of the period; no place, therefore, could have been more fitted or appropriate, as a muster-ground for the Hampden men, than Hampden Common, which almost adjoins the house. We turned back; leaving the common, and passing again through the green lanes, and by the forge, we came to the gate opening to a winding drive that leads through the park to the entrance of both church and dwelling—separated only by a narrow road, over-arched by stately trees and almost as stately evergreens: on the right, a small garden-gate admits, by a back path, to the house, flower-garden, and lawn, where the Patriot spent his happiest days: on the left, is the entrance to the sacred church, where his remains repose. It is very rarely that thus, within, as it were, the compass of a ring, a great man's FIRST and LAST are gathered together. It is impossible to imagine anything more still than this hallowed spot, hid away at the back of that chalky range, the Chilterns, which bound on one side the rich vale of Aylesbury. The flower-garden through which we passed, seemed as if called into existence by the wand of an enchanter; the lingering roses, the heavy-headed dahlias, the bright-toned autumn flowers, looked so lonely in their beauty. We almost feared to speak in such deep solitude. A human footstep, the bark of a dog, the song of a bird, the tinkle of a

sheep-bell, would have been a relief—until we had drunk deeply of the spirit of the place, and then, as thoughts and memories crowded around us we felt the luxury of its solemn quiet, and that sound here would be a sacrilege. Passing a low sort of postern entrance we walked beneath an arch, starred over by jessamine, and stood in front of the extensive mansion, added to

John Hampden's House.

and enlarged by various proprietors, and at one time displaying some goodly architecture of the age of Elizabeth ; the stucco, as if ashamed of its usurpation, beginning to drop away from the red brick, of which the house is built. Save the ' natural decay ' which must progress in all uninhabited dwellings, we saw nothing that told of the ' ruin ' which comes of carelessness or neglect.

The Hall is of that gloomy character once considered necessary for

grandeur of effect ; the suite of rooms consists of a library, two dining-rooms, a drawing-room, a sort of small presence-chamber, and a bed-room, that enjoys the reputation of having been especially furnished for Queen Elizabeth by Griffith Hampden, when her gracious Majesty visited this favoured spot ; the gallant high sheriff paid his Queen right royal homage, cutting a passage through the woods, which is still called 'the Queen's gap.' The furniture, however, of her Majesty's bed-room, has nothing about it of the Elizabethan era ; it is no older than the time of the second Charles. In the library is a curious bible, once the property of Philip, uncle of Oliver Cromwell : it contains detailed entries of the births of many of the Cromwell family.

There is a very celebrated portrait of the Protector on the stair-case, and another of one of the family of Hampden,—we believe the 'Patriot's' son, —who, wearied of the world he knew, rushed unbidden to that which he knew not. All memory of the sleeping-chamber of John Hampden is lost ; but that of the tragedy is well-kuown ;—what house is there without its skeleton !—yet what dwelling in all England more sacred than this lonely one, to the hearts of Englishmen ? In one of the reception-rooms is an interesting portrait, believed to be of the patriot ; it hung unnoticed on the stairs, until Lord Nugent undertook to exhume the remains of Hampden, with a view to ascertain whether he had died by the effect of the bursting of his own pistol, or from the shot of the carabine, which according to other historians, shattered the shoulder of the hero on Chalgrove field. The body, of which the grave was despoiled in a ruder manner and for a longer period than appears to have been at all necessary, was found perfect, except that a shattered hand was rolled in a separate cerement beside it : the features, when discovered, 'bore so strong a resemblance to this hitherto neglected portrait, that it was taken down and cleaned, and in a corner, the name was discovered ;' * —it has since been placed in a worthier position. It is deplorable that this noble mansion, honoured by

* Such, at least, is the motive assigned for its removal,-by the household ; but upon very unsatisfactory ground. It is much to be lamented, and certainly not to be accounted for, that Lord Nugent in his "Life of Hampden," published some time after the exhumation, takes no notice whatever of the circumstance ; not attempting to account for the fact that in the "rummage" to which the grave was subjected, no body was found exhibiting wounds on the shoulder, while that which his lordship and his friends disinterred was without the hand, which, wrapped in a seperate cerement, was by its side. Lord Nugent quotes the state-

time and circumstance, contains no other record of *the* one who has given it immortality ; no papers, no documents, no scrap of his hand-writing, no table upon which his hand rested, no chair, as the master of a household often has, appropriately called 'his own ;' no room—nothing except a doubtful portrait ; the very character of that dwelling changed, rendering it a whited sepulchre rather than a glorious Mausoleum where everything connected with him should be found ; and where the youth of England might learn how to live and how to die for their country. And yet his presence was with us wherever we turned ; the scene was so entirely his own, that he moved with us, among the old places, in the sunshine and the shade.

The view of the house opens through a long vista ; a lawn of noble width, and carpeted with the richest verdure, slopes on, until lost beneath the shadows of magnificent trees, judiciously cleared so as to afford one of the richest views in the midland counties of England ; the atmosphere was so transparent that the prospect over hills and into deep valleys and dark woods, and down dells, clothed in juniper, and beech, and chesnut, seemed interminable ; a very empire of beauty—and of silence ! It was better to picture Hampden *there* than within the precincts of that whited house. What a region for thoughts and works ! Woe to those poor spirits who have no ideas, but those they can vent in sound ! Truly the scene before us was worthy of its name ; worthy to be noted from the old times to the present ; worthy of its Patriot-Master ; worthy to own no other lord than him whose name is as a beacon of Liberty—a sacred unquenchable fire. Here were his great thoughts conceived ; here nourished ; not developed rashly or flung unadvisedly to the world, but nurtured by observation and in quiet. It is only in the magnificence of silence that the soul can commune with its God !

ment , (which rests upon doubtful authority,) that " at Chalgrove field his pistol burst and shattered his hand in a terrible manner ; " a story which his lordship's search would seem to confirm, but which he quotes and leaves without comment. Soon after the appearance of this article in the *Art-Journal* the author was subjected to a severe "questioning" in the *Athenæum*, where the accuracy of the statement was assailed : in reply, she gave her authorities—John Martin, the Parish Clerk, and the steward of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, both of whom were present at the disinterment ; she has since again visited the locality, and her impressions were confirmed by conversations with others : the point at issue—the manner of Hampden's death—cannot fail to interest many—who may take up the controversy with a better grace than the author of this work ; and for the facts glanced at, reference may be made to several persons of the district, whose testimony would be beyond suspicion.

The babbler knows nothing of the holiness, the uplifting, uplooking nature of this great privilege. We turned our footsteps towards the church ; the clerk waited to receive us ; the edifice is well cared for by the proprietor, the rector, and last, not least, the honest clerk, who looks upon it with the increasing affection begotten by the serving and tending of forty years. It is a beautiful specimen of an old English house of worship, carefully preserved; * and the clerk was a fitting guide to its solemnities, thankful to be

Great Hampden Church.

inquired of concerning what he so much loved, but saying no word too many ; speaking not at all when he saw us full of thought. The church doors were open, but extra doors of iron net-work prevented the entrance of birds or boys ; by this means the fresh breezes of the Chiltern Hills passed through

* It is a primitive structure, consisting of a nave with side aisles and chancel. The pillars and arches of the nave are Early English and of considerable beauty, exhibiting the purest features of the original architecture. The clerestory windows and roof are of the latest perpendicular style, merging into the Tudor.

the sanctuary, laden with the perfume of the flower-garden of Hampden's house, so that the porch and aisle were fragrant with the scent of mignonette and clematis. Upon a young tree planted, as the clerk told us, 'near eighteen years past, by his own hands, to live when he was gone,' a robin was rehearsing its autumn song, at intervals, as if it were too early to begin, and yet time to have it ready. The day was changing; a soft misty rain commenced, and rude gusts of wind swept through the trees, scattering the golden-tinted leaves on the green grass. We were now within the porch that Hampden had so often entered; within the sanctuary in which he communed with his God! The pews of the church are low and open; there is no gallery, and the organ, a gift of the late Lord Buckinghamshire, is placed amongst the seats, nearly opposite the communion-table. It was a privilege to stand within the sacred temple where Hampden lies, uncenotaphed, but unforgotten; to know that we were sheltered by the same roof that covered the remains of the purest of England's patriots; the offspring of an unbroken descent from the Confessor; of a line famous in chivalry, and often entrusted with state services, yet sufficient of himself to stamp a name with the truest immortality, had all his progenitors been peasant-born. On the right hand, close to the communion-table, is the simple monument *

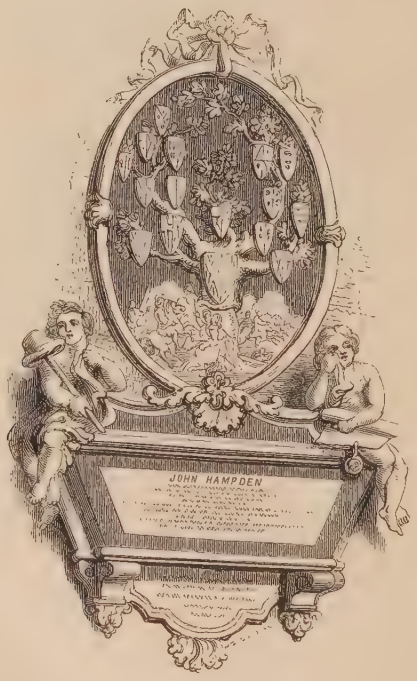
Interior of Hampden Church.

* The monument erected by Hampden to the memory of his wife is a plain black marble tablet in a simple frame of lighter marble, and is placed between the windows on the south wall of the chancel, close to the spot traditionally pointed out as his last resting-place.

inscribed with his own words to the memory of his wife; and within the rails his own remains were deposited; it was his own hand that traced the tribute to her virtues—the 'truely vertuous and pious,' the 'tender mother of nine hopeful children,'

> 'In her Pilgrimage
> The staie and comfort of her neighbours,
> The love and glory of a well-order'd family,
> The delight and happiness of tender parents,
> But a crowne of blessings to a husband
> In a wife, to all an eternall paterne of goodnes
> And cause of joye whilst shee was in her dissolution.'

Opposite to this monument 'in perpetuall testimony of conjugal love,' is a far more sumptuous tomb to the memory of a lesser John Hampden,* here described as 'xviiii. hereditary lord of great Hampden,' who, 'dying in 1754, bequeathed his estates and name to the Hon. Robert Trevor,' his kinsman, by descent from Ruth, daughter of *the* John Hampden. Issue here failing, the heritage passed to the children of another daughter: the Hobarts, Earls of Buckinghamshire, now own the house and lands of the Patriot: they own them, nothing more! This tomb is gorgeous with



* This monument is a characteristic example of the taste which prevailed during the last century in monumental decoration, when weeping children were so unsparingly used. In this instance we have one perched at each angle of the cenotaph. One holds a countryman's hat on a staff (an adaptation of the classic cap of liberty), the other, a sealed roll (perhaps intended for Magna Charta).

armorial bearings! and contains in low relief a sculptured tablet, which describes the Patriot's fall on Chalgrove field.* A faded morion, with the crest, surmounts the tomb; and this is all that recals to us the name of Hampden in the place to which he has given eternal fame.

In memory of John Hampden, there is no monument of any kind in Hampden House, Hampden Church, or Hampden village! No single sentence has been written any where to say that here he lived, and here

was he laid in death; but for a memorial to the greatest man of a great period of British history, let us borrow an inscription from one of the humblest gravestones in the churchyard—

> 'Praises on tombs are idly spent,
> His good name is his monument!'—

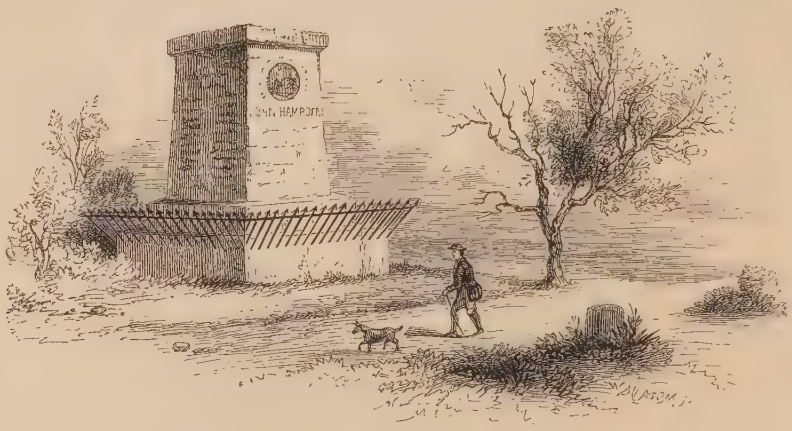
Yet what a host of memories were conjured up, as we stood in the chancel of that small village church, beside the vault which holds the ashes of the Patriot.

On the 25th of June, 1643,†, the body, without the soul, entered this

* This portion of the upper part of the tomb is given in our cut; it is well executed in white marble, but exhibits that inattention to costume which was prevalent in the last century. The stem of the genealogical tree, and the principal shield of arms, appear above the falling figure of the Patriot: this tree, laden with shields properly emblazoned, fills the larger part of the oval tablet, and being cut in white marble, stands in bold relief from the dark-veined marble which forms the substructure.

† The following is extracted from the Register of Burials, Great Hampden, 1643. It was

church, and was interred inside this altar, where had been gathered the dust of so many of his progenitors. It had been removed hither from



The Monument on Chalgrove Field.

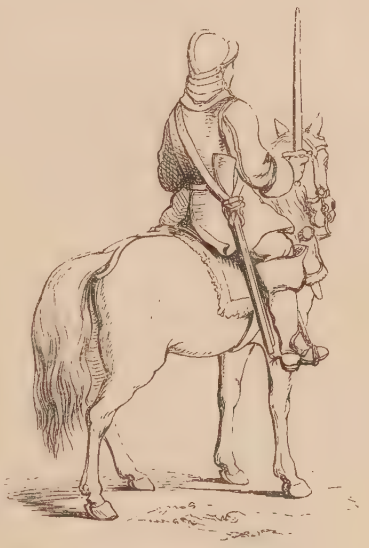
Thame, the village in which he died, on the 24th of June, of the wound received at CHALGROVE, on the Sabbath morning of June 18, 1643.*

copied for us by the clerk, William Martin, to whose courtesy we have elsewhere made reference, and who deserves the highest praise for the neatness and order in which he keeps the church.

"1643. John Hampden, Esquire, Lord of Hampden, buried June 25. Robert Lenthall, Rector."

* Chalgrove field is about twelve miles from Oxford and ten from Thame. The field itself is a large open plain, intersected by four cross roads, as seen in the sketch. It was allotted in different apportionments some short time since, and the spot where the monument is erected was appropriated to Dr. Hampden, now Bishop of Hereford, a descendant of the Patriot. The monument is of brick, coated with stone. It is in an unfinished condition as far as the original design is concerned, which was, to have ornamented this pedestal with an obelisk seventeen feet high: omitted—*for want of funds*. As the pedestal now stands, it is about fifteen feet wide on each side. The east side has a sculptured medallion figure of Hampden, with his motto, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*; the same motto with his arms on the west side; the south side is devoted to the names of those who subscribed to this memorial, and is dated 'June 18, 1843.' The north side has a long inscription, setting forth that 'this stone was raised in reverence to his memory,' in the 'two hundredth year' from the day on which he received his death-wound. It is a poor and paltry affair; conferring a renown by no means enviable upon the wealthy noblemen and gentlemen who commenced a miserable monument and left it unfinished.

Hampden was seen for the first time turning his back upon the battle-field before the fight was done, 'a thing,' writes Clarendon, 'he never used to do:' hence it was concluded he was 'hurt.' He had been 'struck in the shoulder with two carabine balls,* which breaking the bone, entered his body, and his arm hung powerless and shattered by his side.'† He left his friends and soldiers not at a time of victory, but in a moment of defeat; he left them to die, as was said by Sidney on a memorable occasion, for 'THE OLD CAUSE.'



A Carabineer.

Slowly riding, 'his head bending down, and his hands resting on his horse's neck,' his first impulse was to seek the village of Pyrton, the house in which, a high-hearted and hopeful man, he had wedded the wife of his affections thirty years before; but the brilliant Rupert—the mirror of chivalry, according to the Cavaliers, the Prince-robber, according to the Roundheads—with his fierce cavalry, interposed. 'In great pain and almost fainting' he reached Thame, distant about ten miles from Chalgrove, and found shelter in the HOUSE OF ONE EZEKIEL BROWNE.‡ His wounds were dressed, but he knew they were

* The carabine was a small gun slung at the back of a light horseman by a leathern belt which passed across the shoulders and had a hooked swivel at the end, sometimes fancifully ornamented, through which the barrel of the carabine passed, as shown in our cut; the men were armed with back and breast-plate, helmet and sword, and were named Carabineers from the principal weapon with which they were equipped. They are first mentioned in 1558, but became an important portion of the army in the Civil Wars.

† As elsewhere observed, however, there is satisfactory evidence that the fatal wound was in the hand, from the bursting of his own pistol.

‡ This interesting building is still pointed out by village tradition, and is represented in our woodcut as it now appears. It was formerly the Greyhound Inn, and is now divided into two shops, one a butcher's, the other an ironmonger's. The exigencies of modern residents have, in a great degree, interfered with its original features; but its connection with one of England's purest patriots must ever invest its humble walls with interest. It is necessary to state,

mortal ; and he addressed himself to die, not merely with the grace and dignity of the old Roman, but with the fortitude and trusting faith of the true Christian—first despatching 'letters of counsel to the Parliament,' and then receiving the sacrament at the hands of the Rector of Chinnor, according to the forms of the Church of England, declaring 'he thought its doctrine in the greater part primitive and conformable to God's Word, as in Holy Scripture revealed.' At length, being 'well nigh spent and labouring for breath,' he turned himself to die in prayer ; and his last words

The House in which Hampden died.

were, 'O Lord, save my bleeding country. Have these realms in thy special keeping. Let the King see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellors.' So died—

'The noblest Roman of them all!'

He died at the moment when the issue of the contest was very doubtful, and when his generous and considerate counsels were needed most. The best tributes to his character are not those of his friends, but of his personal opponents and political enemies. Charles himself, it is said, offered to send his own surgeon to the Patriot's bedside ; and Clarendon, in after years,

however, that the honour is claimed by other old houses in the village, although the balance of evidence is in favour of this.

bore testimony to his genius, his courage, and his integrity. 'Many men observed,' writes Clarendon, 'that Chalgrove field, the place on which he received his death-wound, was the same place in which he had first executed the ordinance of the militia, and engaged that country, in which his reputation was very great, in this rebellion.' Strange if it were so! strange that he should, like the hunted stag, return to die where he was roused.*

Had he lived to see the final issue of the contest for Liberty, there is little doubt that the one dismal act for which two centuries have vainly sought an excuse, would have been avoided. 'He was, in truth, a very wise man, and of great parts; temperate in diet, a supreme governor over all his passions and affections;' and it is clear that the king lost far more than he gained by the death of John Hampden. Such is, indeed, the testimony of the friends as well as the enemies of the unhappy King, whose fate deducts so largely from the heroism of a remarkable epoch; an epoch fertile of strong minds and great hearts, in men who, whatever may have been their errors, truly and deeply loved the country for which so many of them perished on the scaffold and in the field.

Surely this village, this house, and this church, are shrines which all Englishmen should visit as pilgrim-students. Great acts from high motives may be taught here; in the patriotism of this Patriot there was no atom of selfishness; no self-glory stirred him on; the 'rare modesty' by which he was distinguished when 'the business of ship-money' made him 'the argument of all tongues,' marked him through his whole career; no thought had he of a monument to record his mighty services to his country—as little as his descedants who have given him none!

* Such of the soldiers of the Parliament as could be spared from the several adjacent quarters of the army were gathered together to accompany the corpse of their honoured leader to his grave, in Hampden Church; they marched to the sad music of the muffled drum and with reversed arms, through the lanes and over the hills of the Chilterns; as they conducted the body to the grave, the soldiers chaunted the 90th psalm:—

"In the morning they are like grass which groweth up: in the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth."

On their return from the interment, they sung the 43rd psalm:—

"Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

The pilgrim to this shrine will, however, find memories of Hampden all about him—memories that cannot perish, for they exist with Nature.

And what a holy scene it was when the veterans, and the young men, of his regiment bore across the Chilterns the body of John Hampden, to lay it under foot in this lonely village church! chaunting psalms as they marched; a sad funeral procession of true mourners; their arms reversed, their drums muffled, and their heads uncovered. It was no hard task upon imagination to recal this solemn scene; as we looked along the landscape towards Oxfordshire, and traced the route they must have taken; a band of steel-clad men with their boy-comrades by their sides—branches and saplings of the old tree of British freedom. Weeping aloud, and not ashamed of tears, they enter this church—fill it, as it was never filled before nor since; deposit there the body of their great Leader, and retire—again singing the words of the Psalmist, and wending their way to another battle-field.

THE RESIDENCE OF HANNAH MORE.

N the month of January, 1825—during a fall of sleet and snow, we left Bristol to pay a visit to Hannah More at Barley Wood, her then residence, close to the pretty and retired village of Wrington, in Somersetshire.

Trembling on the threshold of a Life of Literature—quivering with apprehension as to what our fate might be if we dared to pass its iron gates, and ask to sit in the awful presence of those who had raised the veil of the Inner Temple,

'whose names
In Fame's eternal volume live for aye!'

a note of invitation from Hannah More, written by her own hand, was an event that made the heart thrill with delight—not altogether unallied to fear: and even now, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, with its mingled burthen of triumphs and depressions, it recals one of the most impressive memories of a long and active career of authorship to which that valuable and admirable woman was the earliest, if not the strongest, prompter. We had previously made acquaintance with many memorable women of the epoch: we had bowed to the turbaned head of Miss Benger; gossipped with Miss Spence; been affectionately greeted by the excellent and accomplished sisters, Jane and Maria Porter; attracted, as by a golden link, to the lofty genius and generous heart of unhappy Lætitia Landon;

corresponded with Felicia Hemans ; been stirred to activity by honoured and venerated Maria Edgworth ; and received from good Barbara Hoffland encouragement to 'appear in print'—notwithstanding the too popular opinion which refuses faith in the possibility that women may think and write and yet keep their homes in order, and augment the comforts of all around them. But none of these had inspired us with the awe which seemed inseparable from the idea of an interview with Hannah More, whose great work in life had been accomplished before we entered it ; whose lessons had been our guides from youth upwards, and whose friends were the now buried immortalities of a gone-by age. Her 'Strictures on Female Education' had been our Polar Star from infancy ; and its author could not fail to be, in imagination, so wise, so lofty, so self-contained, so far above, and so different from, all other women, that while we eagerly desired, we feared, to meet her.

The snow was deep on the ground, and the friends with whom we sojourned said it was madness to set out for Wrington on such a morning, particularly as the venerable lady's hours of reception were but from twelve till three ; but we were decided, and the journey of some ten miles was passed in speculations as to what she would say, how she would look—and also as to what we should say ! 'Say ?' why nothing ; how could *we* speak to Hannah More, or before Hannah More ! who had depicted so truthfully the character of 'Lucilla Stanley' in 'Cœlebs,' and of course expected every woman to be a Lucilla ; who had written 'Practical Piety,' and 'Christian Morals ;' who had suggested to Royalty how a Princess should be educated, who had been complimented by Dr. Johnson, who had sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds, exchanged wit with Sheridan, enjoyed the social eloquence of Burke, had sufficient bravery to set Walpole in the right path, and been the honoured counsellor of Porteus and Wilberforce, and the familiar friend of David Garrick !

We had too much faith in the righteousness of her name—we honoured her too devoutly to imagine her—Mrs. Hannah More—anything like any other human being we had ever seen ; we recalled to memory how she had been fêted, and 'embroidered for,'* by Royalty, we could hardly conceive

* The late Duchess of Gloucester was so charmed by Mrs. Hannah More's work, 'Hints

KENSINGTON PUBLIC LIBRARIES

how she could have put off the 'stiff stays' of such 'grand' society to wander amid the Mendip hills, enduring—not the rusticity, for *that* might interest, or the vulgarity, for *that* might be pardoned—but the deep, and dark, and dangerous ignorance which had sent her humble neighbours to a fortune-teller to discover if the lady who wanted them to learn to read, and work, was not a 'methodist;' while some expected to be paid for permitting their children to attend a Sunday School, and others suggested that she wanted to sell them as slaves for the colonies! But the darker the ignorance, the greater became the necessity for her exertions,—such exertions as she never wearied of, until physical strength gave way beneath mental energy. All that she had written, and all we had heard of her, gathered about our memory, as the wheels rolled softly in the snow, or sinking deeper, crackled upon the frozen paths. We knew that her mind when she resided with her sisters in Bristol, engaged in the actual business of scholastic education, had drawn inspiration and health from her visits to the beautiful neighbourhood in which she was now spending the twilight of her radiant day; we attempted to rub our frozen breaths from off the starry glass, and look out, but we could only discern lofty hedges through the mist of snow; we knew that we were in the centre, round which her 'Practical Piety' had been evinced by the perpetual exercise of universal benevolence; whose liberality, true as it was to the Divine precepts of her Master, was in advance of her period; we counted up the schools which owed their existence, not only to her money and influence, but to her actual bodily exertion, and that while struggling with infirm health, and years that will exact augmented toll as they roll on. Her friends had told us she was totally unspoiled by the flattery and attention of the great; escaping from the society she never loved more than when she quitted it, but which she left from *a sense of duty;* zealous without bigotry; and liberal with a Christian spirit; and the more we recalled her excellencies, the more did we desire that the interview so longed for, might be over—simply from a deep sense of our own unworthiness. At length we saw the chimneys of Barley Wood above the trees, and driving along between high

on the Education of a Princess,' that she gave a fête for the purpose of introducing her to the nobility, and embroidered a dress for her with her own hands.

hedges of evergreens, whose bright leaves occasionally pierced through masess of snow, we drew up with a frosty crash at the door of the schoolmaster's daughter.*

It was a pretty cottage—simply and purely rustic ; even in winter, it looked cheerful, with its eaves where swallows build, its covering of English thatch, and its many homely props—pillars hewn from the adjacent wood,

Barley Wood.

which the axe of the woodman had not desecrated by fashioning. It has been accurately copied by Mr. Tucker of Bristol, to whose graceful pencil we are indebted for these valuable aids to memory.

A country serving girl gave us entrance ; and we stood for a moment in the hall. We had pictured to ourselves an old lady shrouded in black velvet,

* Barley Wood was built by Hannah More in the year 1800; she purchased the site—about half a mile from the village of Wrington. Previously, her dwelling had been at Cowslip Green, about two miles from Wrington, which, until she resided there, had never heard the sound of a Bristol post-horn. Mrs. H. More's father was a man of respectable family, who kept a boy's school in the neighbourhood of Bristol : he left four daughters, but no son; and, as they all died unmarried, the direct family is extinct.

of a stately and severe presence, leaning (if she might rise to receive us) on an ivory-headed cane, and resuming quickly her seat on a carved and dignified high-backed chair; and we fancied that a large Bible, clasped with silver, should rest on a table beside her. We were kept waiting for a few minutes in the parlour, in which were hung several old and interesting engravings. The stillness and torpor of a frosty atmosphere had hushed all external noise, save the cold chilling whistle that moves no leaf—monotonous and dull; the snow was cleared away from the porch, and food for the wild birds had been strewed within the circle; several songsters, their feathers all on end, looking like fuzz-balls, were still there, and the earth's white covering was marked with the impress of their feet; the long slender toes of the fragile lark, the broad foot of the wood-pigeon, the deliberate prints of the thrush and the blackbird—told of the considerate charity that ministered to their wants: once a glittering shower of crystals fell from a spangled bough, and a flock of starlings wheeled up, but to return again to the same spot. While watching these stranger birds, a demure-looking servant ushered us up-stairs, and though all was so still without, within we heard voices and the very merry laugh of a child—a glowing light diffused through the half-opened door the heat and light which are so delightful after a chilling drive. When we entered, a glance showed that the room was not too large for comfort, that the walls were lined with books, and that a group consisting of three ladies and a little boy were round a table, upon which there was an abundant supply of cake and wine; to the cake the little fellow was doing ample justice, and a diminutive old lady was in the act of adding another piece to that already upon his plate; she moved to meet us—it was the least possible movement, but it was most courteous. Instead of black velvet, Hannah More wore a dress of very light green silk—a white China crape shawl was folded over her shoulders; her white hair was frizzed, after a by-gone fashion, above her brow, and that *backed*, as it were, by a very full double border of rich lace—the reality was as dissimilar from the picture painted by our imagination as anything could well be; such a sparkling, light, bright—'summery'-looking old lady—more like a beneficent fairy, than the biting author of 'Mr. Fantom,' though in perfect harmony with 'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.' The visitor and her son took their leave; 'Mrs. Hannah'

stooped and kissed the boy, not as old maidens usually kiss children—with a kiss of necessity, or a kiss of compliment: she took his smiling rosy fearless face between her hands, and looked down upon it for a moment, as a mother would; then kissed it fondly more than once.

'And when you are a man, my child, will you remember me?'—The boy's eyes glanced from her to the remnants of the cake,—'Well, remember the cake at Barley Wood,' she said, reading his thoughts by the light of her own, and laughing.

'Both,' replied the little fellow with enviable fearlessness—'It was a nice cake, and you are so kind.'

'That is the way I like the young to remember me,' she replied, 'by *being kind*—then you will always remember old Mrs. Hannah More.'

'Always, Ma'am,' he answered, his face at once becoming serious as he returned her gaze with his large well-opened eyes—indexes of truth and honest purpose; 'I'll try and remember it always,' he repeated, and then there was another kiss.

'What a dear child,' said Mrs. Hannah after they were gone, 'and of a good stock—that child will be as true as steel! I so enjoyed his glance at the cake, it was so much more natural he should remember *that* than an old woman so very little taller than himself—children always connect size with respect—a dear child—I hope he may be spared to his lonely mother'—and her eyes were in an instant suffused with the light of coming tears, as if there had been something sad in that young mother's history.

There were some South Sea curiosities scattered about the room, as if they had been recently examined; the lady who was residing with Mrs. Hannah More, her tried friend and companion, directed our attention to these things, and while the venerable lady drew nearer to the fire, seeing that our interest proceeded not from curiosity but veneration, this friend showed us translations of many of her works into various continental languages; the eleventh edition of one, the tenth of another, and so on: every spot in the room was distinguished by having some treasure in its keeping, and every article of virtù had its story: one in particular attracted us—an inkstand made of Shakspeare's real mulberry tree, the gift of David Garrick. It was impossible not to congratulate her on the possession of such mementos.

'Yes,' she said, 'this place is in itself a great blessing from the hand of Heaven, and the trees you praise are well grown, and have taken deep root; and old as I am, there are times when I feel it a duty to be careful lest I become too deeply rooted myself in a soil sanctified by friends and friendships!' Her voice had a pleasant tone, and her manner was quite devoid of affectation or dictation: she spoke as one expecting a reply, and by no means like an oracle. And those bright immortal eyes of hers—not wearied by looking at the world for more than eighty years, but clear and far-seeing then,—laughing too, when she spoke cheerfully; not as authors are believed to speak—

'In measured pompous tones,'

but like a dear matronly dame, who had especial care and tenderness towards young women. It is impossible to remember how it occurred; but in reference to some observation we had made, she turned briskly round and exclaimed, 'Controversy hardens the heart and sours the temper; never dispute with your husband, young lady; tell him what you think, and leave it to time to fructify.' Her friend said she had been fatigued sooner than usual that morning by visitors, but would recover and 'be herself' presently: she drew close to the fire, and seemed inclined to repose or to muse, we could hardly tell which.

Of all women, Hannah More combined in the happiest manner the perfection of spiritual existence and temporal good. Her hopes were with the future, her activity with the present. She lost no friends, no fame, no homage, by living for the *future*, because she never neglected the work of the *present;* her sympathies were as active as her benevolence, and thus she carried conviction with her. She established her Schools, her 'Female Associations,' with as firm a hand as that with which she wrote—despite much that is impracticable and the introduction of some conventionalities inseparable from the period—the best religious work we have on female education—the most difficult of all subjects, from the mere fact that no two children in the same family require the same training. The only undeviating rule to secure this right training is instant, unreasoning, and implicit OBEDIENCE; and if this task be commenced in infancy, both child and parent will be spared an infinity of after sorrow.

No woman was ever so universally acknowledged as the reformer of

education, the interpreter of morals, the expositress of piety:* these distinctions shed around Hannah More a lustre far eclipsing that which dimly points out the memories of the Sewards, the Piozzis, and the Montagues. It was a privilege to look at her for the few moments she 'rested,' and to think of all she had done; when so far from 'Education' being, as it is now, 'the fashion,' it was something so new as to be considered dangerous,—particularly to women, and to the born 'thralls' of humble life. Her brow was full and well-sustained, rather than what could be called *fine;* from the manner in which her hair was dressed, its formation was distinctly visible; and though her eyes were half-closed, her countenance was more tranquil, more sweet, more holy—for it *had* a holy expression—than when those deep intense eyes were looking you through and through. Small, and shrunk, and aged as she was, she conveyed to us no idea of feebleness; she looked, even then, a woman whose character, combining sufficient thought and wisdom, as well as dignity and spirit, could analyse and exhibit in language suited to the intellect of the people of England, the evils and dangers of revolutionary principles. How bravely had that woman stood in the gap during the crisis of England's moral as well as political peril, and sent forth in the 'Cheap Repository'† tracts after tracts, that were devoured by the people with more than the avidity with which they now swallow the paper pellets whose best apology is, that they do no harm! How fine and brave and true was her exposure of the speech of M. Dupont, ringing, as it did, with the hideous clangor of Atheism throughout Europe; and how noble her sacrifice of the sum produced by its sale (240*l.*) to the relief of the French emigrant clergy—a charity again proving her practical piety,—for her dislike to the tenets of the Church, whose ministers she succoured and protected, was well known. There were no traces of the sarcasm she evinced in her clever story of 'Mr. Fantom' upon her most peaceful face; perhaps the mouth had the power of satire, yet it was softened by time and religion. Alas! the race of 'Fantoms' are by no means extinct; there are still plenty such, who, like this hero of false philanthropy, neglect every duty of common humanity, and leave their neighbours' cottage and children to burn, and poor wayfarers to perish of hunger, while devising plans to

* Life of Hannah More, by the Rev. Henry Thompson, curate of Wrington.

† In a degree originated by that Children's Friend, Mrs. Trimmer.

extinguish the fires of the Inquisition, or to drag the wheels from off the chariot of Juggernaut.

It had ceased snowing, and though the sun cast what seemed rays of fire through the atmosphere without dispelling the thick rimy substance that hazed the air, we resolved to brave the cold and see the monuments erected in the pleasure-grounds to the memory of Locke and Porteus. We felt as if breathing icicles, but we persevered, and knew that beneath that expanse of snow lay the lawn, where Mrs. More had assembled, at stated periods, those best monuments of her Christian love—the schools born of her will, and perfected by her example—perfected according to the light of the period ; and a beautiful sight it must have been, when some of the most able and best in the country came to witness the gatherings of these hitherto poor uninstructed children there.*

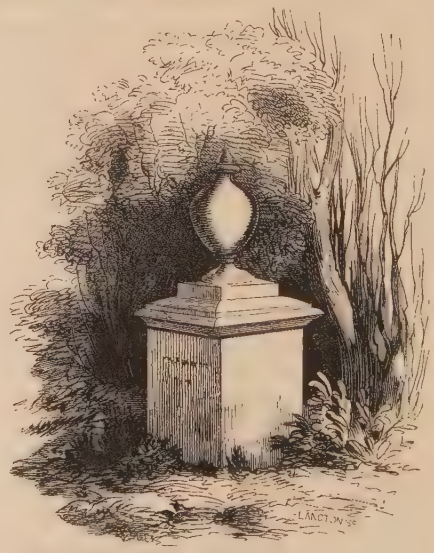
The very humbler classes of society have, it is to be feared, gained but little by the exchange which modern theories have put in motion—of the coldly moral for the warmer inspirations of spirit teaching. We are in this northern land of ours more prone to reason than to feel, and do not like to be too much troubled by emotions of any kind ; we are becoming altogether material, and a few years more will test the good or evil of such training, on our national character. One thing is certain : as far as it went, nothing could be better than the plan pursued by Mrs. Hannah More ; and certainly,

* We copy one of several beautiful sonnets commemorating many places and incidents connected with the career of Hannah More—written by her esteemed friend and biographer the Rev. Henry Thompson.

When every vernal hope and joy decays,
  When Love is cold, and Life is little worth,
  Age yields to Heaven the thankless lees of Earth,
  Offering their Lord the refuse of his days :
O wiser She, who from the voice of Praise,
  Friendship, Intelligence, and guiltless Mirth,
  Fled timely hither, and this sylvan hearth
  Rear'd for an altar! not with sterile blaze
Of Vestal fire one mystic's cell to light,—
  Selfish devotion; but its warmth to pour
  Creative thro' the cold chaotic night
Of rustic ignorance ; thence, bold, to soar
  Thro' hall and regal tower with radiant flight,
  Till peer and peasant bless the toils of More.

one of the perfections of her system, for all classes, was her upholding of the *useful* as preferable to the merely *ornamental*. This is a theory which, when broached in the upper classes of society, is sure to meet approval; but it is not one mother in ten who, finding that her daughter has only capacity for the more ordinary business of life, is content to cultivate that only, and not force her mind into what is called the higher range of intellect—forgetting altogether what a noble field for all that is of truest value in woman, is that which is connected with the ordinary business of life.

Mrs. Hannah More had a thoroughly English hatred to the unreal—to the untrue—and the useless: her total *deadness* to the heavenly enjoyments of music rendered her somewhat hard upon an accomplishment which her want of ear must have taught her to think waste of time; but the balance of education can be well preserved, even where a taste for this most enviable talent predominates. It is very rarely indeed that persons can appreciate—not so much what they do not understand, as what they do not feel.



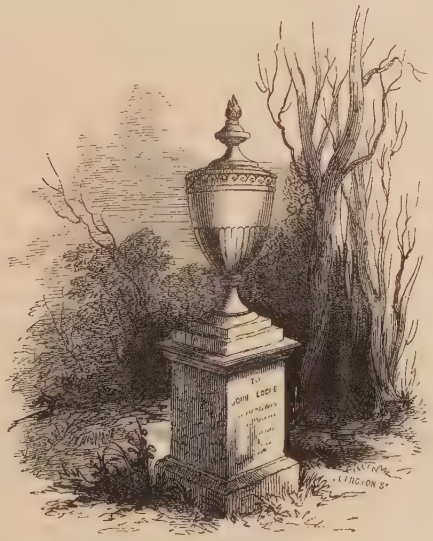
The Monument to Porteus.

The two monuments we spoke of are in the grounds, each surrounded by shrubs and arched by trees. That to the good Bishop contains this inscription :—

'To Beilby Porteus, late Bishop of London. In grateful memory of long and faithful friendship, H.M.'

That to Locke is thus inscribed :—

'To John Locke, born in the village, this monument is erected by Mrs. Montagu, and presented to Hannah More.'



The Monument to Locke.

We returned, shivering, from our scramble through the snow ; our venerable hostess had become quite herself—vacated her seat by the fire, and insisted upon our occupying it. She spoke with fervour and affection of the advantages she received from her long friendship with Porteus, and laughed while she said that Lord Oxford had called him her Father Confessor; she seemed quite alive to the *on dits* of Clifton, and referred to her long residence at Bristol more than once : she spoke with animation of Wilberforce, and his exertions on behalf of the Negro. Her friend drew her back from what she called 'modern times' to Mrs. Thrale, and Mrs. Carter, and

Dr. Johnson, who, she said, was never at all 'savage' to her, though once he nearly made her cry concerning an apology she offered for Popery: then she spoke of Garrick, and the expression of her countenance became more earnest, more affectionate, than it had been at the mention of any other name. Certainly, her eyes in youth must have been glorious; for even then they were dark, and, almost painfully, penetrating, except when softened by emotion: when she spoke of this great Master of his Art, they expressed the utmost tenderness.—'Ah,' she said, if HE had been alive, it would have been indeed a trial to have retired from the world!' She considered him in every way a man of extraordinary genius: her reverence for Garrick was the true 'Hero-Worship:' his very faults she looked upon as accessories to his perfections. How beautiful it is to see this enthusiasm outliving its inspirer, and animating with fresh life the slow pulsations of age. 'I should have liked,' she said, 'to have looked upon his face once more, but they only showed me his coffin.' Her friendship for Mrs. Garrick only terminated with that venerable lady's life.

After a moment's silence she smiled, and observed, 'I must show you some mementos of my wicked days.' She opened a *bureau*, and took out some cards and a play-bill: the cards were admissions for the *new* play of 'Percy;' the bill, the list of the players who performed therein—amongst them, David Garrick! it was curious to see these in the hands of the author of 'Percy' after the lapse of so many years. 'It was a great temptation,' she said, 'to write for such an actor; no one now can form any idea of what it was. He not only was all you could imagine, but the *reality* of whatever he undertook. Then such a face! Can you wonder at my thinking so seriously of the passing away of all these things, when I believe I am the only one living of all who are named on this paper?' She folded the play-bill and cards together as they had been, and replaced them carefully.

More than once we rose to depart. Our awe had subsided into an affectionate respect towards the fragile woman who had held fast to what she believed right—unflinchingly. We do not now adopt her opinions quite so implicitly as we did then; though we would gladly, for the sake of one so great in her day, and who must ever deserve a high place amongst the bravest and best of the women of England, do pilgrimage anew to the

houses she occupied—particularly to Barley Wood, the real home of her affections.

Some time after our visit, circumstances to which it is needless to refer induced her to leave Barley Wood and to reside at Clifton. She lived for about four years at 4, Windsor Terrace, Clifton, receiving the most marked testimonies of affection and veneration from persons of all sects and classes. Her end, in the eighty-ninth year of her age, was peaceful as her life was pure ; and if strangers had seen the numbers who congregated to attend her to the grave—had heard the tolling of the bells from the Bristol steeples, and observed that every shop was closed as the procession passed on its way to Wrington—if they had noted the mingling of yeomanry, clergy, and gentry, accompanied by the children of the Wrington Schools

Hannah More's Grave.

—if they could have been told that the lessons conveyed in the 'Cheap Repository' were as familiar to the people as 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great' were to their noble fellow-mourners—they would have honoured those who so honoured the virtues of a lady of humble birth ; who by her own exertions, had realised enough to enable her during many years of her life to devote 900*l*, a year to deeds of charity, and leave a noble property to be divided among the most useful of our Institutions.

Mrs. Hannah More died on the 7th of September, 1833 ; and in Wrington churchyard, within view of Barley Wood, she was buried. A flat stone, with iron railing, beneath a gnarled yew—aged, yet vigorous with branches and leaves—marks the spot which contains her honoured dust ; and not hers alone, but that of her four sisters, each of whom was worthy to repose beside one of the truly excellent of the earth.* It is a quiet and retired spot—meet resting-place for one so good and pure ; who had quitted the world long previously—except for the holy ties which linked her to it for its service. But of her, in truth, it may be said, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord ; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' She has made posterity her debtor, for all time : her precepts and her example are alike lessons that will lead to active benevolence and practical piety. The stone contains this inscription :—

BENEATH ARE DEPOSITED THE MORTAL REMAINS OF FIVE SISTERS.
MARY MORE, died 18th April, 1813,
aged 75 years.
ELIZABETH MORE, died 14th June, 1816,
aged 74 years.
SARAH MORE, died 17th May, 1817,
aged 74 years.
MARTHA MORE, died 14th September, 1819,
aged 69 years.
HANNAH MORE, died 7th September, 1833,
aged 88 years.
THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH ;
ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED.
Heb. ch. xi. ver. 13.
Ephes. ch. i. ver. 6.

In these our times, unfortunately, women have in many instances been so busied about their RIGHTS, as to be forgetful of their DUTIES ; as they cannot destroy, they endeavour to set aside, the laws of God and Nature ; untuning the sweet and gentle voice, given for the expression of prayer, of supplication, of mercy, charity, patience, hope, and faith, in

* The fame of Hannah More has absorbed that of her four sisters—all admirable women; who laboured heartily and continually with her in the great work of improvement. Will Bristol ever erect a monument to commemorate her excellencies—or will it be content to trust her memory to the immortality of her works?

'screaming' for more liberty: proving their unfitness, by the very temper of their demand, for an impossible equality, they lose sight of the beautiful balance which constitutes civilised society; and forget that even in savage life, it is the man who seeks the hunting-ground, while the woman remains in the wigwam to nurse the infant, and prepare the food. It is solely by the softening influence of the Christian faith that women are elevated to the position they hold in Christian lands; and the only course beneficial to them is, by increasing those qualities that will enable them still more to cheer and enlighten the social system, which it is their peculiar province to guide and to adorn. A well-organised and properly harmonised woman has so much occupation in the sphere so clearly defined in the Book of Life, that she appreciates the high privileges of womanhood, in the several relations of daughter, friend, wife, and a 'joyful mother of children,' too highly, to exchange them for 'advantages' unseemly, out of keeping, and out of character. She values the power of forming the minds of those who are to be the great acting principle, the mental mechanists, the heroes, statesmen, rulers of our land, hereafter. Her proper sphere is so extensive, that she only fears her life may be too short, her power too limited, to fulfil its duties. What a spirit of harmony pervades her dwelling! Be her means large or small, she has still something to bestow: her humanity extends to all around her; she never keeps the sempstress waiting for her work or for her pay, aud is too just to beat down the value of a necessary to obtain a luxury. A knowledge of her own defects instructs her to be merciful to those of others, and though her servants at first are not better than those of her neighbours, her patience and good management render them so at last: she has so early taught the infant at her bosom the duty of obedience, that his pliant will bends without distortion, and instead of rebellious brawls racking his father's heart, the well-trained child already imparts the consciousness of future happiness to his anxious parents: woman, in the quiet noiseless circle of her domestic and social duties, has even more to do with the future character of empires, than the mighty man, whose bolder brain and stronger muscle must fight life's battle till his life is done: for after all, perhaps it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that

'Those who rock the cradle rule the world.'

If woman but knows herself, she can work miracles; be she high or low,

rich or poor, her influence is unbounded, if it be properly exercised: it is possible to combine a perfect fulfilment of arduous, literary, or other labour, with a devout and fitting attention to the more pleasing duties of a home-cherishing life; still, those women are certainly the happiest whose occupations and pleasures are strictly of a domestic nature; but no woman pursues a safe course who calculates her happiness to consist in any but the path of duty, while she remembers that the road to *real* renown lies not through mental endowments, however brilliant, or intellectual achievements, however great. The whole career of Mrs. Hannah More is a striking example of what can be effected by *one* woman—a woman neither high-born, nor wealthy, nor beautiful, nor, in what is understood to constitute genius, as highly gifted as many others whose names are histories: her dramas have had no sustaining power to keep the stage, and her poems, as poems, are little more than amusing trifles; but her 'Cheap Repository,' her book on 'Female Education,' her 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,' her 'Christian Morals,' her 'Spirit of Prayer,' 'Hints on the Education of a Princess,' 'Character of St. Paul,' and her 'Practical Piety,' despite, as we have said, some occasional conventionalities, are the temples in which her memory is enshrined; and when we recal the formation of those Poor Schools,—when we remember that neither the time bestowed upon them, nor upon her literary pursuits, prevented her fulfilling her duty to the

'Great Father of all,'

in whom 'she lived, moved, and had her being,'—when we learn how faithfully her domestic duties were discharged, while she was the benefactor of the poor, and the instructor of the ignorant,—when we remember what she was to society, and recal the kind, playful unostentatious womanliness of her nature, we do greatly rejoice in the triumph of *usefulness;* we gaze with reverence upon the clear beacon-fire she kindled, so different from the phantom lights that dazzle and betray; and we recommend most earnestly to our countrywomen the study of such a life, and its consequences, as opposed to the *malaria* of those unhealthy influences which, born of a degraded woman of genius, have, of late years, crawled from France into the literature of England.

THE TOMB OF SIR THOMAS GRESHAM.

HE 'Merchant Princes of England!' How much loftier is the sound than that of 'Millionaire,' by which it has become the fashion to designate our monied traders! It recals to us the great men of History, who, though dealers and chapmen, were the counsellors of kings, representatives of the people, and held rule over the empire of the seas; men, great, because their purposes were greater; originating vast improvements, increasing national power, augmenting natural resources, promoting mighty changes for the general good; helping social progress, nourishing intellectual advancement, sustaining rational liberty, and pouring wealth into the lap of public necessity!

There is something almost magnificent in the term—'Merchant Princes!' and it is well to go back and consider what they did, and how they stood, in old times, both in relation to their own and foreign governments: it may be especially necessary to do so now; to permit ourselves to 'halt,' in the course we are pursuing with a rapidity that infers danger, and which, from the multiplicity of objects that flit by us, permits little leisure for that contemplation and repose of thought which strengthen the mind and refresh the spirit: we allow ourselves no space for comparison between 'past and present,' but rush onward,—onward, not unlike the wild huntsman of the poet's dream—pursued by, and following phantoms! With facilities for accomplishing nearly as much in a minute as it would have taken our grave fur-coated ancestors to get through in an hour, it is well to ponder, and ask

if we perform our duties as ably as they performed theirs. Let us, in this spirit, ramble, in imagination, through the Old City; examine its narrow limits; consider its mighty deeds, and recal the doings of its chief of Merchant Princes in the days of Elizabeth.

Lombard Street for centuries has been noted in City history; but the venerable Stow tells us that the 'feat of Merchandize' was not the only one performed there, and complains that the *Pope's* merchants chaffered there for their commodities; holding 'good markets for their wafer cakes' sanctified at Rome, and 'their pardons.' This street entertained its name before the reign of Edward II. Thus, it carries us back to the close of the thirteenth century, when with the same freedom of expression that the term 'Indians' is used by ourselves, our forefathers, by the general appellation of *Lombards*, designated the merchants of the four republics of Genoa, Florence, Lucca, and Venice. No doubt, we procured many of our foreign luxuries by the primitive mode of *barter*, but this intercourse in due time invented *bills of exchange*, 'and from such small beginnings arose that gigantic trade, the incalculable results of which now surround us on every side.' There must have been rare jostling, and much confusion of tongues among the foreign mercers * in those old times, beneath the walls high and strong, and the deep-set windows of the stately street, at morning-time, when Merchants had no other place of meeting for the despatch of commercial business, until noon, when they retreated to their dinners, meeting again in the evening to form their calculations and talk of their argosies, and debate of the value of Flanders' goods, and discourse of the great influence and mighty power of the Low Countries, and the riches and marvels of great Antwerp; speculating (and that in whispers, for it was not considered courteous, nor, if truth must be told, over-safe, in those days, to speak too freely of the 'powers that were') upon the royal affairs of the nation. The evil spirit of intolerance was abroad; all men did not consider

* 'The words *mercer* and *merchant-adventurer* are familiar to many persons, who perhaps do not attach a very definite idea to either term: by the former appellation in remote times was meant any dealer in small wares; but as the commerce of this country became extended, the operations of the mercers assumed a more important character, and the words *mercer* and *merchant* became nearly synonymous. Sir Richard Whittington was a member of the Mercer's Company, as was Sir Geoffry Bullen, maternal uncle to Queen Elizabeth.'—*Burgon's Life of Sir Thomas Gresham.*

their souls, much less their lives, in their own keeping; and Elizabeth retained enough of this old feeling to infuse into her nature and her actions a spirit of persecution to the full as bitter as that which stirred her far less famous sister.

Lombard Street is as dingy now as the gravest citizen could desire; and its heavy traffic is rarely interrupted by the aspect of foreign intercourse. The round beaver and shapeless 'paletot' generalise all Europeans; classes and countries are mingled: there is a brotherhood of interests, if not of affections; all are banded in pursuit of commercial gold, rather than commercial glory,—that gold which is the mightiest leveller of all distinctions!—we are jostled by a want of ceremony which reminds us that we are on the 'City-side' of Temple Bar. Records on records of the past are, to this hour, hid away in curious chests and old Halls, which the wayfarer, passing through the every-day street-business of London, never dreams of. He sees the traffic and the mart: the great outline of London commerce is spread before him; but he knows nothing—sees nothing— of that which is embedded behind the shops and dwellings of the citizens. He walks over the 'Roman way' by Bow Church, oblivious of all save 'the great bell of Bow;' and the echo of the past is lost amid the rolling of carriages and the still mightier hum of the teeming City. He looks at the grasshopper of the Royal Exchange, and hardly bestows a thought on its noble founder Sir Thomas Gresham—who so bravely laboured for the renown of his city and the glory of his country. And, truly, the rare old Knight is what artists and moralists would call 'a fine study:' his deeds are as the jewels of Commercial History. To ponder over the perfectness of a life, not only so actively and so usefully spent, but leaving such records of an enlarged and beautifully constructed mind, is invigorating—and pregnant with the lessons Example teaches. His is one of those 'pedestals' of history which elevate not only a class, but the whole human family! and prove, if it were questioned, that nobility of soul is not bounded by the artificial limits of rank. The Merchant Prince of our good City was a statesman as well as a merchant; he even resided for a short time at a foreign court, in the capacity of ambassador, and both at home and abroad was the companion and correspondent of princes and nobles. Claiming descent from an old Norfolk family, tradition points out the ruins of a once

fortified mansion, near Gresham Church, as the residence of his ancestors, who had also another estate nearer the sea, in the county of Norfolk. Stow tells us, in his 'Survey,' of the liberality of one of his uncles, who was buried in Our Lady Chapel, in the Church of St. Pancras, Bow Lane; and though the family found occupation and wealth in London, there can be little doubt that Sir Thomas imbibed much of his knowledge of the Flemish character, afterwards so useful to him, in Norfolk, where, besides their manufactures, the Flemings brought with them the arts of their country. *

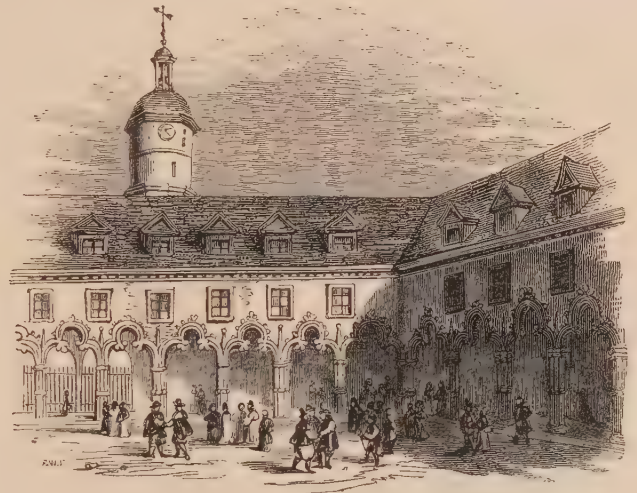
After a lapse of more than three centuries the means of developing the actions of even so luminous a light as Sir Thomas Gresham must be much impaired.

The magnificent Exchange, built upon the model of the one at Antwerp,† has been twice burned down. His noble foundation of Gresham College was provided for in the amplest manner, and to it he devoted his own splendid mansion in Bishopsgate Street. Nor did his generous nature forget, even in the renown that accompanied such gifts, the wants of the

* Of which traces are visible to this day, in the painted screens wherewith they decorated many of the churches of Norfolk.

† The Bourse at Antwerp, the first structure of the kind in Europe, the great centre of European commerce in the 15th and 16th centuries, within which spacious area Gresham had often trod and thought over the want of such a building for the thriving merchants of London, was built in 1531. The architecture is of that familiar and enriched character, known as the Rénaissance, in which the features of the gothic are almost lost among the fanciful enrichments of the Italian and other styles; and which has induced a late writer to remark that 'The Bourse is absolutely Moorish in its arrangements, and even in its detail.' The open arcade is roofed by intricate and beautiful groining, and is supported by pillars, all of which are covered with minute carving of varied and elaborate design. The population of Antwerp in Gresham's time was estimated at 100,000 persons, and traders from all nations permanently resided there. It obtained its trading eminence by a political quarrel, and lost its position by the same means.—In 1482 the port of Sluys was blocked up in consequence of the disputes between the bourgeois of Bruges and the Archduke Maximilian, and the trade, of which Bruges had been the centre, was transferred to Antwerp, which then became the great European market for all Eastern natural and manufactured commodities, and the trade of England with Spain was entirely accomplished through this Flemish mart. In consequence of the great contest between Spain and the Low Countries, and the disastrous commotions thereupon, Antwerp was pillaged in 1585 by the Duke of Parma's troops, who blocked the Scheldt, and destroyed its commerce; and the merchantmen, seeking refuge in other cities, spread its once exclusive traffic into other channels, and Antwerp ceased to be the focus of European trade. It exhibits to this day the glories of its ancient renown.

poor. He founded and endowed 'certain almshouses.' His benevolence in these acts testified his sympathy with the whole human race; providing an arena for commerce worthy our great City—a College wherein a just



The Bourse at Antwerp.

appreciation of the liberal arts should temper and enlarge the merchant's mind, and instruct him in the alchemy of mental wealth—and also an Asylum for the old age of poorer citizens! This great man did not upspring, as many have done, from the unknown and nameless 'people.' His grandfather was of account in town and country. His uncle, Sir John, obtained for the City a grant from Henry VIII. of 'the Hospital of St. Mary, Bethlehem,'—so long the great Lunatic Asylum of London; and during his Mayoralty he revived the splendid pageant of the 'Marching Watch,'* in itself so gallant an affair, that Stow relates how King Henry VIII. and his Queen, Jane Seymour, 'stood in Mercers' Hall, and saw the Watch of the City most bravely set out.'

Sir Thomas Gresham served his apprenticeship to this distinguished uncle, who was employed by Queen Mary in various confidential foreign missions.†

* Archæologia, vol. 23, page 593.

† Stow's mention of this worthy's funeral is very curious. He was buried with a standard

Sir Richard, Sir Thomas's father, was of as much account, though after a different fashion ; he was a good deal employed in the home services of state affairs, but had little to do with foreign travel. Cardinal Wolsey on his death-bed bore testimony to the enduring nature of Sir Richard Gresham's friendship ; and there is no surer testimony of a noble nature than the extending protection to those who are deserted by the world. His *loan* to the Cardinal was, in truth, a deed of gift ; for well he knew it could

The Royal Exchange (as built by Gresham.)

never be returned. The historian of Sir Thomas Gresham accords due honour to his father, ascribing to him the original idea of the Bourse,*

and penon of arms, and a coat armour of damask (Damascus) steel, and four penons of arms, besides a helmet, a target, and a sword ; mantles and the crest ; a goodly hearse of wax ; ten dozen of pensils, and twelve dozen of escutcheons. He had four dozen of great staff torches, and a dozen of great long torches. The church and the streets were all hung with black, and arms in great store ; and on the morrow three goodly masses were sung ; one of the Trinity, another of Our Lady, and the third of Requiem.'

* The external aspect of Gresham's Exchange is shown in our cut, and its very great resemblance to that at Antwerp must strike every observer. 'The Tower which arose on one side of the entrance, containing the bell which twice a day summoned merchants to the spot—at twelve o'clock at noon, and at six o'clock in the evening—is observable in both. Equally

which others give to one who was his servant, and arrived at great riches and power before his death.* The same idea may occur to many at a time, but the greater glory is due to him who works the project to perfectness. If the necessities of the citizen and the habits of his mid-day life determined Sir Thomas to found the Bourse, to his education at Cambridge may be traced his attachment to the Protestant faith, his taste for literature, and that love of learned men, which distinguished him throughout life. These operating together, urged the establishment of a College, which, though cramped and despoiled for a long time of its fair proportions by the ill management of the City, was intended by its founder to be of lasting advantage to our London youths,—that they might be able to have instruction without resorting to the far-off Universities.

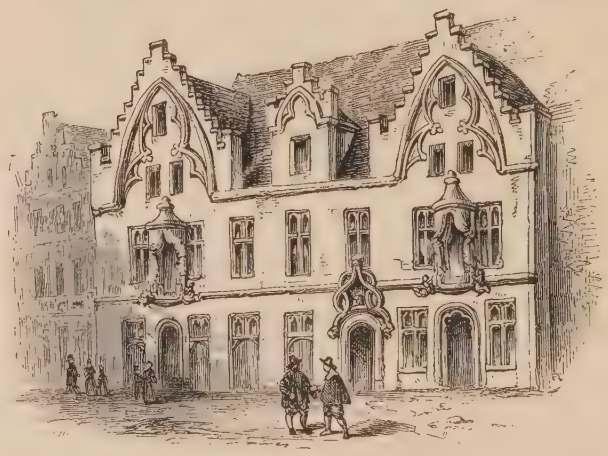
Sir Thomas Gresham, filling as he did the post of 'King's Merchant,'† spent much of his life in the 'Low Countries,' then full of riches and of art; he numbered among his friends the Fuggers, whose history is a romance of liberality and magnificence, winning for them the prouder title of the 'Medici of Germany.' We gather from old writers how these great merchants formed extensive libraries, and collected at large expense ancient MSS. of the classics, which they caused to be printed; founded charities, bequeathed libraries, collected pictures, planted gardens, had splendid

indicative of its Flemish origin is the style of the shops and upper windows in the English Bourse, which are precisely such as are to be seen represented in views of Antwerp.' (*Burgon's Life of Gresham.*) Norden, in his *Speculum Britanniæ*, says, 'The form of the building is quadrate, with walkes round the mayne building, supported with pillars of marble; over which walkes is a place for the sale of all kinde of wares, richly stored with varietie of all sorts.' In January 1571, when Queen Elizabeth visited the Exchange, Sir Thomas anxiously appealed to these shop-keepers, 'that they would furnish and adorn with wares, and waxe lights, as many shops as they eithir could or would, and they should have all those shops so furnished rent free that yeare.' (*Stow.*) At that period many of the shops were untenanted. When Hentzner visited it in 1598, he speaks of the 'quantities of merchandise' there exhibited, and its general 'great effect, whether you consider the stateliness of the building, the assemblage of different nations,' or the abundance of wares there exposed. The merchants (Mr. Burgon informs us) had been in the habit of holding their meetings within its walls ever since the 22nd of December, 1568.

* Richard Clough.

† 'Agent for the Crown with the trading interest: it was one of the highest importance and trust; inasmuch as it united the duty of raising money for the royal occasions by private loans, with that of protecting and cherishing the sources from which they were derived.'—*Burgon's Life of Sir Thomas Gresham.*

establishments at Heidelberg, and Augsburg, and Antwerp. Amid the half-deserted houses of this once queenly city, they still point out, at least they did so a few years ago, the *Fugghers huys*. How are the mighty fallen! How countries change! According to an ancient writer, in the year 1385, merchants from *seventeen kingdoms* were established in Bruges. It is extraordinary how people whirl through the Low Countries, glance at the productions of their schools in painting, note the remains of ecclesiastical and domestic magnificence, and inquire so very little into the history of the period which produced what now are but the ruins of the past; a period it was when England felt it an honour to traffic in the Scheldt—a glorious time for Antwerp, when two or three thousand vessels laden with



The English House at Antwerp.

costly merchandise made their way through the heaving tide of her fine river.* In those days of her glory Sir Thomas Gresham took up his

* The house occupied by the English merchants at Antwerp is represented above; it was originally the Hotel van Lyere, the residence of the burgomaster of that name, and was ceded by the Antwerpers to the Englishmen in Oct., 1558. It was in this house that Van Lyere entertained Charles V. when he made his triumphal entry into Antwerp in 1520; and here our ambassadors were generally lodged in passing through that city. 'It was hither that the resident English merchants habitually retired in times of disturbance and danger; and here they were confined by order of the Duke of Alva in the memorable outbreak of

residence there in the house of the brothers Schetz.* These noble associations confirmed our British Merchant in the virtues he inherited, and made him joy in the beautiful and the good. His residence at Antwerp was broken by frequent visits to England, for, during the first two years he served King Edward, he posted from thence to the court no less than forty times. Verily, it was no sinecure to be King's factor!

The collar of gold weighed as heavily as the serf's collar of iron; and Sir Thomas's own letters are excellent proof of the labour he underwent both in mind and body, mingled at times with repinings at dangers and difficulties, which read like the perils of knight-errantry. Edward, however, held his services in such esteem, that, despite his recorded opinion that 'no merchant should have more land than a 100*l.*,' he bestowed upon him Westacre Priory in Norfolk, long since a heap of picturesque ruins; while Intwood Hall,† another of the 'Merchant Prince's' homes, still preserves some of the old character so prized in Sir Thomas's youth; the garden retaining its ancient raised terrace walks and turreted walls. He must

1568.' (*Burgon.*) The building possesses much historic interest in connection with the earlier history of British commerce, and the potent spell of trade must have drawn our Gresham often within its walls.

* 'So remarkable was the unanimity in which these three amiable men lived, that it was commemorated by a medal struck in 1556, having on one side the armorial bearings of the family (a crow with wings displayed) and representing on the other two crows, an emblem of concord, with the motto, *Concordiâ res parvæ crescunt.*'—*Burgon.*

† The cut of Intwood Hall is copied from that in Mr. Burgon's excellent *Life of Gresham*, omitting another row of palings in front, which obstruct the view. He states, that it was obtained from an ancient oil painting still existing at Intwood, which has now been converted into a modern dwelling. 'Few traces of the old hall at present exist,' he says; 'the garden, however, preserves much of its former character, retaining its ancient terrace walks and turreted walls. Here, too, the ivy-covered ruins of the red brick porch, which may be seen in the drawing, have been suffered to remain; where, in the spandrils over the door-way, carved on two escutcheons, are found the arms of Sir Richard Gresham (who doubtless built Intwood Hall), and his initials encircling the family crest, a grasshopper. The same initials in a cypher also occur over the servants' entrance, as well as over the door of one of the sleeping apartments. It is only on either side of the garden door, on two shields within the spandrils, that the plain shield used by Sir Thomas Gresham is discoverable, together with those of the Mercers' Company; so that, as might be expected, there remain at Intwood more traces of the father than of the son.' The Flemish style of architecture Mr. Burgon considers 'a circumstance which the habitual residence of its founder at Antwerp would sufficiently explain, no less than the immense number of Flemish artizans which from an early period settled in Norfolk.'

have felt the change keenly, from the loving reign of the sweet King Edward, to the troubled time of the royal Mary, whose historical repute is a record of the evilness of the age. His faith was then indeed his worldly enemy, and many used it to his disadvantage; and yet it so

Intwood Hall, Norfolk

turned out that in after days Mary trusted him in all things: dark and suspicious as circumstances rendered her, she gave belief to the heretic merchant's wisdom and goodwill; and indeed was in a degree forced to employ him, by the unfitness of others. It is curious to read, among old documents, his letters to the queen, prefaced by 'beseechings' and prayers for 'hir majesties helth,' a report of his progress in liquidating the debts of the Crown, detailing the sums taken up, as well as the names of the Low Country Merchants with whom he negociated, as unceremoniously as if he had been addressing his factor, Master John Elliott. We also find him presenting gifts to the queen on New Year's day (1555), she receiving a 'bolte* of fine Holland, in a case of black leather,' and returning him 'oone gilt jug!' But this 'oone gilt jug' was not Mary's only present, for she bestowed upon him, for his peaceful services, the Priory of Austin

* A certain measured quantity closely rolled together.

Canons at Massingham Magna, in Norfolk, and other lands. Yet for all this graciousness, he could not relish the state of affairs in England, cultivating (while he performed so faithfully the business-duties he owed his sovereign) the friendship of those English exiled for conscience-sake during the persecutions, who were as remarkable for talent as for misfortunes. He might, as in duty bound, faithfully serve his queen, but his affections never could have been drawn to her as they had been to Edward; and we have great doubts if, however he might glory in such a mistress as Elizabeth, he, or any one else, ever felt one spark of the devotion that women inspire—even in those who love them not—for the all-powerful Maiden Queen. But still the change was joyful, and Sir William Cecil failed not to interest Elizabeth, immediately after Mary's death, in the fortunes of Sir Thomas Gresham. It must have indeed rejoiced him to see the power of his beloved country extending under her reign, and to know that, trusting to the wisdom of her councillors, she was establishing her throne on the surest basis. We should not be satisfied with such limited liberty now-a-days, but the people then had, perhaps, as much as they were fitted to receive; and the queen's white palfrey beneath the shadow of St. Paul's drew forth as hearty cheers from good citizens, as if they had been free to call their consciences and their lives altogether their own.

Those who read these papers, which can be regarded but as finger-posts to indicate the whereabouts of persons remarkable in times past—if they love the subject with anything like our affection—will refresh the historical studies of their youth by turning over the old English Chronicles or the painstaking 'Life of Gresham,'—the excellent work to which we have so often alluded. The latter is a record of the political bearing and changes that took place in the Low Countries as well as in England, and becomes still more interesting during the dynasty of Elizabeth, when Gresham resided more amongst his own people.

Lombard Street was then the most noble street in London, and there the patron of Literature and Art, the companion of the courtly, the friend of Burleigh, the ex-ambassador, the confidant of imperious and capricious Royalty—at the sign of the 'Grasshopper' kept his *shop!* Milton's father's sign, in Bread Street, was a Spread Eagle; Sir Thomas Gresham's was a Grasshopper. Verily there was more truth in the outward bearing

of men in those days, than in the men of the present time, for they were not ashamed of their calling.*

Gresham was a banker; but the banker of Elizabeth's reign was not the banker of our own. He united in his person the trades of the usurer, the pawnbroker, the money-scrivener, the goldsmith, and the dealer in bullion, who would receive ten or twelve per cent. without blushing or concealment; and yet this miscellaneous traffic did not contract the mind, or restrain the liberality of our 'Merchant Princes.' Perhaps the very fact of traffic being admitted into high places, and able to show its gold chain against the glittering star, had much to do with engendering a free and liberal spirit in all things.

We are a commercial people: our greatness is built upon free and honourable commerce; our City companies, if properly supported, are the pillars of our commercial constitution; and as long as they maintained their independence, their charities, and their honest repute, so long did the Queen of the Seas display an unsullied, uncompromised, and uncompromising flag in every port.

Washed by surrounding ocean, we have grown to be ashamed of this our natural strength; we seek to tag on bits and scraps of spurious titles to the dignities that were the glories of our ancestors, instead of standing erect in our own dignity. We contract our commercial circle, or stepping out of it altogether, are lost in a labyrinth of false conceits. The union between Crown and City in those old days is a subject of great interest; the London Merchant had something more than a City reputation: the Royal Factor was as welcome to the queen, as the queen to the Royal Factor, when he entertained her Majesty either at his house, in Bishopsgate, or his still more princely residence, Osterley Park—where there is a tradition that the queen, suggesting his court-yard to be too large, the gallant merchant employed such a number of men silently in the night to reduce it,

* The leaden cloth-mark here engraved from a drawing by Mr. W. H. Rogers, was found in that fertile mine of antiquities, the bed of the Thames, and is now in the collection of C. R. Smith, so well known for his indefatigable researches into City Antiquities, and for his extensive and curious museum exclusively devoted to their conservation. There are good grounds for believing it to be one of those used by Gresham for marking his merchandise.

that in the morning, when she awoke, the wand of the golden fairy had been waved over it, and it was, as her Majesty suggested, divided by a wall. We have no space to trace this great man's wanderings—to speculate upon his feelings—to record the prominent places he so highly and honourably filled. That he was a good and tender husband, is evident from his frequent mention of his wife in his correspondence; and he had also much affection for a daughter named Anne, born in the Low Countries before his marriage, who always resided with them. It would seem that his marriage was not childless: and yet, in one or two passages quoted by Burgon, he mourns the loss of his 'poor children:' so that with all to render him proud and happy, there must have been a void in his heart, which, with manly dignity, instead of weeping over, he sought to fill.* Such was the happy structure of his moral constitution, that the pictures of the past his memory brought before him, neither soured his temper on the one hand, nor suggested visionary views on the other.

The 'Merchant Prince' and Merchant Patriot is buried in the Church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate; and there we resolved to go—making in our way, visits to the Exchange, the Gresham College, and the Mercer's Hall. The Almshouses he built were swept away long ago, though the charity still exists.†

We walked round the Exchange when it was comparatively deserted; and looked about us, standing beside the ungraceful and ungainly statue

* We copy from Mr. Burgon's valuable book the wedding-ring of Sir T. Gresham, and it is combined with an initial letter. It is thus described—'It opens horizontally, thus forming two rings, which are nevertheless linked together, and respectively inscribed on the inner side with a scripture posy. *Quod Deus conjunxit* is engraved on one half, and *Homo non seperet*, on the other.'

† The Gresham Almshouses are situated in Whitecross Street, Cripplegate, up a court immediately opposite the prison, and adjoining the stable-yard now appropriated to the carriages of the civic dignitaries. The Almshouses are for eight poor freemen of London, who receive in all about 30*l.* per annum each and their residence—unworthily located and uncomfortably circumstanced as it is. It is grievous to know that this noble charity of the good Sir Thomas is so sadly neglected, that while the Exchange and College have been restored with magnificence this important part of the 'Gresham Trust' has been consigned to rude hands of indifferent or selfish men. The Almshouses in their present condition are utterly unworthy of their admirable founder. An effort ought to be made to RESTORE them, by placing them in some locality where they might be at once an ornament to the City and an example to the 'Merchant Princes' of our own day.

that purports to represent our gracious Queen. The painted ceiling of the cloistered promenade is waxing dim, and the whole had a *triste* effect, heightened perhaps by the contrast produced by the memory of the old chronicles we had been reading—full of details of its 'palmy state,' when the up-stairs galleries were filled with shops, and all the courtly ladies and sage city dames flocked thither, to purchase rare silks and fashions from the pretty milliners and dapper drapers. We sought in vain for the statue of the noble founder—the statue that had passed through two ordeals of fire unscathed. The grasshopper above is the only intimation that Sir Thomas Gresham heaped his gold upon the earth, that his fellow citizens might barter and bargain where they could not feel

'—the rain or the wind.'

We longed to ask a portly gentleman in spectacles, who had the air and bearing of a man having authority, and who measured his paces as he moved onwards,—if he knew anything of the statue; but the expression of his countenance was ungenial: his head and heart seemed both money-full. So we hastened to a lean hollow-eyed man who was crouching on one of the seats, and whose apron indicated that he was a porter of the Exchange. We asked him if he could tell us of the statue. 'No—he remembered the fire, but knew nothing about images; he supposed they all went with the broken *crockery* to Mercers' Hall after the fire.'* There we proceeded; and experienced the most cordial attention from a gentleman who came forth from a labyrinth of offices at the back of the Hall, and conducted us to the entrance of the beautiful building appropriated to this most ancient and honourable guild. Those who pass along Cheapside have little idea of the solemnity of this fine structure; they see the portico and the grated door, and may, perhaps, obtain a peep at the interior through the back windows of the shops that have the good fortune to open on the sanctuary, but they know nothing of the silent and beautiful chapel belonging to the Mercers' Company, built over the vaults where so many City worthies are

* The fragments of statuary after the fire in January 10th, 1838, were all placed in a heap beneath the portico of Mercers' Hall. In digging for the foundations of the New Exchange, many fragments of ancient Roman and other pottery were found, which have been preserved for the projected Guildhall Museum.

interred ; nor of the effigies and monuments of the dead whose very names are effaced from their rugged tombs ; and who await the last trumpet, girded round, as it were, by the hum of existence, in which they once took so active a part—forgotten and unregistered, save in the mighty records of Eternity. There are pillars and tombs and tablets without this chapel, and carved oak within ; dim and solemn ; where the light forces its way as by an effort, and sunshine seldom brightens the shade : it was, in its antiquity, new and strange to us, and the echo of our feet as we turned away and mounted the steps leading to the Hall, was heard, despite the roaring of the living tide pouring on,—and on,—and on,—knowing no diminution of number or eagerness of purpose all the day through. Our courteous guide told us that the statue we sought was in the Gresham College, and that we should see it presently ; but first he would show us the portraits the Guild possessed of Sir Thomas Gresham and other worthies.

The majesty of the old Hall delighted us ; there is something so English and enduring in a perpetuity of oak panelling ; and this is enriched by some of Gibbon's carvings—beautiful exceedingly. The effect is most imposing: it is a careful remembrance in 1850 of ancient worthies who would else have been forgotten : a strange and interesting association with old times, preserving memories of active benefactors, in the midst of a dense population totally regardless of the whole. Above the carvings are emblazoned shields of the different masters of the company, the earliest of whom is John Barone, 1371. The Greshams, too, are there, uncle, and father, and son ; and above the sideboard, portraits of two masters of St. Paul's School, over which the Mercers have some control.*

In the council-chamber are two portraits of Gresham—one a half-length on panel, his hand on a purse, described in Burgon—a dark picture, but full of expression ; the other is only a head, with the same clear-sighted eye, and swelling nostril, so eloquent of pride, and resolve, and power, These gave us great pleasure ; and it was good to look upon the sensitive and somewhat attenuated features of Dean Colet, the founder of the School of St. Paul's ; and a little dumpy picture (a man's head and a cat's head) of

* In the centre of the room, there is a model of the company's estates at Kilrea, twelve miles from Coleraine, on the river Bann.

that right worthy hero of independence, Sir Richard Whittington; the Company are the guardians of his charities.

Much gratified, we continued our pilgrimage to the new 'College,' by which the Company not long ago replaced the noble mansion left for that purpose by Sir Thomas Gresham. We could not forbear, in accordance with our old habit, pausing to *think* back, contrasting the very tall, fresh, clean-looking building, now devoted to City 'Education,' (if the mere giving of lectures can be so called), with his 'poore house' in Bishopsgate; an extensive mansion, surrounded by spacious gardens, while immediately opposite, the eye reposed on the classic outline of Crosby Place, then in the zenith of its glory, and occupied by one of Sir Thomas Gresham's kinsmen. How completely changed! How suitable for study was the former—how at variance with repose the present site—the whole history of carelessness in the application of the funds of that foundation might cause the very cheeks and ears of the Guildhall giants to tingle! the present building can be considered of value merely as a Theatre for the delivery of lectures: we looked in vain for the noble library, absolutely necessary to work out the purposes of the endowment, and only found a few books in the Music Professor's room. A number of closet-like chambers on the same floor are stowed as closely as cells in a bee-hive—each the 'Study' of a Professor.*

The lecture arena is all we could desire, and the entrance spacious and handsome. There are two statues of the First and Second Charles in Roman costume; and the statue we so long desired to see—not certainly as it should be, at the post of honour—where a niche or pedestal should have been prepared for its reception—but as if it had escaped from the Royal Exchange, to gaze with anger at the *newness* by which it is surrounded. † The head and face, the aspect and bearing of this statue

* The lectures, with the brilliant exception of Professor Taylor's, are badly attended, probably from the hour at which they are delivered—at or about mid-day. In Sir Thomas Gresham's time, one o'clock was after dinner, and the City youths were in a degree at liberty, until the afternoon; but the hours and habits of the people are changed, and *evening* lectures would certainly collect much larger audiences. Those who have so long violated the *spirit* of Sir Thomas Gresham's grant, need not hesitate at a change in the *letter* thereof, when of public advantage.

† The statue of Gresham, which had at an early period been placed near the north end of

—which, according to some accounts, has been so strangely preserved, and according to others, is by no means as old as we would fain believe it, was still so saved from 'perils by fire,' that in old times it would have been exalted as a miracle —is singularly like the portraits. The large thoughtful energetic head, uplooking, as noble heads always do; the full sensitive nostril, the firm mouth, that *could* smile, yet did so but seldom; the broad chest and firm set neck; the folds of the cloak and the attitude of the lower limbs, are faithful to the character of the 'Merchant Prince;' more so than the portrait mentioned by Burgon,* who also states that Sir Thomas was lame—a defect which did not interfere with his activity. But it is most strange that neither here, nor at Mercers' Hall, are there any relics, or MS., or records of any kind

Statue of Gresham in Gresham College.

* The portrait is a full-length, representing Gresham at an earlier age than any other one known. He is dressed in dark clothes, and holds gloves in one hand; at his feet is a skull; above on one side is inscribed, T. Gresham, 1544; on the other, the motto *Love, serve, and obei.* The picture was presented by John Thruten, Esq., of Weston Hall, Suffolk, in 1845.

the western piazza, and which is mentioned as early as 1629, but the date of its original erection is not known, survived the fatal fire of 1666. It was said to have been again erected

that we could hear of, connected with the founder! How do the works of the flesh moulder from off the face of the earth, while those of the spirit remain, influencing and directing, through ages, the movement we call 'Life!'

We hope all pilgrims may meet with as courteous a guide as we did, who answered our questions with so much patience during this part of our City Progress. Parting company, we proceeded to St. Helen's, where Sir Thomas Gresham was buried. Passing Sir Christopher Wren's noble churches, especially 'Bow,' of which he was so proud, we turned down by Crosby Hall, and came at once upon one of the few places of worship that escaped the great fire of London. Mr. Fairholt's drawing is a faithful miniature of St. Helen's,* looking, from without, more like a barn with a belfry than a City church; some of the houses that 'hem it in on every side' are old, one or two having the first floor projecting over the *trottoir*. The

in the same place, and again escaped destruction in the conflagration in 1838. The statue at Gresham College is this statue, which the last fire spared, but its age is doubtful. The original one is mentioned by many old authors. Hatton, in his *New View of London*, 1708, speaks of the 'Effigy of Sir Thomas Gresham, and the like is also (with fret-work ceiling) above, where the shops are.' The statues preserved at Gresham College are those of Charles I. and II., and Sir T. Gresham. The two kings were placed in niches over the principal entrance to the Exchange from Cornhill. In the lower story of the tower above stood another statue of Gresham. These three statues Brayley ascribes to Bushnell.

* The Church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, is one of the few London churches which escaped the great fire. Three years before that event Hatton informs us (in 1708) it had 'upward of 1300*l.* land out in the repair and beautifying thereof; it was last repaired, and the small tower built, in the year 1699.' It is a singularly quaint and picturesque structure; and having many trees about it, and an avenue leading to the church door from Bishopsgate Street, seems scarcely to belong to London, but rather to some small country village. It is but a fragment of the original structure, consisting of a nave and side aisle only. The spot has been sacred ground for ages, for here was a priory of black nuns, founded before the reign of Henry III. by William Basing, Dean of St. Paul's, and another William Basing, one of the sheriffs in the second year of Edward II. It contains a series of antique open seats, a beautiful Elizabethan pulpit, and an exceedingly curious and beautiful series of monuments; among which, those of Sir John Crosby and his wife, the inhabitants of the celebrated hall adjacent, a building immortalised by Shakspeare's notice,—of Sir John Spencer, Sir William Pickering, William Bond, a friend of Gresham, and *flower of merchants*, as his epitaph tells us, and his son Martin, who was 'captain in the year 1588 at the camp at Tilbury,' with many other London worthies,—would, even in the absence of Gresham's tomb, supply enough to interest a thoughtful visitant.

front gate was locked, but we entered the church by a side door, close to what appeared to be an extensive wine store ; the only person within its walls was, we suppose, a supernumerary pew-opener, who divided her attention between

St, Helen s Church, Bishopsgate.

kindling a fire in the vestry, and tolling the bell, at uncertain intervals, for a funeral which she told us was to take place at half-past three. The poor woman's bustle and anxiety to perform ' a divided duty ' was in keeping with the incongruity of this strange, but most interesting structure, where the old and the new, the costly and the careless, are oddly mingled.

There is one alabaster tomb,* canopied and carved, which, for perfectness of design and old magnificence, cannot, we believe, be surpassed in London. Another, where two figures of exceeding beauty recline on the top ; another, with which tradition has been busy—stating, amongst other things, that the face of its occupant, who built† this mausoleum, is covered

* Sir William Pickering's. † Thomas Bancroft.

with glass, and that once every year, during the first sixty years after his death, certain members of the congregation were obliged to go down into the vault and look into the coffin : the face is *not* covered with glass, and some appointed persons go occasionally into the vault to see that the body is safe ; it is not yet dust, but presents a dry and dark appearance to those who, either from duty or curiosity, disturb the quiet of the grave.

There are many tombs of different periods, and almost all handsome, and of great expense, with curious tablets against the walls, and a row of peculiarly shaped *Misereres*, varnished into light oak, leaning against a white-washed wall—a great deal of space wasted, as if the congregation was not sufficient to fill the church, robbed, as it is, of its fair proportions—the highest of all high pews clustered together, and then breaking off abruptly, and leaving spaces between them and the monks' seats ; bits of painted armorial bearings stuck in an ocean of white glass, giving the windows a patchy appearance ; and all this beneath a low barn-like roof springing from arches.

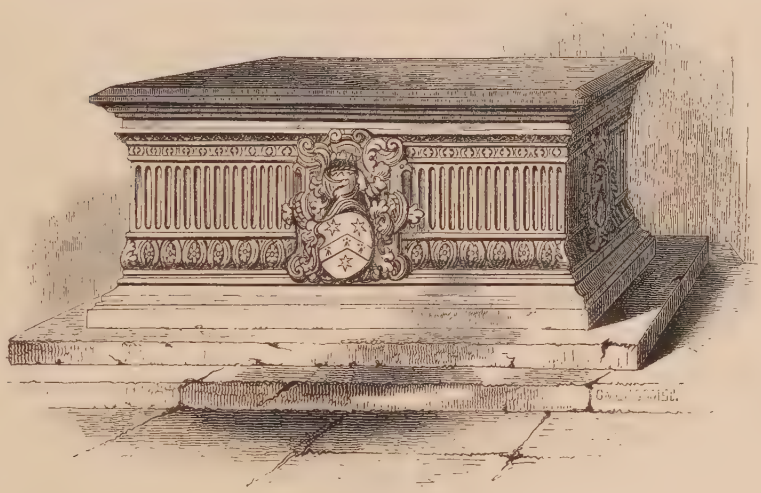
The traveller might expect to find such a quaint building in the far-away country parts of England, in the centre of some old village,—but certainly not so close to City traffic, that one window of Crosby Hall looks over the quiet church-yard. But the great attraction to us was the tomb of Sir Thomas Gresham ; Mr. Fairholt has rendered it without its protecting rails,* which rails, the pew-opener assured us, were not necessary ; 'for what harm could happen that tomb more than others ?' The first sketch the artist made of the tomb embraced the mural monument of William Bond, a great friend of Gresham's, who occupied Crosby Place until the time of his death, which occurred in 1576. He was, according to his epitaph, '*flos* Mercatorum,' a merchant-adventurer, most famous in his age, for his great adventures both by sea and land ;† and almost all the monuments, mural

* 'The costly yet unambitious altar-tomb of Sir Thomas Gresham,' as Burgon aptly terms it, is in the north-eastern corner of the church. It stands on two steps of stone, and is richly sculptured in alabaster. The original railing was light and tasteful ; it had decayed, and a modern one has been substituted, which is heavy and bad, and completely hides all that is worth seeing. The tombs around are nearly all of Gresham's friends, 'from whom in death he was not divided ;' he sleeps amid those he loved.

† Burgon mentions some curious entries in the churchwardens' accounts preserved at St. Helen's, commencing as early as 1565, but the notices touching Sir Thomas Gresham are few.

or otherwise, record some honoured name of those whom Gresham numbered among his friends.

He himself was suddenly cut off by a fit of apoplexy, when he numbered only sixty years,—according to Holinshed, on Saturday the 21st of November, 1579, 'between six and seuen of the clocke in the evening; comming from the Exchange to his house (which he had sumptuously builded) in



Sir T. Gresham's Tomb

Bishopsgate Street, he suddenlie fell down in his kitchen, and being taken up, was found speechless and presently dead.'*

The remains of this 'great patriarch of commerce and commercial finance' were placed within the costly yet unambitious altar-shaped tomb,

The names of Bond, Pickering, Pollard, Cæsar, Read, and Spencer, perpetually occur throughout its pages; the same register also mentions 'Thomas Morley, musition—and records the existence of the family of Paul Vandervelde, *Dutch Picture-maker*.'

* His son Richard died in 1564. Anne Gresham, his natural daughter, was said to have been born at Bruges. It is no small credit to Lady Gresham that she received and treated her as her own child, while her father made her all the reparation in his power, by bestowing on her the advantages of a careful education and an ample dower. She married into a family of high distinction, for she called the great Lord Bacon brother. She was probably dead before the date of her father's will, since it is silent respecting her.—*Burgon*.

which he himself had prepared for them in the eastern corner of St. Helen's Church, on the 15th of December, 1579. Until the year 1736 it bore no inscription; and Pennant observes, 'that so great a name needed not the proclamation of an epitaph.' Nevertheless, we think those did wisely who, copying the following words from the parish register, caused them to be engraved on black marble, and inserted on the top of the tomb.

S^r^ Thomas Gresham, Knight,
Bury^d^ Decem^br^ the 15^th^ 1579.

The rest of the monument which covers the ashes of a man whose reputation is not confined to England, is of richly wrought alabaster, sculptured on every side with the armorial bearings of Gresham, the escutcheons on the north-eastern and south-eastern sides impaling Fernely. Its very incongruity and quaintness render this venerable church a fitting resting-place for the right noble citizen. And it would be well if our modern 'millionaires,' reviewing their own deeds beside the tomb of this 'Merchant Prince,'—surrounded as it is by quaint records of his former friends and neighbours; men not only remarkable in their time, but who have left more enduring traces of themselves than tombs of brass and stone—would remember that,—

'when our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the 'scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us!'

The progress of the 'millionaires' of these later days has been rendered remarkable by the multitudes whom vain speculations have urged on to ruin. The good that has been done has sprung literally from the 'people;'—here, from an humble individual founding a Charity by the power and goodness of his own mind—there, by an Institute commenced and supported by simple-minded men zealous for improvement. Again, as in the case of the 'Savings Banks,' by a woman,* eager to accumulate and protect property for those whose wealth, if it grows, must grow from small savings:—as in the 'Temperance Reformation,' from the labours of an humble priest; or, as in the 'Shelter for Foundlings,' by the efforts of a rough sea-captain; or,

* Priscilla Wakefield.

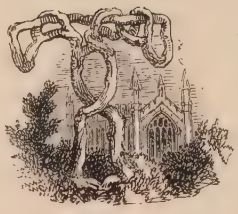
as in the 'Benevolent Fund,' by the exertions of a poor miniature-painter. The list might be so prolonged as to include almost all the great and true Charities of modern days; while the best of our flourishing Institutions may for the most part be traced to sources equally obscure, and, to all human seeming, powerless. It is too generally the curse of our age to plant money that we may grow money; not with a hallowed memory of the Divine injunction—

'To do good and to distribute, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased!'

but for that power which rarely or never worketh contentment; and is not unfrequently associated with a terrible shadow that parts not—even at the brink of the grave.

If biography be 'History teaching by Example,' that of the great and good Sir Thomas Gresham may not be lost in this Utilitarian Age; how many even now, two centuries and a half after his death, are nourished by the corn he garnered!

THE TOMB OF THOMAS GRAY.



THE view from the Royal Terrace at Windsor is one of such surpassing beauty, that the longer we gaze the more we appreciate its variety, its luxurious richness, and its vast extent. It is in truth a glorious landscape, unrivalled in Europe. Well may the Sovereign who, day by day, looks over such a scene, be proud thereof! The smiling villages, the spired churches, the embowered dwellings of 'knight and squire,' the stately mansions, the wide spreading lawns, the variegated parks, the noble forest sheltering beneath its foliage the tributary strangers of distant lands—the stately avenue, the noble river upon whose banks the

> 'antique towers,
> That crown the watery glade,'

nurture, within time-honoured walls, the future leaders of the senate and the field—under the very shadows of the Royal pile they thus learn to reverence with all the deep devotion of English hearts, and to defend as much by wisdom as by the dauntless bravery that carries Englishmen triumphant through the world:—

> 'From the stately brow
> Of Windsor's heights, th' expanse below
> Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey!'

No foreigner should be permitted to leave England without spending a long day at Windsor, and it should not be the first, but the last of his

Island excursions, inasmuch as it is the radiant crown of our English sights. It is, indeed, delicious to stand upon that noble terrace, and behold, near and far, the ancient glories which time has consecrated, scattered among woods and fields, rich in beauty and fertile of productive wealth. From that exalted position it is impossible to imagine anything in nature more surpassingly beautiful than the wide range of country within ken; and if read (who is not?) in the history of the past, how peopled it becomes with glorious memories, with pageants and tournays, with accidents and incidents, with great struggles too between arbitrary power and a people who would be, and are, free—the only really free people at this time of writing, in broad Europe. But it is not well to withdraw from the terrace and believe you have seen Windsor. You must leave the stately apartments, the carvings, the paintings, the sculpture, the tapestry, the corridor, the chambers—where, in the sanctity of private life, the Lady whom we honour both from duty and affection, reigns paramount as woman, as fully as queen:—you must turn from the cups of Benvenuto Cellini, and forget the vase that graced the Spanish Armada, and the golden salvers, and relics of old times;—you must look your last at the banners in St. George's Chapel, while you remember that the pavement you have trod covers the mouldering dust of kings;—you must not, if your time be limited, listen a moment longer to the tones of that unrivalled organ, pealing to the fretted roof: but away—not direct to the Long Walk—but through the ugly and straggling Clewer Green—not gazing back until after passing the pretty lodge gate at St. Leonard's, and entering the domain, you look up at the stately castle from the lowland you are about to leave. The foreground is such as Cuyp has painted, and as Sidney Cooper can paint still, especially if the sun is preparing to set, and

'The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;'

the meadows have that soft green 'plashy' look which refreshes eyes aching from the effects of the rich and gorgeous palace; each a study—the whole a picture. Above sits the castle, the fine grey stone-work standing out against the sky, whose deep blue is fading, so as to harmonise all the better with the colour of the noble pile; and from this point of view the objectionable parts of the town, which sometimes interfere with

the dignity of the palace, are not visible ; yet you must not tarry there, but proceed—still on—still refreshing your eyes with the shady dells of deep copses that stretch to the right and left of your wooded way. Pause again, a moment, on the brow of St. Leonard's Hill before you are in sight of the entrance to the dwelling, and fail not to look down upon the valley, with Maidenhead in the distance. Keep the high-road, which either ancient right, or the liberality of the proprietor, permits you to do, until you reach the Queen's highway, leading past Forest Hill and Prince Albert's farm, to Wingfield ; cross it, and pass through a gate, and then, for the time being, you are as free of Windsor Forest as the red deer, or the white goats, or the wild buffaloes who enjoy its full freedom with you. For some time your road conducts you through a copse of young oaks, stretching on both sides as far as you can see over ever-waving ferns, affording cover rather than food to the pheasants, who gaze at you with starry eyes, and hardly deign to rise at your approach. Here and there fitting respect has been shown to some ancient oaks that have withstood the storms of centuries :—space has been cleared around them ; several are perfectly hollow, others gnarled and rugged ;—such fine studies for the pencil, that we expected to see an artist start from the wood, fully equipped for service. Presently you perceive to the left an open prairie always spotted with deer, and then, leaving the close wood behind, you pass another royal lodge, on lofty ground ; then on to Queen Anne's green drive ; there pause, and see how the castle bursts upon you in full magnificence. We know nothing more glorious than to view it when the sun is setting, the heavens flooded with tints of amber, and of rose : the castle, from its commanding seat, looking the more cold, and grand and dark, when contrasted with the brightness of the sky, while here and there some tree or mound seems adopted by the heavens, and steeped in its own splendour. The road leads on to where a group of noble beeches overshadows the way ; the forest land breaks down into a glade, and, far beyond it, again rises the castle. But that is not all : you must pause at the statue of the third George, and look along the three mile drive, terminated by the castle entrance ; this view gives you only the entrance, seeming more like the erection of a fairy tale, than a reality ; but it is a wonderful lesson in perspective. It is matter of regret that the

double rows of trees at either side are elm ; they will not last as long as the oak or the ash, but there is no tree better adapted to receive grand masses of light :—nor is its foliage heavy ; its leaves are small, it hangs loosely, and is in general very picturesque ; it is the first tree to salute the spring with its light and cheerful green ; and, in autumn, its yellow leaf harmonises with the orange of the beech, and the ochrey tint of the royal

The Manor House at Stoke.

oak. These elms are at present in high perfection, and 'the long drive,' during which the castle increases in magnitude at every step, is never tedious. Nothing is more friendly to contemplation than a long avenue ; its monotony is so suggestive. How much such a circuit as that we have endeavoured to describe, fills the mind ! how much is taken in by the eye, to prompt the imagination !

And if there be yet time, how well it may be employed in visiting the resting-place of the poet Gray, which is but two miles from Slough. The steeple of his 'country church' is one of the most remarkable of the objects seen from the Terrace. Without knowing it to be the one hallowed by 'the Elegy,' the stranger could not fail to inquire concerning its name and whereabouts. A visit to this church and its 'lap of earth' will be repaid amply.

It was a lovely Sabbath morning, before summer had quite finished her sojourn among us, and when autumn had barely touched the topmost branches of the trees with her golden wand, that we determined on a pilgrimage to Stoke Pogis, and left the pretty hill of Clewer at an early hour to go to church, * at the place rendered immortal by the Poet who wrote so little, and yet so much. We passed through the ugly scrambling town hanging on the skirts of royalty, as a tattered parasite around a lordly tree; and over the bridge, which Eton youths may not cross, into the town of the *boy-college*, where the Poet was educated with his friend West: and though West went to Oxford, and Gray to Cambridge, their friendship only terminated with the life of the former.

Stoke Pogis Church.

Eton lies so very low that it is well the lads have long vacations, though all look happy and full of life, and in the very spirit of health. The previous day we had seen scores of them playing foot-ball in the meadows appropriated to their amusement—recalling one of the most finished poems of our most finished poet—

'Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;

* The altar-tomb seen near the church, beside which two figures stand, covers the grave

Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?'

But now, on the sabbath, all was still—the dew, unmarked by a single footstep; the shadows—shadows which are to the eye what echoes are to the ear—lying heavily upon the grass! We passed too (though somewhat out of our road) 'the ivy-mantled tower' of Upton Church.*

It added to our enjoyment to visit the scenes of the Poet's early days on our way to his favourite village; to look upon the old walls within whose sanctuary he imbibed that classic taste, perfected at Cambridge, and the

of Gray's aunt and mother; it was erected by him, and the concluding words of the epitaph simply, but most touchingly, record his sense of that most melancholy bereavement, for which the world can offer no substitute—a mother's love. It reads thus:—

IN THE VAULT BENEATH ARE DEPOSITED,
IN HOPE OF A JOYFUL RESURRECTION,
THE REMAINS OF
MARY ANTROBUS.
SHE DIED NOVEMBER 5, 1749,
AGED 66.
IN THE SAME PIOUS CONFIDENCE,
BESIDE HER FRIEND AND SISTER,
HERE SLEEP THE REMAINS OF
DOROTHY GRAY,
WIDOW, THE CAREFUL AND TENDER MOTHER
OF MANY CHILDREN, ONE OF WHOM ALONE
HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SURVIVE HER.
SHE DIED MARCH 11, 1753,
AGED 67 YEARS.

The Poet's name is not upon the tomb, but he also lies with them in their grave, and it is recorded on a tablet fixed in the church wall:—'Opposite to this stone in the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly recorded his grief at the loss of a beloved parent, are deposited the remains of Thomas Gray, the author of the Elegy written in a country churchyard, &c. He was buried August 6, 1771.'

* Our cut is engraved from a sketch by Alfred Montague. Upton Tower is very old, and bears traces of Norman workmanship. It is very near Eton, and is believed by many to have been the one the Poet had in mind when writing. It certainly accords better than that at Stoke Pogis with his description; Upton was one of his early haunts. The gloomy character of the church and neighbourhood in twilight must have been well suited to one so 'unlike a boy,' as he is described to have always been.

fruit of which seemed the chief solace of his life. It is impossible to read his *few* poems and *letters* and journals without feeling that his affections were circumscribed within a very small compass—and all under his control.

'The Ivy-mantled Tower.'

We could not imagine him betrayed into an emotion, or shaken by a sympathy. And yet he was so thoroughly right, so elevated and ennobled by genius, that while you doubt the possibility of his reviving or exciting enthusiasm or affection, you venerate and admire him as a true poet and an admirable man.

His friend Mason, at the commencement of the collected edition of his poems and letters, makes the trite observation,—that the lives of men of letters seldom abound with incidents; and perhaps, no life ever afforded fewer than that of the Poet to whose grave our pilgrimage is made—that is to say, of what people of the world consider 'incidents,' but to the poetic temperament, things having neither name nor habitation, yet existing,—shadows of thoughts and feelings, revivals of past times, or the creations of the imagination, supply not only 'incidents,' but become *events;* so that often a life has been full to overflowing of such as cannot be recorded; or if it were possible to record them, they could not be understood. Mason may most justly describe Gray as a 'virtuous, a friendly, and an amiable

man;' indeed, his truth, uprightness, and sincerity, rendered him peculiarly adapted for the highest friendship: it was the atmosphere in which he lived—

'Neither too hot nor too cold'

for his moral constitution. There is in the volume we have read, one letter to his friend West, who was evidently an erratic genius, fond of change of scene, and the luxury of no employment, or who perhaps called his day-dreams occupation: the letter is to be found on the 187th page of Rivington's little edition, with a frontispiece and vignette by Mr. Uwins, designed before the accomplished painter went to Italy and returned to delight all who look upon his pictures—the letter, as we have said, on the 187th page, is a model of refined feeling, practical sense, and earnest, hardy, disinterested friendship, evincing the extent of his discretion and the soundness of his judgment at the age of four-and-twenty. It is much more philosophic than poetic, and proves that the excitement of foreign travel (he dates from Florence) did not in the least throw his mind off its well-poised balance. Indeed, nothing can be more matter-of-fact than Mr. Gray's account of his lengthened stay abroad. 'We went there, and saw that, and then visited the other:' there is little more in his descriptions; and yet he is so clear, that you see all he wishes you to see. He is rarely, if ever, roused into enthusiasm; his warmth is that of a Greek statue; his eye is of stone rather than of fire. At Rome he met 'The Pretender' and his two sons; the peculiar character of Gray prevented his giving any sympathy to this crushed branch of the House of Stuart; and his account of Charles Edward in age singularly contrasts with that of the Charles Edward either of history or imagination, when, in his young days, he held court at Holyrood, and enlisted the warm sympathies of many a high-hearted man and pure-souled woman. The fallen fortunes of the Prince might have excited the enthusiasm of the poet; but Gray was a remarkable example of poetry without enthusiasm.

The letters and journals are, however, full of interest and models of a close and yet graceful style; of rare value now-a-days, when writers elaborate words rather than thoughts. His *morale* also was of the highest. He was, certainly, of a musing, melancholy turn, not likely to move the affections of any except those who knew him in his earlier years, when the

yielding heart readily receives strong impress from light matters; for in one of his letters he complains bitterly of living for a month in the house with three women, who did little but laugh from morning to night, and would concede nothing to the sullenness of his disposition. Again, and in another, he says seriously, 'Cambridge is a delight of a place, *now there is nobody* in it. I do believe you would like it if you knew what it was without inhabitants.'

As we drove along we talked over what we had read, until we remembered that the calm dignified classic poet, who loved Cambridge only when it was without inhabitants, was born amid the bustle of Cornhill, on the 26th of December, 1716, and was educated at Eton under the care of his mother's brother Mr. Antrobus, who was at that time one of the assistant-masters, and also a Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to which Mr. Gray removed, and was admitted as a pensioner in the year 1734. His friendship with Horace Walpole commenced at Eton and was continued at college; Walpole was fond of asserting, in his keen epigrammatic way, what seems to be very true, that 'Gray never was a boy.' Gray's correspondence with this trifler in great things is very interesting. He accompanied Mr. Walpole abroad, and though their acquaintance was dissevered, Mr. Mason says Mr. Walpole laid the blame on himself. The Poet had all the sensitiveness and mistrust of self which accompanies true genius; and there is something to excite a smile in his nervous anxiety touching his 'misfortune,' as he expresses it, 'of receiving a communication from the "Magazine of Magazines"* for the time being—saying that an *ingenious* poem, called "Reflections in a Country Churchyard" has been communicated to the editor, which the editor is printing; and begging, not only the writer's confidence, but the honour of his *correspondence*.' Like all persons of narrow views, the proprietors of the 'Magazine of Magazines' thought they conferred an honour on the author of the Elegy by bringing

* This journal was originated by a speculative bookseller, and it was intended to combine in its pages the pith of its various monthly contemporaries, in the same way that the 'Gentleman's Magazine' had first done by the newspapers. The success of the last-named miscellany, which was begun by Cave, in 1731, soon led to the establishment of the 'London Magazine;' and the success of both to a host of imitators: and their number led to the establishment of this 'Magazine of Magazines,' which was to condense the best articles from all.

him into *notice !* as our generous-hearted though injudicious neighbours the Americans do to this day, when they scrape together the rakings of literature, and describe the minutiæ of our habits and dwellings—thinking the notoriety, which to our English habits is the most painful of all things—fame ! Gray so instinctively shrunk from this, that he wrote a most simple and earnest letter to Mr. Walpole, entreating him to get Dodsley to print the 'Elegy' forthwith anonymously, *and to print it without any interval between the stanzas*, giving as a reason, that the sense is in some places continued beyond them.* Being thus relieved from his nervousness, he continued tolerably tranquil until—at an after time—informed that it was in contemplation to publish his portrait with his poems. This threw him into a fresh agony. He again wrote to Mr. Walpole, saying, 'Sure you are not out of your wits ; this I know, if you suffer my head to be printed, you will infallibly put me out of mine. I conjure you immediately to put a stop to any such design. Who is at the expense of engraving it I know not, but if it be Dodsley, I will make up the loss to him. The thing as it was I know will make me ridiculous enough ; but to appear in proper person, at the head of my works, consisting of half-a-dozen ballads in thirty pages, would be worse than the pillory. I do assure you, if I had received such a book, with such a frontispiece, without any warning, *I believe it would have given me a palsy !*'

We had thought of visiting Burnham, where the poet's uncle resided, if it were only in memory of the description, half serious, half absurd, which he gives of a spot famous for its beauty and its beeches ; but the summer

* Gray's 'Elegy,' like all his other poems, appears to have been much elaborated in thought, and subject to great supervision. At the sale of some of his books and papers, at the end of the year 1845, the original manuscript was sold for 100*l.* There was a curious instance of this supervision of the lines which now stand—

'Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,
Some *Cromwell* guiltless of his country's blood.'

They had originally been—

'Some mute inglorious *Tully* here may rest,
Some *Cæsar* guiltless of his country's blood.'

The alteration is curious, as it shows Gray's love of classicality ; ultimately overruled by the dictates of a sound criticism, which would make such allusions out of place in a poem so eminently full of pure English simplicity.

had passed without our putting our design into action. Much as Gray loved and venerated his mother, and respected the aunt (Miss Antrobus) who, to remedy his father's extravagance, joined with her in the establishment of a warehouse for the sale of 'India goods' in Cornhill, there is a tone of well-bred mannerism and respect in his letters to his mother, rather than the outpouring of warm affection. In all his memoirs there is no trace of his having formed an attachment, or, as it is called, 'fallen in love,' with anything more mortal than a classic Muse; and while we loitered through the beautiful drive which, as we approached Stoke Green, became perfectly umbrageous, we could not recal a single line of Gray's that bore evidence of inspiration by the 'tender passion.'

The repose of a Sabbath morning was over the country; we passed, and met groups of persons, and hordes of little children 'dressed for church;' the bells had not yet commenced sending forth their summons; and the elders of the people were standing beneath the shadows of their homesteads, or looking after the 'young men and maidens,' the heritors of their toil, and their dwellings, with as much pride as pleasure. There had been a long continuance of rain previous to our excursion; so that the sunshine made this Sabbath one of more than ordinary beauty and happiness; the leaves clung to their parent trees, and the verdure was more bright and fresh than usual for the season; the swallows 'hawked' rapidly through the air; the cattle stood sleepily in the ponds fringed by graceful willows; many hard-worked horses felt that this, even to them, was a day of rest, and looked, we fancied, with pitying eyes on those who experienced no freedom from labour; the dogs winked in the sunbeams, and the dignified hen stalked triumphantly at the head of her full-grown brood. Few spots in England can boast of anything more lovely than the park and lane scenery immediately in the neighbourhood of Stoke Pogis; the church,—in its intense retirement, forming a portion, and a most beautiful and hallowed portion, of the domain, does not stand, like ordinary churches, by the way-side or in a village, but, like the church at Great Hampden, amid time-honoured trees, shedding a halo on the residence which has lately found a new proprietor—one who is entitled to all respect,—and who is worthy to be its occupant.

All matters at Stoke Pogis are better cared for than at Great Hampden;

you drive through a pretty gate-way guarded on the left by a lodge covered with climbers ; on the right, an embowered path leads to the monument, and the parterre which surrounds this memento of respect and admiration is kept in as perfect order as any flower-garden can be : it is separated from

'That Yew-tree's shade.'*

the meadow, through which the carriage-road continues after passing the lodge, by a sunk fence, and you see, to great advantage, the church, with

'Those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,'

backed by ancient plantations. We have never visited a scene more suggestive of calm and serious thought ; its effect was increased by the winning voice

* The reasons which induced our ancestors so constantly to plant yew-trees in churchyards have been variously stated. Some affirm that it was to insure a supply of yew-bows that the young men of the parish might practise archery, when enjoined by law. But Brady, in his *Clavis Calendaria*, says, 'Among our superstitious forefathers, the palm-tree, or its substitute box and yew, were solemnly blessed on Palm-Sunday, and some of their branches burnt to ashes and used on Ash-Wednesday in the following year ; while other boughs were gathered and distributed among the pious who bore them about in their numerous processions, a practice which was continued in this country until the second year of Edward VI.' Caxton in his Directory for keeping the festivals also shows that the yew was substituted for the palm in England :—'but for that we have non olyve that beareth grained leaf, therefore we take yew instead of palm olyve.' The melancholy shade and evergreen tint of the yew afford a good type of immortality which may have also been another reason for their constant appearance in our churchyards, many of which contain yews of many centuries growth.

of the church-bell, fraught with its divine message, swelling above the landscape ; the mingled congregation moving on noiselessly, the rich and poor, the old and young, might have been imagined an array of pilgrims, bound for the sacred temple. 'Imagined!' Were they not so? are we not all pilgrims, toiling onward ; working our way through anxieties and tribulations, now led forward by hope, now lured aside by temptation, now driven back by disappointment,—all pilgrims!—all troubled—all unsafe—all uncertain of success ; whose ears hear the church-bells, though their promise may not strike upon the heart. Pilgrims, and weary and profitless pilgrims are we all, to ourselves and others, until we find the right path ; and keeping our eyes fixed upon the bright star of salvation hold out both hands to help onwards our fellow-men ; knowing and believing that, despite the hardest the world can do unto us, there is a living and eternal hope which never fails!

The Porch of Stoke Pogis Church.

Oh! what glad tidings of great joy are brought to every faithful heart by these musical church-bells!—In groups, or one by one, the congregation entered the porch which Mr. Fairholt's little woodcut so faithfully portrays.*

* The porch of Stoke Pogis is a very fine example of an ornamental structure of the kind ;

And yet the scene had so inspired us with meditation, that we still lingered within the enclosure. We thought how strongly it must have acted on the mind of the poet (Robert Montgomery) when he visited Stoke Pogis, and was there inspired by one of his sweetest and most tender poems—

'Memories bright and deep pervade
The quiet scene, where once a bard hath thought.
* * * * * *
How many a foot, where pensive Gray hath rov'd,
Will love to linger! 'Tis the spell of Mind
That consecrates the ground a poet trod;
The air is eloquent with living thoughts,
And fine impressions of his favour'd muse;
While Inspiration, like a god of Song,
Wakes the deep echoes of his deathless lyre!'

We cannot recal the poem stanza by stanza; like a strain of music heard long since, it comes in broken fragments to our memory.

'But lo!—the churchyard!—Mark those "rugged elms,"
That "Yew-tree shade,"—"yon ivy-mantled tower,"
And thread the path where "heaves the mouldering heap;"
Then, stranger, thou art soulless earth indeed,
If the lone bard beside thee does not stand,
Formed into life by Fancy's moulding spell!
'Twas here he mused,—here Poetry and Thought,
And Silence, their enamour'd sister, came;
And Taste and Truth their kindred magic blent,
And proud Attempt, and pure Conception rose,
While Melody each chord of mind attun'd,
'Till soft Religion, like an angel, smiled,
And bade his genius make the grave sublime.'

the open tracery at the sides is boldly and tastefully executed, and there are few of our country churches which can boast a more beautiful specimen. In the olden time the church porch was the gathering-place for the villagers; and here marriages were solemnised. The reader of Chaucer will remember the Wife of Bath's declaration:—

'Husbands at Chirche-door have I had five.'

At that time stone porches were usual, which, with the room over them, termed *the Parvise*, became a sort of little chapel, having a Piscina. Fire-places are frequently found in them. In these rooms it was not uncommon to keep the church chests, within which the various writings and other valuable properties of the church were kept. Some few of these still remain; as at Newport Church, Essex, where a very remarkable one exists.

The bell ceased,—the only living creature lingering on the path, was a pretty gentle-looking girl of ten or eleven years old, using every possible art to tranquillise a child whose thin wailing voice seemed strangely at variance with the quiet beauty of the scene.

The accompanying sketch of the Poet's monument was made before the ground immediately around the testimonial was arranged as a parterre; upon our page it appears broken and uncultivated, whereas, in reality, it is exquisitely arranged, and contains numberless flowers,—breathing incense to the Poet's memory.

The Monument of Gray.

Before we entered the church (whither the little girl, having won the child to tranquillity by her caresses, had gone before us, and as if fearing the renewal of a disturbance, to which she was most likely accustomed, had crouched down just inside the door) we turned for a moment to look at the tomb, consecrated by the Poet to the memory of his mother and also marking his own resting-place—

'Upon the lap of earth.'

We could hear the *tone* of the minister's voice, and almost fancy we could distinguish the words; but there was no mistaking the 'Amen' of the congregation, so earnest, so solemn, rolling round the building; the fervent 'So be it' of a Christian church, not shouted forth in ecstacy, or with fanatic exultation, but a deep-hearted solemn aspiration that thrilled the very heart, inspiring resignation and hope, and all the meek yet mighty virtues of our exalted faith. Those country churches are wonderful landmarks of history and religion; the aged and low bending trees that have stood the storms of centuries, the massive ivy, the grey, stern, steady walls, tell a State's history, as well as one of a higher and holier origin: for ourselves we feel strangely moved when we see the spire of the village church pointing to the heavens, or hear the faintest sound of the distant church bells float above the landscape.

We passed the little maid and her infant charge as we entered; it would have been difficult for an artist to catch the anxious yet most lovely expression of the young girl's face; her 'divided duty' well performed, yet most unsatisfactorily to herself; her uplifted finger arrested the child's attention, while her eyes were for a moment fixed upon the fine intelligent head of the clergyman, eager not to lose a syllable of those time-honoured and most faithful and touching petitions to the throne of mercy which abound in our church-service, and yet chained back to the worldly duty of restraining the temper and tears of her fretful charge, whose wandering eyes, and sharp, pale, pinched-up features, denoted a precocious intelligence and the acid temper of a fragile or diseased body.

The interior of the church is picturesque and well-cared for, and after service, which was performed throughout with dignified simplicity, and completed by a sermon sufficiently plain to be comprehended by the unlettered, while its graceful language and unaffected piety carried the listener beyond this world to the happiness rather than the terrors of the next; we were shown the private entrance-porch from Stoke-Park, and the pew appropriated to the use of the family—the old seats, the richly stained glass, the subdued light, the beautiful domain beyond, the overhanging trees, the full-bosomed melody of the birds, the murmurs of the half-whispered greetings and retreating footsteps of the congregation as they passed out of the public porch, the manner of our guide, whose attention

increased in proportion to the expression of our sympathy with the scene—are all vividly impressed upon our memory.

'The churchyard was full, very full,' our guide had said, 'and a wonderful quantity of persons visited it and read the epitaphs, and even *scratched* their names on the church walls, though it was forbidden, and took away bits of the yew and wild flowers. It was,' he thought, 'a pleasant churchyard to be buried in. Not too full, but not lonely;' and indeed he said truly, for in those country churchyards—once at least each week—the children's children of the silent dead pass beside their graves; the modest head-stone and the light waving grass seem more akin to humanity and human feeling than the dungeon-like vaults, or huge 'slabs,' pressing so heavily upon what we loved so well in the churches or churchyards of our towns. Again we stood beside the poet's grave, read the epitaph on his mother, and cast many a "longing, lingering look behind," while leaving the churchyard immortalised by the most perfect Elegy in our language.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

HATTERTON—poor Chatterton! We had been brooding sadly over his fragment of a life, ending at seventeen—when ordinary lives begin—and turning page after page of Horace Walpole's literary fooleries, to find his explanations and apologies for want of feeling and sympathy, which his flippant style, and heartless commentaries, illustrate to perfection; and we closed with an aching heart, the volumes of both the parasite of genius, and him who was its mightiest creation and most miserable victim:—

'The marvellous boy who perished in his pride.'

It was only natural for us to recal the many instances we have ourselves known, during the past twenty years, or more, of sorrow and distress among those who sought distinction in the thorny labyrinths of literature:—those who

——'waged with Fortune an eternal war,
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar;'

and those who, after a brief struggle with untoward fate, left the battle-field, to die, 'unpitied and unknown!'

We have seen the career of a young literary man commenced with the first grand requisite of all excellence worth achieving—ENTHUSIASM; high notions of moral honour, and a warm devotedness to that 'calling' which lifts units to a pinnacle formed of the dry bones of hundreds slain. We have seen that enthusiasm frozen by disappointment—that honour corrupted by the contamination of dissipated men—that devotedness to THE CAUSE fade away before the great want of nature—want of bread—which it had failed to bestow. We have seen, ay, in one little year, the flashing eye dimmed—the round cheek flattened, the bright, hopeful creature, who went forth into the world—rejoicing like the sun to run its course—dragged from the waters of our leaden Thames, a discoloured remnant of mortality—recognised only by the mother who looked to him for all the world could give! This is horrible—but it is a tragedy soon played out. There are hundreds at this moment possessed of the *consciousness* of power without the *strength* to use it. To such, a little help might lead to a life of successful toil—perhaps the happiest life a man can lead. A heritage of usefulness is one of peace to the last. We knew another youth, of a more patient nature than he of whom we have just spoken. He seemed never weary. We have witnessed his nightly toil; his daily labour; the smiling patience with which he endured the sneers levelled, *only* in English society, against '*mere* literary men.' We remember when, on the the first day of every month, he used to haunt the booksellers' shops to look over the magazines, cast his eye down the table of contents, just to see if 'his poem,' or 'his paper,' had been inserted—then lay them down one after another with a pale sickly smile, expressive of disappointment, and turn away with a look of gentle endurance. The insertion of a sonnet, for which perhaps he might receive seven shillings, would set him dreaming again of literary immortality; and at last the dream was realised by an accident, or rather, to speak advisedly, by a good Providence. He became known—known at once—blazed forth: something he had written attracted the town's attention, and ladies in crowded drawing-rooms stood upon chairs to see that poor, worn, pale man of letters: and magazines, and grave reviews, and gaily-bound albums, all waited for his contributions—charge what he pleased; and flushed with fame and weighed down with money—money paid for the very articles that had been rejected without

one civil line of courtesy—the great sustaining hope of his life was realised; he married one as worn and pale with the world's toil as himself—married—and died within a month! The tide was too tardy in turning!

Who shall say how many men of genius have walked, like unhappy Chatterton, through the valley of the shadow of death, and found no guide, no consolation—no hope; if, the one GREAT HOPE had not been most mercifully planted early in their hearts and minds.

It was with melancholy pleasure that, during the past summer, our Pilgrimage was made to the places connected with the boy's memory, in Bristol; first to Colston's school, in which he was educated;* next to the dull district in which he was either born or passed his boyhood; then to the Institution, where his 'Will,' a mad document, and other memoranda connected with his memory, are preserved with a degree of care, that seems—or is—a mockery, when contrasted with the worse than indifference of the city to all that concerned him when alive; next to the house of Master Canynge, and next to the monument (Redcliffe Church) with which his name will be associated as long as one of its stones remains upon another: chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies through its long-drawn aisles; pondering sadly in the muniment-room, where the cofres that suggested the forgeries, still lie rotting; and gazing with mingled sorrow and surprise on the 'Cenotaph to Chatterton,' which now, taken to pieces, occupies the corner of a damp vault—

> 'A solemn cenotaph to thee,
> Sweet Harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy!'

Ah! such books as we have been reading, and such memories as we have been recalling, are, after all, unprofitable—a darkness without light.

* Of Edward Colston, well and beautifully has William Howitt said, 'You cannot help feeling the grand beneficence of those wealthy merchants, who, like Edward Colston, make their riches do their generous will for ever; who become thereby the actual fathers of their native cities to all generations; who roll off, every year of the world's progress, some huge stone of anxiety from the hearts of poor widows; who clear away before the unfriended but active and worthy lad; who put forth their invisible hands from the heaven of their rest, and become the genuine guardian angels of the orphan race for ever and ever: raising from those who would otherwise have been outcasts and ignorant labourers, aspiring and useful

We closed our eyes upon the world, which, in our momentary bitterness, we likened to one great charnel-house, entombing all things glorious and bright. We walked to the window; the rain was descending in torrents —pour, pour; pattens clattered in the areas, a solitary postman made the street echo with his impatient knocks. A poor organ-boy, whom we have long known, was moving, rather than walking, in the centre: his hat flapping over his eyes with the rain, yet still he turned the handle, and the damp music crawled forth: he paused opposite our door, turned up the leaf of his hat, and looked upwards: we missed the family of white mice which usually crawled on the top of his organ: poor child, he had sheltered them in his bosom; it was nothing more than natural that he should do so, and the act was common-place enough—but it pleased us—it diminished our gloom. And we thought, if the great ones of the land would but foster the talent that needs, and deserves, protection from the storms of life, as that lonely boy sheltered the creatures entrusted to his care, the world would be all the better. We do not mean to insult the memory of such a genius as Chatterton by saying that he required a PATRON—the very sound is linked with a servility that degrades a noble nature: but we do say he sadly wanted a FRIEND—some one who could have understood and appreciated his wonderful intellectual gifts; and whose strength of mind and position in society would have given power to direct and control the over-leaping and indomitable pride which ultimately destroyed 'the Boy.' His career teaches a lesson of such rare value to all who seek distinction in any sphere of life that we would have it considered well—as a beacon to warn from ruin.

'Oh! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!'

Despite his marvellous talents, his industry, his knowledge, his magnitude of mind, his glorious imagination, his bold satire, his independence, his

men; tradesmen of substance; merchants, the true enrichers of their country, and fathers of happy families. How glorious is such a lot! how noble is such an appropriation of wealth! how enviable is such a fame! And amongst such men, there were few more truly admirable than Edward Colston! He was worthy to have been lifted by Chatterton to the side of the magnificent Canynge, and one cannot help wondering that he says so little about this great benefactor of his city.'

devotional love of his mother and sister—if he had lived through a long age of prosperity, Chatterton could never have been trusted or esteemed, *from his total want of truth.* His is the most striking example upon record of the necessity for uprightness in word and deed. Where a great end is to be achieved—there must be consistency, a union between noble daring and noble deeds—there must be Truth! No man has ever deviated from it without losing not only the respect of the thinking, but even the confidence of the unwise. Chatterton's earliest idea seems to have been how to deceive; and, were it possible to laugh at youthful fraud, there would be something irresistibly ludicrous in the lad bewildering

Bristol Bridge

the old pewterer, Burgum. Imagine the fair-haired rosy boy, the brightness of his extraordinary eyes increased by the covert mischief which urged him forward—fancy his presenting himself to Master Burgum, who, dull as his own pewter, had the ambition, which the cunning youth fostered, of being thought of an 'ancient family'—fancy Chatterton in his poor-school dress presenting himself to this man, whose business, Chatterton's biographer, Mr. Dix, tells us, was carried on in the house now occupied by Messrs. Sanders, Bristol Bridge,* and informing him that he had made

* Our engraving shows this house, and Bristol Bridge, both memorable as being connected with the earliest of Chatterton's fabrications. Bristol Bridge was finished in September, 1768, and in the October following, Chatterton sent to 'Felix Farley's Bristol Journal,' the

a discovery—presenting to him various documents, with a parchment painting of the De Burgham arms, in proof of his royal descent from the Conqueror.

Mr. Dix assures us 'that never once doubting the validity of the record in which his own honours were so deeply implicated, he presented the poor bluecoat-boy, who had been so fortunate in *finding* so much, and so assiduous in his endeavours to collect the remainder, with *five shillings!*' Blush, Bristol, blush at this record of a citizen's meanness; the paltry remuneration could have hardly tempted even so poor a lad as Thomas Chatterton to continue his labours for the love of gain; yet he furnished Burgum with further information, loving the indulgence of his mystifying powers, and secretly satirising the folly he duped.

It is quite impossible to trace back any circumstance which could, to speak advisedly, have led to such a course of deception as was practised by this boy; born of obscure parents, his father, a man of dissolute habits, was sub-chanter of the Cathedral, and also master of the free school in Pyle-street; this clever, but harsh and dissolute man, died in August, 1752, and the poet was born on the 20th of the following November.* Such a

curiously detailed account of the ceremonial observances on opening the ancient bridge at Bristol, 'taken from an Old Manuscript,' and which, being his first printed forgery, led, by the attention it excited, to the production of other works, and among them the Rowley Poems. At this time he was in his sixteenth year; but some years before he had fabricated Burgum's Pedigree, and some poetry by a pretended ancestor of his, of the alleged date of 1320, called 'The Romaunte of the Cnyghte.' The house where Burgum lived, and where Chatterton first tried his powers of deception, is the central one of the three seen above the bridge in our cut.

* The place of Chatterton's birth has been variously stated; Mr. Dix in his 'Life of Chatterton,' has mentioned *three* places. His first that 'he was born on the 20th of November in the year 1752, in a house situated on Redcliff Hill, behind the shop now (1837) occupied by Mr. Hasell, grocer,' and which has since been destroyed. But in the appendix to his volume is a communication stating that Mrs. Newton (Chatterton's married sister) left a daughter who 'died in 1807, in the house where Chatterton was born; I believe in the arch at Cathay,' a street leading from the churchyard to the river side. But the most certain account seems to be that of Mrs. Edkins (also printed by Dix) who 'went to school to Chatterton's father, and was present when the son was born, at the Pyle School.' Now, as Chatterton was born about three months after his father's death, and he had been for some years master of the school, it is unlikely that his wife would be removed from the house she inhabited until after her confinement, 'when,' says Mrs. Edkins, 'she went to a house opposite the upper gate on Redcliff Hill.' The house appropriated to the master of Pyle Street School

parent could not be a loss ; he would have been, in all human probability, as careless of his son as he was of his wife ; and, at all events, Chatterton had not the misery of early cruelty to complain of, for he had a mother tender and affectionate, although totally unfit to guide and manage his wayward nature. Her first grief with him arose, strange as it may seem, from his inaptitude for learning—as a child he disdained A B C, and

Birth-place of Chatterton.

indulged himself with his own thoughts. When nearly seven years old he 'fell in love' to use his mother's phrase, 'with an illuminated French manuscript,' and thus learned his letters from the very sort of thing he

is shown in our engraving, it is at the back of the school, which faces the street, and is approached by an open passage on one side of it leading into a small court-yard, beyond which is a little garden. Over the door is inserted a stone, inscribed, 'This house was erected by Giles Malpas, of St. Thomas Parish, Gent., for the use of the master of this School, A.D. 1749.' The house has but two sitting-rooms, one on each side of the door, that to the right being the kitchen ; and in one of them the dissolute father of the Poet is said by Dix to have 'often passed the whole night roaring out catches, with some of the lowest rabble of the parish.' He was succeeded in the office of schoolmaster by Edmond Chard, who held it for five years ; and he was followed in 1757 by Stephen Love, who was master twenty-one years, and to whom Mrs. Chatterton first sent her son for education ; and who, 'after exhausting the patience of his schoolmaster, was sent back to his mother with the character of a stupid boy, and one who was absolutely incapable of receiving instruction.'

spent his early days in counterfeiting. His progress was wonderful, both as to rapidity and extent, and his pride kept pace therewith. A friend, wishing to give the boy and his sister a present of china ware, asked him what device he would choose to ornament his with. 'Paint me,' he said, 'an angel with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world.' Here was a proof of innate ambition; if his mother had had an under-

Colston's School.

standing mind, this observation would have taught her to read his character. Such ambition could have been directed,—and directed to noble deeds.

He was admitted into the Blue Coat School, commonly called 'Colston's School,'* before he was eight years old, and his enthusiastic joy at the

* This school, founded in 1708 by Edward Colston, Esq., is situated in a street called St. Augustine's Back, behind the houses facing the draw-bridge. It is the mansion in which Queen Elizabeth was entertained when she visited the city; and was purchased by Colston, because of its applicability to his charitable purposes. Here the scholars are boarded, lodged, and clothed, and are never permitted to be absent—except on Saturdays and Saints' days, from one till seven. They are simply taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. The school-room is on the first floor, and runs along the entire front of the building; the bed-rooms are the large airy rooms above. Behind the house is a paved yard for exercise. Chatterton remained here about seven years.

prospect of learning so much, was damped by finding that to quench his thirst for knowledge, 'there were not books enough.' When he took in rotation the post of doorkeeper at the school, he used to indulge himself in making verses;* and his sister, who loved him tenderly, presented him with a pocket-book, in which he wrote verses, and gave it back to her the following year. There was nothing in this species of tuition or companionship to create or foster either the imitations or the satire he indulged in; he had neither correction nor assistance from any one. Even before his apprenticeship to Mr. John Lambert he felt he was not appreciated or understood; perhaps no one ever *acted* a greater satire upon his own profession than this harsh attorney, who deemed his apprentice on a level with his footboy. He must have been a man utterly devoid of perception and feeling; his insulting contempt of what he could not understand added considerably to the sarcastic bitterness of Chatterton's nature, and it is easy to picture the boy's feelings when his productions were torn by this tyrant and scattered on

Chatterton as doorkeeper.

* The gate seen at the side of Colston's School in our cut, is that by which the school is entered; a narrow paved passage beside the house conducts to the angle of the building, when you turn to the left, and so reach the house by an open court-yard. In a corner of this angle, commanding a view of the entrance to the school, and also of the outer gate, is placed the doorkeeper's lodge delineated in our cut. It is a small building of brick, covered with lead, about six feet in height. It has within an iron seat, and an iron ledge for books. The windows are unglazed; and in winter it must be singularly uncomfortable, particularly as the occupant must traverse the length of the yard in all weathers. It is said to be the intention of the authorities to remove this little building: this is to be regretted, as it is almost the only unchanged memorial of her boy-poet which Bristol possesses. It was customary for the boys to take the office of door-keeper in rotation, for the term of one week; and it was in Chatterton's twelfth year, when he was door-keeper, that he wrote here his first poem 'On the Last Epiphany, or Christ coming to Judgment.'

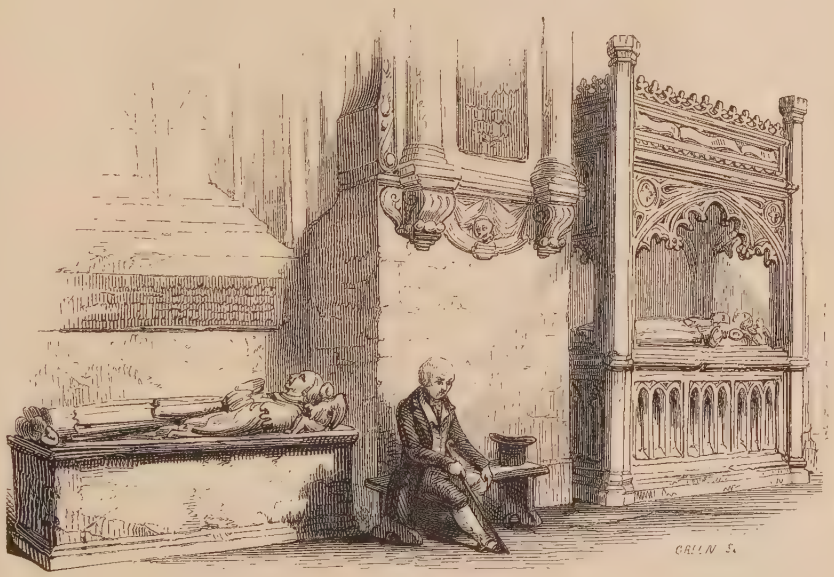
the office floor! He has his reward. John Lambert, the scrivener, is only remembered as the insulter of Thomas Chatterton! *

Lambert's Offices.

It is impossible not to pause at every page of this boy's brief but eventful life, and lament that he had no friend; reading, as we do, by the light of other days, we can see so many passages where judicious counsel, given with the intelligent affection that would at once have opened his heart, *must* have saved him; his heart once laid bare to friendship, would have been purified by the air of truth; it was its *closeness* which infected his nature. And yet the scrivener considered him a good apprentice. His industry was amazing; his frequent employment was to copy precedents, and one volume, in his hand-writing, which is still extant, consists of three hundred and forty-four closely-written folio pages. There was in that gloomy office an edition of Camden's 'Britannia,' and, having borrowed from Mr. Green, a bookseller, Speight's 'Chaucer,' he compiled therefrom an ingenious glossary, for his own use, in two parts. 'The first,' Mr. Dix says, 'contained old words, with the modern English—the second, the modern

* Lambert's first office was on St. John's steps; but the unceasing spirit of change, which has more or less destroyed all the Bristol localities connected with Chatterton, has swept this one away; 'the Steps' have now been turned into a sloping ascent, and the old houses removed or renovated. Shortly after he had entered Lambert's service, his office was removed to Corn Street, and here, from the house delineated in our cut, he dated his first communication to Horace Walpole. It is immediately in front of the Exchange, and although the lower part has been altered frequently within remembrance, the upper part remains as when Lambert rented it. It may be noted, that the upper floors of the adjacent houses are still devoted to lawyers' and merchants' offices.

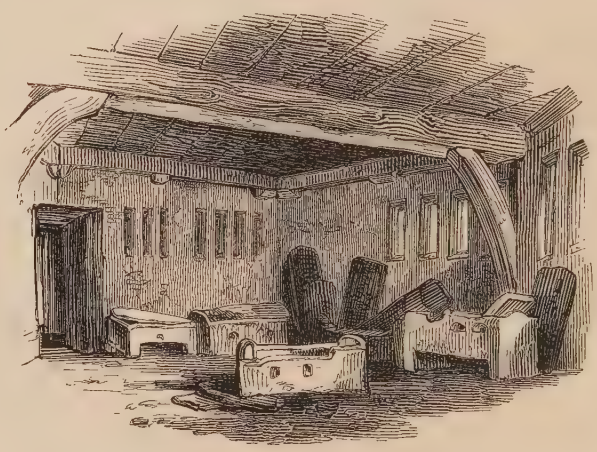
English, with the old words; this enabled him to turn modern English into old, as an English and Latin dictionary enables the student to turn English into Latin.' How miserable it is, amongst those evidences of his industry and genius, to find that all his ingenuity turned to the furtherance of a fraud. He seems to have been morally dead to everything like the disgrace attending falsehood; for, when struggling afterwards in London to appear prosperous while starving, he wrote home to Mr. Catcott, and concludes his letter by stating that he intended going abroad as a *surgeon*, adding, 'Mr. Barrett has it in his power to assist me greatly, by *his giving me a physical character*; I hope he will.' He seems to have had no idea that he was asking Mr. Barrett to do a dishonest action.



The Tomb of Canynge.

But the grand fraud of his short life was boldly dared by this boy in his sixteenth year. Why he should have ever descended to forge when he felt the high pressure of genius so strong within him, is inexplicable. Why, with his daring pride, he should have submitted to be considered a

transcriber, where he originated, is more than marvellous. The spell of a benighting antiquity seemed around him; it might lead one to a belief in 'Gramarie'—that some false spirit had issued forth from the 'cofre of Mr. Canynge,'* so long preserved in the room over the north porch of



Muniment Room.

this Bristol church of Redcliffe—a '*cofre*' secured by six keys, all of which being lost or mislaid, the vestry ordered the '*cofre,*' to be opened; and not only 'Canynge's *cofre*' but all the '*cofres*' in the mysterious chamber; not from any love of antiquity, but because of the hope of

* The great Bristol merchant, William Canynge, jun., is buried in Redcliffe Church, to which he was a great benefactor, as he was to the city of Bristol generally. He entered the church to avoid a second marriage, and was made Dean of the College of Westbury, which he had rebuilt. There are two monuments to his memory in Redcliffe Church, both of which are seen in our engraving. One is a raised altar tomb with an enriched canopy; and upon the tomb lie the effigies of Canynge and his wife in the costume of the fifteenth century. The other tomb is of similar construction, and is believed to have been brought here from Westbury College; it represents Canynge in his clerical robes, his head supported by angels, and resting his feet on the figure of a Saracen. Here Chatterton frequently ruminated; indeed, the whole church abounds with memorials which call to mind the sources of his inspiration; near the door is an effigy inscribed 'Johannes Lamyngton,' which gave name to one of his forgeries. He was never weary of rambling in and about the church, and all his early works originated here.

obtaining certain title-deeds supposed to be contained therein. Well, these intelligent worthies, having found what concerned themselves, took them away, leaving behind, *and open*, parchments and documents which might have enriched our antiquarian literature beyond all calculation.* Chatterton's father used to carry these parchments away wholesale, and covered with the precious relics, Bibles and school-books: most likely, other officers of the church did the same. After his death, his widow conveyed many of them, with her children and furniture, to her new residence, and woman-like, formed them into dolls and thread-papers. In process of time, the child's attention being aroused by the illuminated manuscripts, he conveyed every bit of parchment he could find to a small den of a room in his mother's house, which he called his own; and, when he grew a little older, set forth, with considerable tact, in answer to all questions asked of him as to how he obtained the poems and information, that he himself had searched the old '*cofres*' † and discovered the poems of the Monk Rowley. Certainly he could not have had a better person to trumpet his discovery than 'a talkative fool' like Burgum, who was so proud of his pedigree as to torment the officers of the Heralds' College about

* The muniment-room is a large low-roofed apartment over the beautiful north porch of Redcliffe Church, which was constructed by Canynge. It is hexagonal, and lighted by narrow unglazed windows. The floor rests on the groined stones of the porch, strong beams of oak forming its roof. It is secured by two massive doors in the narrow passage leading from the stairs into it. Here were preserved several large chests, and among them *Canynge's cofre*; from which Chatterton assured the world he had obtained the Rowley MSS.; and from which MSS. were carried away and destroyed, but the old chests still remain. There are seven in all, and they bear traces of great antiquity. Many have been strongly bound with iron, but all are now in a state of decay. This lonely cheerless room, strewn with antique fragments and suggestive of the boy-poet's day-dreams, is certainly the most interesting relic in Bristol. Its comfortless neglect is a true epitome of the life of him who first shaped his course from his reveries within it.

† The house said to be that of Canynge is situated in Redcliffe Street, not very far from the church. It is now occupied by a bookseller, who uses the fine hall seen in our cut, as a storehouse for his volumes. Chatterton frequently mentions this 'house nempte the rodde lodge;' and in Skelton's 'Etchings of Bristol Antiquities' is an engraving of this building, there called 'Canynge's chapel or Masonic Hall,' showing the painting in the arch at the back, representing the first person of the Trinity, supporting the crucified Saviour, angels at each side censing, and others bearing shields. This was 'the Rood' with which Chatterton was familiar, and which induced him to give the name to Canynge's house in his fabrications. This painting is now destroyed, but we have restored it from Skelton's plate in our engraving.

his ancestors ; and he was not the only one imposed on by Chatterton's talent.

Canynge's House.

His simple-minded mother bore testimony to his joy at discovering those 'written parchments upon the covered books ;' and, of course, each discovery added to his antiquarian knowledge ; for, though no trace exists of the Monk Rowley's originals, there is little doubt that on some of those parchments he found enough to set him thinking, and with him to think and act was the same thing ; indeed, there is one passage in his poems bearing so fully upon the fraud, that we transcribe it. He is writing of having discharged all his obligations to Mr. Catcott : —

> If ever obligated to thy purse,
> *Rowley discharges all, my first chief curse!*
> For had I never known the antique lore,
> I ne'er had ventured from my peaceful shore ;
> But happy in my humble sphere, had moved
> Untroubled, unsuspected, unbeloved. *

* The monk Rowley was altogether an imaginary person conjured up by Chatterton as a vehicle for his wonderful forgeries. He was described by him as the intimate friend of Canynge, his constant companion, and a collector of books and drawings for him. It has been well remarked, that although it was *extraordinary* for a lad to have written them in the 18th century it was *impossible* for a monk to have written them in the 15th. Indeed, it seems now both curious and amusing that his forgeries should have deceived the learned. When Rowley talks of purchasing his house 'on a repayring lease for ninety-nine years,' we at once smile, and remember his fellow-forger Ireland's Shaksperian *Promissory* note, before such things were invented. Our fac-simile of the pretended Rowley's writing is obtained from the

A Mr. Rudhall* said that, when Chatterton wrote on a parchment, he held it over a candle to give it the appearance of antiquity; and a

Fac-simile of MSS.

Mr. Gardener has recorded, that he once saw Chatterton rub a parchment over with ochre, and afterwards rub it on the ground, saying 'that was the way to antiquate it.' This *exposé* of Chatterton's craft is so at variance with his usual caution that we can hardly credit it. A humble woman, Mrs. Edkins, speaks of his spending all his holidays in the little den of a room we have mentioned, where he *locked* himself in, and would remain the entire day without meals, returning with his hands and face completely begrimed with dirt and charcoal; and she well remembers his having a charcoal pounce-bag and parchment and letters on a little deal table, and all over the ground was a litter of parchments; and she and his mother at one time fancied he intended to discolour himself and run away to the

very curious collection of Chatterton's Manuscripts in the British Museum. It is written at the bottom of some drawings of monumental slabs and notes, stated to have been 'collected ande gotten for Mr. William Canynge, by mee, Thomas Rowley.' There are, however, other autographs of Rowley in the collection, so entirely dissimilar in the formation of the letters, that it might be expected to have induced a conviction of forgery. Many of the manuscripts too are still more dissimilar; and the construction of the letters totally unlike any of the period. Some are written on little fragments not more than three inches square, the writing sometimes neat and clean, at other times bad, rambling, and unintelligible. The best is the account of Canynge's feast, which has been engraved in fac-simile by Strut, to the edition of Rowley's poems, 1777. The writing is generally bolder than Barrett's fac-simile; and that gentleman, in endeavouring to revive the faded ink, has greatly injured the originals, which are now in some cases almost undistinguishable. The drawings of pretended ancient coins and heraldry are absurdly inventive; and the representations of buildings exactly such as a boy without knowledge of drawing or architecture would fabricate; yet they imposed on Barrett, who engraved them for his history of Bristol. Many of his transcripts show the shifts the poor boy was put to for paper: torn fragments and backs of law-bills are frequently employed. Among the rest is a collection of extracts from Chaucer to aid him in the fabrication of his MSS. The whole is exceedingly instructive and curious.

* This gentleman was the proprietor of the 'Bristol Journal,' to which Chatterton sent his first forgery; and with whom he afterwards became intimate.

gipsies; but afterwards Mrs. Edkins believed that he was labouring at the Rowley manuscripts, and she thought he got himself bound to a lawyer that he might get at old law books. The testimony she bears to his affectionate tenderness towards his mother and sister is touching; while his pride led him to seek for notoriety for himself, it was only to render his mother and sister comfortable that he coveted wealth.

It is not our province to enter into the controversy as to whether all the MSS. were originals or forgeries: it would seem to be as undecided to-day as it was three-quarters of a century ago: the boy died and made no sign: and the world has not been put in possession of any additional facts by which the question might be determined; the balance of proof appears in favour of those who contend they were the offspring of his mind, suggested merely by ancient documents from which he could have borrowed no idea except that of rude spelling; yet it is by no means impossible that poems did actually exist, and came into his hands, which he altered and interpolated, but which he did not create.

In aid of his plans, Chatterton first addressed himself to Dodsley, the Pall Mall bookseller, once with smaller poems, and afterwards on behalf of the greatest production of his genius—the tragedy of 'Ælla;' but the booksellers of those days were not more intellectual than those of the present: they devoured the small forgery of the great Horace Walpole, 'the Castle of Otranto,' and rejected the magnificence of a nameless composition. This man's neglect drove the young poet to the 'Autocrat of Strawberry Hill.' In reply he at first received a polished letter. The literary trifler was not aware of the poverty and low station of his correspondent, and so was courteous; he is 'grateful' and 'singularly obliged;' bowing, and perfumed, and polite. Other communications followed. Walpole inquired—discovered the poet's situation; and *then* he changed! The poor fond boy! how hard and bitter was the rebuff. How little had he imagined that *the* Walpole's soul was not, *by five shillings*, as large as the Bristol pewterer's!—that he who was an adept at literary imposition could have been so harsh to a fellow-sinner! The volume of his works containing 'Miscellanies of Chatterton' is now before us. Hear to his indignant honesty; he declares that 'all the house of forgery are relations; and that though it be but just to Chatterton's memory to say

his poverty never made him claim kindred with the richest, or more enriching branches, yet that his ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and I believe hands, might easily have led him to those more facile imitations of prose—promissory notes.' The literal meaning of this paragraph stamps the littleness of the man's mind. A slight—a very slight effort on his part might have changed the current of the boy's thoughts, and saved him from misery and death. We do not call Chatterton 'his victim,' because we do not think him so; but he, or any one in his position, might have turned him from the love of an unworthy notoriety to the pursuit of a laudable ambition. Following in the world's track (which he was ever careful not to outstep), when the boy was dead, Walpole bore eloquent testimony to his genius. The words of praise he gives his memory are like golden grains amid the chaffy *verbiage* with which he defends himself. If he perceived this at first, why not have come forward hand and heart, and shouted him on to honest fortune? But, like all *clique kings*, he made no general cause with literature; he only smiled on his individual worshippers, who could applaud when he said, with cruel playfulness, 'that singing birds should not be too well fed!'

His master, Lambert, dismissed the youth from his service, because he had reason to suppose he meditated self-destruction; and then he proceeded to London. How buoyant and full of hope he was during his probationary days there, his letters to his mother and sister testify; his gifts, also, extracted from his necessities, are evidences of the bent of his mind—fans and china—luxuries rather than necessaries; but in this, it must be remembered his judgment was in fault, not his affections. In all things he was swayed, and guided by his pride,—his indomitable pride. The period, brief as it was, of his sojourn in the great Metropolis, proved that Walpole, while he neglected him so cruelly, understood him perfectly, when he said that 'nothing in Chatterton could be separated from Chatterton—that all he did was the effervescence of ungovernable impulse, which, cameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on; it was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollett, or Junius.' His first letter to his mother is dated April the 26th, 1770. He terminated his own existence on the 24th of August in the same year. He battled with the crowded world of London, and, what was in his case a more dire

enemy than the world, his overwhelming pride, for nearly four months. Alas! how terrible are the reflections which these few weeks suggest! Now borne aloft upon the billows of hope, sparkling in the fitful brightness of a feverish sun, and then plunged into the slough of despair, his proud, dark soul disdaining all human participation in a misery exaggerated by his own unbending pride. Let us not talk of denying sympathy to persons who create their own miseries; they endure agonies thrice told. The paltry remuneration he received for his productions is recorded by himself. Among the items is one as extraordinary as the indignant emotion it excites:—

> Received from Mr. Hamilton, for 16 songs, 10s. 6d.
> Of Mr. Hamilton, for 'Candidus' and Foreign Journal, 2s. !!

We are wearied for him of the world's dark sight: yet in the same book is recorded that the same publisher owed him £10 19s. 6d.! This sum might have saved him, but he was too proud to ask for money; too proud to complain; too proud to accept the invitation of his acquaintances, or his landlady, to dine or sup with them; and all too proud to hint, even to his mother and sister, that he was anything but prosperous. Ardent as if he had been a son of the hot south, he had learned nothing of patience or expediency. His first residence was at Mrs. Walmsley's, in Shoreditch, but, doubtless finding the lodging too expensive, he removed to a Mrs. Angell's, sac-(or dress) maker, 4, Brook Street, Holborn. This woman, who seems to have been of a gentle nature, finding that for two days he had confined himself to his room, and gone without sustenance, invited him to dine with her; but he was offended, and assured her he was not hungry. It is quite impossible to account for this uncalled-for pride. It was his nature. Lord Byron said he was mad: according to *his* view of the case, all eccentricity is madness; but in the case of unhappy Chatterton, that madness which arises from 'hope deferred,' was unquestionably endured. Three days before his death, pursuing, with a friend, the melancholy and speculative employment of reading epitaphs in the churchyard of St. Pancras, absorbed in his own reflections, he fell into a new-made grave. There was something akin to the raven's croak, the death-fetch, the fading spectre, in this foreboding

accident; he smiled at it, and told his friend he felt the sting of speedy dissolution:—

'Then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the earth on which he moved alone.'

At the age of seventeen years and nine months, his career ended; it was shown that he had swallowed arsenic in water, and so—

'perished in his pride!'

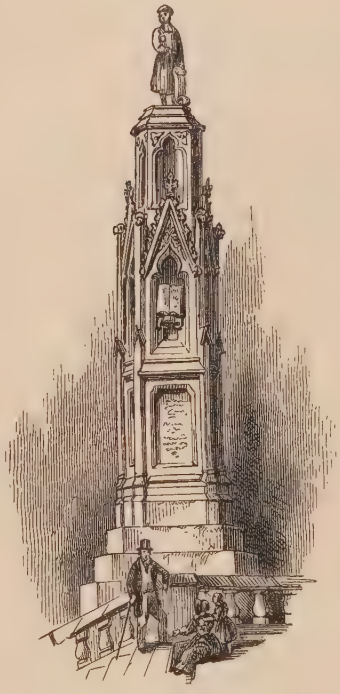
An inquest was held, and yet though Englishmen—men who could read and write, and hear—who must have heard of the boy's talents, either as a poet, a satirist, or a political writer—though these men were guided by a coroner, one, of course, in a more elevated sphere than those who usually determine the intentions of the departed soul—yet was there not one—NOT ONE of them all—with sufficient veneration for the casket that had contained the diamond—not one with enough of sympathy for the widow's son—to wrap his body in a decent shroud, and kneel in Christian piety by his grave!—not one to pause and think that, between genius and madness,

'What thin partitions do the bounds divide!'

In a letter from Southey to Mr. Britton (dated in 1810, to which we have already referred, and which Mr. Britton kindly submitted to us with various other correspondence on the subject), he says, 'there can now be no impropriety in mentioning what could not be said when the collected edition of Chatterton's works was published,—that there was a taint of insanity in his family. His sister was once confined; and this is a key to the eccentricities of his life, and the deplorable rashness of his death.' Of this unhappy predisposition, indeed, he seems to have been himself conscious, for 'in his last will and testament,' written in April, 1770, before he quitted Bristol, when he seems to have meditated suicide—although from the mock-heroic style of the document his serious design may be questioned,—he writes, 'If I do a mad action it is conformable to every action of my life, which all savoured of insanity.' His 'sudden fits of weeping, for which no reason could be assigned,' when a mere child, were

but the preludes to those gloomy forebodings which haunted him when a boy. His mother had said, 'she was often apprehensive of his going mad.'

And so,—the verdict having been pronounced,—he was cast into the burying-ground of Shoe Lane workhouse—the paupers' burying-ground,—the end, as far as his clayey tabernacle was concerned, of all his dreamy greatness. When the ear was deaf to the voice of the charmer he received his meed of posthumous praise. Malone, Croft, Dr. Knox, Warton, Sherwin, Pye, Mrs. Cowley, Walter Scott, Hayley, Coleridge, Dermody, Wordsworth, Shelley, William Howitt, Keats, who dedicated his 'Endymion' to the memory of his fellow-genius; the burly Johnson, whose praise seemed unintentional; the gentle and most Christian poet, James Montgomery,—have each and all offered tributes to his memory. Robert Southey, whose polished, strong, and long unclouded mind was a treasure-house of noble thoughts, assisted Mr. Cottle in providing for the poet's family by a collection of his works; and, though last, not least, excellent John Britton has laboured all his long life to render justice to the poor boy's memory. To him, indeed, it was mainly owing, that the cenotaph to which we have referred (and which now lies mouldering in the Church vault), was erected in the graveyard of Redcliffe Church, by subscription,—of which the contributions of Bristol were very small.*



Chatterton's Cenotaph.

* The cenotaph erected to Chatterton, 1838, from a design by S. C. Fripp, has now been removed; it stood close to the north porch, beside the steps leading into it. One of the

Chatterton was another warning, not only that

'Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine—'

but that no mortal should ever abandon hope! For a reverend gentleman, —who was, in all things, what, unhappily, Horace Walpole was not,—had actually visited Bristol, to seek out and aid the boy, while he lay dead in London.

'Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.'

The knowledge of these facts cheered us as we set forth to the neighbourhood of Shoe Lane to see the spot where he had been laid. Alas! it is very hard to keep pace with the progress of London changes. After various inquiries we were told that Mr. Bentley's printing-office stands upon the ground of Shoe Lane workhouse. We ascended the steps leading to this emporium of shifting letters, and found ourselves face to face with a kind gentleman, who told us all he knew upon the subject, which was, that the printing-office stands—not upon the burying-ground of Shoe Lane workhouse, where he had always understood Chatterton was buried—but upon the church burial-ground. He showed us a very curious basso-relievo, in cut stone, of the Resurrection, which he assured us had been 'time out of mind' above the entrance to the Shoe Lane burying-place 'over the way,' and which is now the site of Farringdon Market. This, when 'all the bones' were moved to the old graveyard in Gray's Inn Road, had come 'somehow' into Mr. Bentley's possession.

We were told also that Mr. Taylor, another printer, had lived, before the workhouse was pulled down, where his office window looked upon the spot pointed out as the grave of Chatterton, and that a stone, 'a rough white stone,' was remembered to have been 'set in a wall' near the grave, with 'Thomas Chatterton' and something else 'scratched' into it.

inscriptions, which he directs in his will to be placed on his tomb, has been adopted. 'To the Memory of Thomas Chatterton. Reader, judge not, if thou art a Christian. Believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power. To that Power alone is he now answerable.'

Writing of Redcliffe Church, it is only a duty, to refer to the restorations of that noble edifice, which were confided to Mr. George Godwin, F.S.A.: they have been effected in the best and purest manner, and have conferred honour upon the estimable and accomplished architect.

We strayed back through the damp chill of the city's evening fog to the market-place, hoping, even unconsciously, to stand beside the pit into which the marvellous boy had been thrust; but we grew bewildered. And as we stood upon the steps looking down upon the market—alone in feeling, and unconscious of everything but our own thoughts—St. Paul's bell struck, full, loud, and clear; and, casting our eyes upward, we saw its mighty dome through the murky atmosphere. We became still more 'mazed,' and fancied we were gazing upon the monument of Thomas Chatterton!

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF RICHARD WILSON.

HERE are few things more vexatious than, after enjoying the manifestations of genius, after paying the fervent homage of admiration to the work of some mighty painter or poet, who has drawn us above, or away from, all the troubles of the world, and made us exult in the proud feeling of 'My countryman did this!'—there are few things more vexatious than the disappointment that arises from the impossibility of collecting information concerning men whose works are almost their only records. *They are their works*—all else is so confounded with the 'rubble' of our worldly chaos, that while we render heartfelt reverence to the mind, we know nothing of the man. We usually set forth on a pilgrimage to some English shrine—to seek the dwelling-place, and search out mementos of a 'British worthy'—with fear and trembling; knowing how little existing inhabitants think or care about the past greatness of those who sighed out their toilsome days and weary nights within walls which anywhere but here—in England—would have been hallowed as sacred temples. It is melancholy to turn over meagre 'biographies' that were unthought of until years after their subjects had been dust. At length friends and acquaintances, half indifferent to, and half forgetful of the past, are questioned. Out of their weak memories and 'unhearty' testimonies

a 'life' is compiled—for lucre, not for love. That which might have been of the rarest value is sent forth a mere skeleton, clothed in shreds and patches, without vitality or strength. Where is it we have read, or where is it we heard this rude couplet ?—

> 'He who writes not his epitaph before he dies
> Shall live as long as the cock crows, or the widow cries.'

This our English Claude has certainly done. The memory of one of his delicious landscapes has often changed before our eyes, the bare walls on which we looked into a scene of dewy, airy brightness. One in particular we remember well—a white cow was standing among the trees—a perfect phantom of summer beauty. Yet how little, labour as we may, can we know of the life of Richard Wilson. Scraps of it may be had now and then—tales half-fact, half-legend—things to make us weep, or raise a smile. He lived while in London over the north arcade of the Piazza, Covent Garden; in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square; in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; at the corner of Foley Place, Great Portland Street; in Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road; but, with the solitary exception of the one habitation in Foley Place, the houses are unknown. And he sketched—(how strangely it sounds now!)—he sketched and painted from nature in the fields of Marylebone! To the first exhibition of 1760 held 'in the great room at Spring Gardens,' he sent his picture of 'Niobe.' His heart beat high when it was bought by William, Duke of Cumberland; but, as one swallow makes no summer, neither does a solitary sale, even to royalty, create for an artist fame and fortune. The public, who understood a little less about pictures in those days than they do now—the public would have it that Barrett painted better works than Wilson, and 'a committee of taste' 'sitting' upon Mr. Wilson's production, sent him a message by Mr. Penny that 'his manner was not suited to English feeling, and if he hoped for patronage he must change for the lighter style of Zucarelli.' No wonder the crushed, yet proud spirit of a man, conscious of his own power, rebelled at this; that he stormed forth a reply, which converted the committee from sneering friends into open foes.

We find the painter refused money by a dealer, because his 'attic' was

already crowded with transcripts from nature, that now fetch more pounds than they were then valued at in farthings. He made sketches for—half-a-crown a-piece! and expressed his gratitude to Paul Selby for giving him a shilling or two more. An easel, a brush, and a few articles of furniture, not as many as a mechanic would need, were all he could afford, while producing what are now the richest ornaments of our most costly mansions—chiefest of our national glories in Art. Ah! who can read without sympathy the story that in such a dwelling he was found by a youth—a student—whose name, although forgotten on earth, is recorded in heaven. The lad was asked by a lady to conduct her to the greatest landscape painter, to whom she wished to give a commission. He took her to Wilson's studio—she commissioned two pictures, and drove off. Wilson detained his young friend, and, looking him mournfully in the face, murmured, 'Your kindness is vain; I am wholly destitute; I cannot even purchase proper colours and canvas for these works.' The young man lent the great artist twenty pounds; and drew a salutary lesson from the distress it was his privilege to relieve. Could *he* expect to prosper where Wilson, with all his genius, was starving? He laid aside his palette and brushes, entered college, and became a clergyman —a calling of which he must have been very worthy. Wilson was inexpensive in his habits; his luxury was 'a pot of porter and a toast' —sufficiently unrefined to cause his enemies to sneer, and his admirers to regret that he could afford no better. In those days artists and authors were frequent friends, aiding each other by an interchange of mind that must have been vastly beneficial to both. There were no clubs then; and those who had no homes wherein to meet their friends, would meet them at a tavern: it was at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard Street, Soho—in really good society—the great landscape painter of England forgot that he was poor.

We have often thought how humbled the English—to whom it was addressed—must have felt at the reproof of the French artist, Vernet, who hung one of Wilson's pictures in his own studio, and, when his productions were praised or purchased, would say, 'Do not talk only of my landscapes, when your own countryman Wilson paints so beautifully.' But his generous praise fell on deaf ears. The English painter was as much neglected in his native land as he had been before his six years' residence abroad,

and as his age increased his hopes decayed ; the distinguishing letters R.A. after his name did him little service—brought him at least but little profit, although upon his small stipend as Librarian of the Royal Academy, he was compelled to count for daily bread.

Talk of his being morose in his manners ! Alas ! alas ! neglect and injustice corrode the finest polish ; the storm and the frost will not ripen our fruits, nor can we expect to gather wheat where we sow tares. The only wonder is, that such bitter neglect did not produce a more splenetic and ill-conditioned mind and conduct. It is most unjust and unnatural to require the silken manners of a court from a storm-beaten man, who, instead of studying points of etiquette, has been buffeting with starvation—drawing a small coin from its concealment and replacing it again, despite the cravings of hunger, lest when it was gone, he should be absolutely and entirely penniless in a cold world.

It requires a strong heart to bear up against the misrepresentations and misconceptions that await the man of genius, even under the most propitious circumstances ; but, when neglect is the herald of want, then indeed, the heart must be of iron that remains steadfast in its loneliness—sustained by what ? By the certain, the almost instinctive assurance, that a time *must* come when a name will be heard among the nations, though, in its narrow home, the framework of the mighty mind has mouldered to dust.

But Wilson had faith in himself ; his cup of misery would otherwise, perhaps, have overflowed long before the death of an elder brother placed him beyond the reach of want.

The landmarks of his London pilgrimage can hardly now be traced. Time, who ought to have guarded them all with jealous care, has erased them ; and although his final resting-place is known and honoured, the place of his birth is—strange to say—a subject for conjecture. His only biographer, Wright, informs us that he was the third son of a clergyman in Montgomeryshire, who, 'soon after the birth of our artist' was collated to the living of Mold, in Flintshire—a Welsh living, the income of which may have been forty pounds a-year. From the slender details connected with his early life, we learn that his parent had six sons and one daughter, who all died unwed ; and that the future landscape-

painter first drew figures with burnt stick on the walls, and for a long time fancied his vocation was to paint faces, not landscape. To his studies in portrait-painting may be traced the admirable character of the figures in many of his landscapes. These few facts comprise nearly all we know of his early days ;—tradition gives us no more. Passing over the intermediate time—the space between boyhood and old age, the village of

The House of Colomondie.

Llanverris supplies a proof how completely genius can make a small thing its own—how entirely it may immortalise that upon which its finger has been placed. In his youth, Wilson painted a sign for the rural inn—two grinning heads—with the motto, 'We three loggerheads be ;' the village hence received the name of 'Loggerheads,' it has since been known by no other. Close to it is the house of Colomondie, where,

after his accession to the property, which removed the painter from the necessity of labour, and the pains and anxieties of a residence in London, to the corn-fields and varied beauties of his boyhood's home, it is pleasant to think the pure breeze of his native mountains revived and cheered him, during the last few months of his lingering existence. He loved to wander—accompanied by a faithful dog—through this charming valley; and the peasant will point out Wilson's stone, and Wilson's trees; in the house is the bed on which he died, and in the churchyard of Mold,—close by the north door of the church—the bed wherein he was laid to rest. There are not many words upon his tomb, but they suffice.

The Tomb of Richard Wilson.

THE REMAINS OF RICHARD WILSON, Esq.
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTISTS,
Interred May 15th, 1782, aged 69,

THE HOUSE OF ANDREW MARVEL.

A FEW months ago we had been strolling about Palace-yard, and instinctively paused at No. 19, York-street, Westminster. It was evening; the lamplighters were running from post to post, but we could still see that the house was a plain house to look at, differing little from its associate dwellings; a common house, a house you would pass without a thought, unless the remembrance of thoughts that had been given to you from within the shelter of those plain, ordinary, walls, caused you to reflect; aye, and to thank God, who has left with you the memories and sympathies which elevate human nature. Here, while Latin secretary to the Protector, was JOHN MILTON to be found when 'at home;' and in his society, at times, were met, all the men who with their great originator, Cromwell, astonished Europe. Just think of those who entered that portal; think of them all if you can—statesmen and warriors; or, if you are really of a gentle spirit, think of two—but two; either of whom has left enough to engross your thoughts and fill your hearts. Think of JOHN MILTON and ANDREW MARVEL! think of the Protector of England, with two such secretaries!

Evening had deepened into night; busy hands were closing shutters, and drawing curtains, to exclude the dense fog that crept slowly and

silently, like an assassin, through the streets ; the pavement was clammy, and the carriages rushing through the mist, like huge-eyed misshapen spectres, proved how eager even the poor horses were to find shelter ; yet, for a long while, we stood on the steps of this building, and at length retraced our steps homeward. Our train of thought, although checked, was not changed, when seated by a comfortable fire. We took down a volume of Milton ; but 'Paradise Lost' was too sublime for the mood of the moment, and we 'got to thinking' of Andrew Marvel, and displaced a volume of Captain Edward Thompson's edition of his works ; and then it occurred to us to walk to Highgate, and once again enjoy the sight of his

Marvel's House. Front View.

quaint old cottage on the side of the hill just facing 'Cromwell House,' and next to that which once owned for its master the great Earl of Lauderdale.

We know nothing more invigorating than to breast the breeze up a hill, with a bright clear sky above, and the crisp ground under foot. The wind of March is as pure as champagne to a healthy constitution ; and let mountain men laugh as they will at Highgate-hill, it is no ordinary labour to go and look down upon London from its height.

Here then we are, once more, opposite the house where lived the satirist, the poet, the INCORRUPTIBLE PATRIOT.

It is a peculiar-looking dwelling, just such a one as you might well suppose the chosen of Andrew Marvel—exquisitely situated, enjoying abundant natural advantages, and yet altogether devoid of pretension; sufficiently beautiful for a poet, sufficiently humble for a patriot.

It is an unostentatious home, with simple gables and plain windows. In front are some old trees, and a convenient porch to the door, in which to sit and look forth upon the road, a few paces in advance of it. The front is of plaster, but the windows are modernised, and there are other alterations which the exigencies of tenancy have made necessary since Marvel's days.

The dwelling was evidently inhabited;—the curtains in the deep windows as white as they were when we visited it some years previous to the visit concerning which we now write, and the garden as neat as when, in those days, we asked permission to see the house, and were answered by an elderly servant, who took in our message, and an old gentleman came into the hall, invited us in, and presented us to his wife, a lady of more than middle age, and of that species of beauty depending upon expression, which it is not in the power of time to wither, because it is of the spirit rather than the flesh; and we also remembered a green parrot, in a fine cage, that talked a great deal, and was the only thing which seemed out of place in the house. We had been treated with much courtesy; and, emboldened by the memory of that kindness, we now ascended the stone steps, unlatched the little gate, and knocked.

Again we were received courteously and kindly by the lady we had formerly seen; and again she blandly offered to show us the house. We went up a little winding stair, and into several neat, clean bed-rooms, where everything was so old-fashioned that you could fancy Andrew Marvel himself was still its master.

'Look out here,' said the old lady; 'here's a view! They say this was Andrew Marvel's writing closet when he wrote *sense;* but when he wrote *poetry* he used to sit below in his garden. I have heard there is a private way under the road to Cromwell House, opposite; but surely that could not be necessary. So good a man would not want to work in the dark; for

he was a true lover of his country, and a brave man. My husband used to say, the patriots of those times were not like the patriots now ;—that then they acted for their country,—now, they talk about it ! Alas ! the days are passed when you could tell an Englishman from every other man, even by his gait, keeping the middle of the road, and straight on, as one who knew himself, and made others know him. I am sure a party of round-heads, in their sober coats, high hats, and heavy boots, would have walked up Highgate-hill, to visit Master Andrew Marvel, with a different air from the young men of our own time,—or of their own time, I should say, —for *my* time is past, and *yours* is passing.'

That was quite true ; but there is no reason, we thought, why we should not look cheerfully towards the future, and pray that it may be a bright world for others, if not for ourselves ;—the greater our enjoyment in the contemplation of the happiness of our fellow-creatures, the nearer we approach to God.

It was too damp for the old lady to venture into the garden ; and sweet and gentle as she was, both in mind and manner, we were glad to be

Marvel's House. Back View.

alone. How pretty and peaceful the house looks from this spot. The snowdrops were quite up, and the yellow and purple tips of the crocuses

bursting through the ground in all directions. This, then, was the garden the poet loved so well, and to which he alludes so charmingly in his poem, where the nymph complains of the death of her fawn—

> 'I have a garden of my own,
> But so with roses overgrown,
> And lilies, that you would it guess
> To be a little wilderness.'

The garden seems in nothing changed; in fact, the entire appearance of the place is what it was in those glorious days, when inhabited by the truest genius and the most unflinching patriot that ever sprung from the sterling stuff that Englishmen were made of in those wonder-working times. The genius of Andrew Marvel was as varied as it was remarkable;—not only was he a tender and exquisite poet, but entitled to stand *facile princeps* as an incorruptible patriot, the best of controversialists, and the leading prose wit of England. We have always considered his as the first of the 'sprightly runnings' of that brilliant stream of wit, which will carry with it to the latest posterity the names of Swift, Steele, and Addison. Before Marvel's time to be witty was to be strained, forced, and conceited; from him—whose memory consecrates that cottage—wit came sparkling forth, untouched by baser matter. It was worthy of him; its main feature was an open clearness. Detraction or jealousy cast no stain upon it; he turned aside, in the midst of an exalted panegyric to Oliver Cromwell, to say the finest things that were ever said of Charles I.

The Patriot was the son of Mr. Andrew Marvel, minister and schoolmaster of Kingston-upon-Hull, where he was born in 1620; his father was also the lecturer of Trinity Church, in that town, and was celebrated as a learned and pious man. The son's abilities at an early age were remarkable, and his progress so great, that at the age of thirteen he was entered as a student of Trinity College, Cambridge: and it is said that the corporation of his natal town furnished him with the means of entering the college and prosecuting his studies there. His shrewd and inquiring mind attracted the attention of some of the Jesuit emissaries who were at this time lurking about the Universities, and sparing no pains to make proselytes. Marvel entered into disputations with them, and ultimately

fell so far into their power, that he consented to abandon the University and follow one of them to London. Like many other clever youths, he was inattentive to the mere drudgery of University attendance, and had been reprimanded in consequence ; this and the news of his escape from college reached his father's ears at Hull. That good and anxious parent followed him to London, and, after a considerable search, at last met with him in a bookseller's shop ; he argued with his son, as a prudent and sensible man should do, and prevailed on him to retrace his steps and return with him to college, where he applied to his studies with such good-will and continued assiduity, that he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1638. His father lived to see the fruits of his wise advice, but was only spared thus long, for he was unfortunately drowned in crossing the Humber, as he was attending the daughter of an intimate female friend, who, by this event becoming childless, sent for young Marvel, and by way of making all the return in her power, added considerably to his fortune.

This accession of wealth gave him an opportunity of travelling, and he journeyed through Holland, France, and Italy. While at Rome he wrote the first of those satirical poems which obtained him so much celebrity ; it was a satire on an English priest there, a wretched poetaster, named Flecknoe. From an early period of life Marvel appears to have despised conceit, or impertinence, and he found another chance to exhibit his powers of satire in the person of an ecclesiastic of Paris, one Joseph de Maniban, an abbot who pretended to understand the characters of those he had never seen, and to prognosticate their good or bad fortune from an inspection of their hand-writing. Marvel addressed a poem to him, which, if it did not effectually silence his pretensions, at all events exposed them fully to the thinking portions of the community.

Beneath Italian skies his immortal friendship with Milton seems to have commenced ; it was of rapid growth, but was soon firmly established : they were, in many ways, kindred spirits, and their hopes for the after destinies of England were alike. In 1653 Marvel returned to England, and during the eventful years that followed we can find no record of his strong and earnest thoughts, as they worked upwards into the arena of public life. One glorious fact we know, and all who honour virtue must feel its force,— that in an age when wealth was never wanting to the unscrupulous, Marvel,

a member of the popular and successful party, continued POOR. Many of those years he is certain to have passed—

'Under the destiny severe
Of Fairfax, and the starry Vere—'

in the humble capacity of tutor of languages to their daughters. It was most likely, during this period, that he inhabited the cottage at Highgate, opposite to the house in which lived part of the family of Cromwell, a house

Cromwell House.

upon which we shall remark presently. In 1657 he was introduced by Milton to Bradshaw. The precise words of the introduction run thus, 'I present to you Mr. Marvel, laying aside those jealousies and that emulation which mine own condition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor.' His connection with the State took place in 1657, when he became assistant secretary with Milton, in the service of the Protector. 'I never had,' says Marvel, 'any, not the remotest relation to

public matters, nor correspondence with the persons then predominant until the year 1657.'

After he had been some time fellow-secretary with Milton, even the thick-sighted burgesses of Hull perceived the merits of their townsman, and sent him as their representative into the House of Commons. We can imagine the delight he felt at escaping from the crowded and stormy Commons, to breathe the invigorating air of his favourite hill, to enjoy the society of his former pupils, now his friends; and to gather, in

'—— a garden of his own,'

the flowers that had solaced his leisure hours when he was comparatively unknown. But Cromwell died, Charles returned, and Marvel's energies sprung into arms at acts which, in accordance with his principles, he considered base, and derogatory to his country. His whole efforts were directed to the preservation of civil and religious liberty; in perpetual opposition to him, whom

"Virtue's nurse, adversity, in vain
Received, and fostered in her iron breast!"

It was but a short time previous to the Restoration that Marvel had been chosen by his native town to sit as its representative in Parliament. The Session began at Westminster in April 1660, and he acquitted himself so honourably that he was again chosen for the one which began in May 1661. Whether under Cromwell or Charles, he acted with such thorough honesty of purpose, and gave such satisfaction to his constituents, that they allowed him a handsome pension all the time he continued to represent them, which was till the day of his death. This was probably the last borough in England that paid a representative.* He seldom spoke in Parliament, but had much influence with the members of both Houses;

* The custom of paying members of the House of Commons for the loss of time and travelling expenses, was common in the seventeenth century; constituencies believed such equivalents necessary for the attention to their interests and wishes, which a Parliamentary agent was expected to give. In the old Corporation books of provincial towns are many entries for payments to Members of Parliament, and in some instances we find them petitioning to Government for disfranchisement, because they could not afford to pay the expenses of a member.

the spirited Earl of Devonshire called him friend, and Prince Rupert particularly paid the greatest regard to his councils; and whenever he voted according to the sentiments of Marvel, which he often did, it used to be said by the opposite party that 'he had been with his tutor.' Such certainly was the intimacy between the Prince and Marvel, that when he was obliged to abscond, to avoid falling a sacrifice to the indignation of those enemies among the governing party whom his satirical pen had irritated, the Prince frequently went to see him disguised as a private person.

The noted Doctor Samuel Parker published Bishop Bramhall's work, setting forth the rights of kings over the consciences of their subjects, and then came forth Marvel's witty and sarcastic poem, 'The Rehearsal Transprosed.' * And yet how brightly did the generosity of his noble nature shine forth at this very time, when he forsook his own wit in that very poem to praise the wit of Butler, his rival and political enemy. Fortune seems about this period to have dealt hardly with him. Even while his political satires rang through the very halls of the pampered and impure Charles, when they were roared forth in every tavern, shouted in the public streets, and attracted the most envied attention throughout England, their author was obliged to exchange the free air, apt type of the freedom which he loved, for a lodging in a court off the Strand, where, enduring unutterable temptations, flattered and threatened, he more than realised the stories of Roman virtue.

The poet Mason has made Marvel the hero of his 'Ode to Independence,' and thus alludes to his incorruptible integrity:—

> 'In awful Poverty his honest Muse
> Walks forth vindictive through a venal land;

* Marvel's first *exposé* of Parker's false logic was in 1672, in the poem named above, which was immediately answered by Parker, and re-answered by Marvel, who appears to have had some private threat sent him, as he says his pamphlet is occasioned by two letters; one the published 'Reproof' of him by Parker, in answer to his first attack; 'the second, left for me at a friend's house, dated November 3rd, 1673, subscribed J. G., and concluding with these words:—"If thou darest to print any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the Eternal—I will cut thy throat." This last reply of Marvel's, however, effectually silenced Parker: 'It not only humbled Parker, but the whole party,' says Burnet, for, 'from the king down to the tradesman, the book was read with pleasure.'

In vain Corruption sheds her golden dews,
In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand;
He scorns them both, and arm'd with Truth alone,
Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne.'

Marvel, by opposing the ministry and its measures, created himself many enemies,* and made himself very obnoxious to the government, yet Charles II. took great delight in his conversation, and tried all means to win him over to his side, but in vain; nothing being ever able to shake his resolution. There were many instances of his firmness in resisting the offers of the Court, in which he showed himself proof against all temptations.

We close our eyes upon this peaceful dwelling of the heroic senator, and imagine ourselves in the reign of the second Charles, threading our way into that 'court off the Strand' where Marvel ended his days. We enter the house, and climbing the stairs, even to the second floor, perceive the object of our warmest admiration. He is not alone, though there is no possibility of confounding the poet with the courtier. Andrew Marvel is plainly dressed, his figure is strong, and about the middle size, his countenance open, and his complexion of a ruddy cast; his eyes are of a soft hazel colour, mild, and steady; his eyebrows straight, and so flexible as to mould without an effort into a satirical curve, if such be the mind's desire; his mouth is close, and indicative of firmness, and his brown hair falls gracefully back from a full and noble forehead. He sits in an upright and determined manner upon an uneasy-looking high-backed

* No stronger satire could be penned than that descriptive of the Court of Charles, in the poem called 'Britannia and Raleigh:'

'A colony of French possess the Court,
Pimps, priests, buffoons, in privy chambers sport;
Such slimy monsters ne'er approach'd a throne
Since Pharaoh's days, nor so defil'd a crown;
In sacred ears tyrannick arts they croak,
Pervert his mind, and good intentions choak.'

But not only do the courtiers feel the lash, for when Raleigh implores Britannia to urge his duty on the king, and save him from the bad who surround him, she interrupts him with—

'Raleigh, no more! for long in vain I've tried
The Stuart from the tyrant to divide.'

chair. A somewhat long table intervenes between him and his visitor; one end of it is covered with a white cloth, and a dish of cold meat is flanked by a loaf of bread and a dark earthenware jug. On the opposite end is placed a bag of gold, beside which lies the richly-embroidered glove which the cavalier with whom he is conversing has flung off. There is a strange contrast in the attitude of the two men. Lord Danby lounges with the ease of a courtier and the grace of a gentleman upon a chair of as stiff and uncomfortable an appearance as that which is occupied after so upright a fashion by Andrew Marvel.

'I have answered you, my lord,' said the patriot, 'already. Methinks there need be no further parley on the subject; it is not my first temptation, though I most fervently desire it may be the last.'

The nobleman took up his glove and drew it on. 'I again pray you to consider,' he said, 'whether, if with us, the very usefulness you so much prize would not have a more extensive sphere. You would have larger means of being useful.'

'My lord, I should certainly have the means of tempting usefulness to forsake duty.'

The cavalier rose, but the displeasure that flushed his countenance soon faded before the serene and holy expression of Milton's friend.

'And are you so determined?' said his lordship, sorrowfully. 'Are you really so determined? A thousand English pounds are there, and thrice the sum—nay, anything you ask——'

'My lord! my lord!' interrupted Marvel, indignantly, 'this perseverance borders upon insult. Nay, my good lord, you do not so intend it, but your master does not understand me. Pray you, note this: two days ago that meat was hot; it has remained cold since, and there is enough still for to-morrow; and I am well content. A man so easily satisfied is not likely to exchange an approving conscience for dross like that!'

We pray God that the sin of Marvel's death did not rest with the great ones of those times; but it was strange and sudden.* He did not leave wherewith to bury the sheath of such a noble spirit, but his constituents

* 'Marvel died in 1678, in his fifty-eighth year, not without the strongest suspicions of having been poisoned; for he was always very temperate, and of an healthful and strong constitution to the last.'

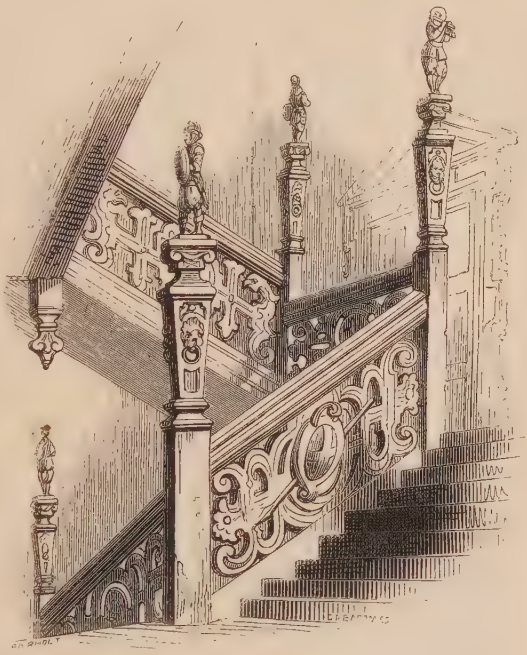
furnished forth a decent funeral, and would have erected a monument to his memory in the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where he was interred; but the rector, blinded by the dust of royalty to the merits of the man, refused the necessary permission. Marvel's name is remembered, though the rector's has been long forgotten.*

Wood tells us, that Marvel was in his conversation very modest, and of few words; and Cooke, the writer of his life, observes that he was very reserved among those whom he did not know, but a most delightful and improving companion among his friends. John Aubrey, who knew him personally, thus describes him: 'He was of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish cherry-cheeked, hazel-eyed, brown-haired.' He was (as Wood also says) in conversation very modest, and of a very few words. He was wont to say, that he would not drink high or freely with any one with whom he would not trust his life.

Marvel lived among friends at Highgate; exactly opposite to his door was the residence of General Ireton and his wife Bridget, the eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell; and which house still bears his name, and is described in 'Prickett's History of Highgate,' one of those local topographical works which deserve encouragement:—'Cromwell House is supposed to have been built by the Protector whose name it bears, about the year 1630, as a residence for General Ireton, who married his daughter and was one of the commanders of his army; it is, however, said to have been the residence of Oliver Cromwell himself, but no mention is made, either in history or in his biography, of his having ever lived at Highgate. Tradition states, there was a subterraneous passage from this house to the mansion house which stood where the New Church now stands, but of its reality no proof has hitherto been adduced. Cromwell House was evidently built and internally ornamented in accordance with the taste of its military occupant. The staircase, which is of handsome proportions, is richly decorated with oaken carved figures supposed to have been of persons in the general's army, in their costume; and the balustrades filled in with devices emblematical of warfare. On the ceilings of

* On the death of this rector, however, the monument and inscription were placed on the north wall of the church, near the spot where he is supposed to lie.

the drawing-room are the arms of General Ireton ; this and the ceilings of the other principal apartments are enriched in conformity with the fashion of those days. The proportion of the noble rooms, as well as the brick-work in front, well deserve the notice and study of the antiquarian and the architect. From the platform on the top of the mansion may be seen a perfect panorama of the surrounding country.'



Staircase.

The staircase above described is here engraved. It is a remarkably striking and elegant specimen of internal decoration, of broad and noble proportion, and of a solid and grand construction suitable to the time of its erection ; the wood-work of the house is everywhere equally bold and massive ; the door-cases of simple but good design. There are some ceilings in the first story which are in rich plaster-work, ornamented with the arms of Ireton ; and mouldings of fruit and flowers, of a sumptuous and bold enrichment. The house altogether has that pleasant and instructive air of antiquity, which, combining comfort with convenience, gives a peculiar character to houses of the olden time in England ; they exhibit a happy mingling of confidence with domestic tranquillity.

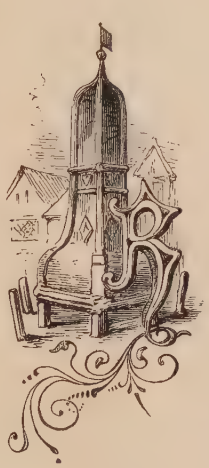
The series of figures which stand upon the newels of the staircase are all engraved on the succeeding page. There are ten remaining out of twelve,

the original number ; the missing two are said to have been figures of Cromwell and Ireton, destroyed at the Restoration. They stand about a

foot in height, and represent the different soldiers of the army from the fifer and drummer to the captain, and originally to the commanders. They

are curious for more reasons than one ; their locality, their truthfulness, their history, and the picture they help us to realise of the army of Cromwell are all so many claims on our attention.

THE TOMB OF JOHN STOW.



ARE *OLD* LONDON! We pass with a gaze of chilled astonishment along the interminable lines of neatly reddened or stuccoed houses which, like the web of the spider, cross, and fret, and disturb at every step. Truly, those who dwell in modern tenements must put great trust in Providence, for they can have none in brick and mortar. Such things! Puff! We fancy we could blow them down; they will never live long enough to tell a story; they grow *green*, not *grey*, with age; and when in a humour for 'substantials,' it is indeed a pleasure to get away from them into the city, where the dwellings of old times were built to endure, and where enduring memories hang around them. Of all the time-honoured names associated with the antiquities of London there is none in which we so much delight as that of JOHN STOW; we feel grateful for the hours passed with so much profit and pleasure in his society, in traversing with him the lanes, and streets, and alleys—visiting the old churches (least changed of all) and contemplating the beauty of the monuments contained therein. Much as we owe him for the storehouse of antiquarian riches he bequeathed to such as desire to learn from the past what may be expected from the future, we

owe still more to the earnest and honest *example* of the simple and single-minded old pilgrim, who was entirely devoid of all love of display, without ostentation, without an aim to achieve aught but TRUTH—which, next to his GOD, he worshipped; humble-minded as to himself, and desirous of means, not for the indulgence of luxury, but that he might finish what he had begun, in the fear of God, and to the Glory of the city of London.

The days we have spent in turning over his interesting survey of his favourite City* and Westminster, until the shades of evening reminded us that we had been, with what might be called (despite its present living multitudes), a city of the dead! None of those senseless ones who sneered at his occupation are abroad now, nor of those, near to him in blood, but far

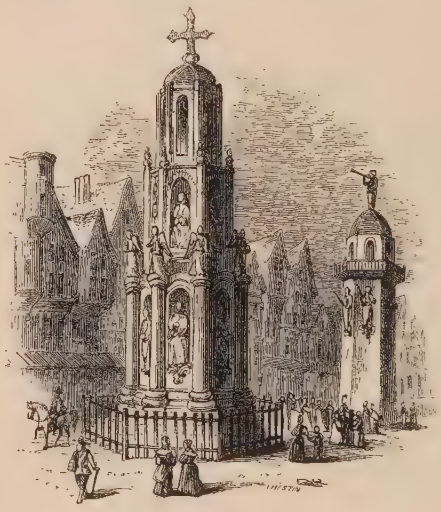
* The general aspect of the City of London from the bridge eastward to the Tower, may be seen in the annexed engraving, as it appeared in the year 1589. The principal feature is Old London Bridge, the only roadway at this time over the Thames between London and Southwark. This bridge was the especial glory of Londoners; and all the older writers speak of it in the most rapturous terms. In the edition of Abraham Ortelius's *Epitome of the Theatre of the Worlde*, published in London by James Shaw in 1603, its praises conclude the sum total of Great Britain's glories, when speaking of the 'Ancient and flourishing famous cittie of London, which, as wel for beautie, riches and trade, is not inferior, but equal with the best cities of Europe. The river of Thames is beautefied with statelye pallaces built on the side thereof, moreover a sumptuous bridge, sustayned upon nineteen arches with excellent and beauteous housen built thereon.' Times have indeed changed since this was written; when the nineteen arches were gloried in, which formed the strongest argument in our own time for its demolition. The fortified gate seen on the Southwark side of the bridge, was known as the Traitor's Gate; and above it were exhibited the heads of those who had suffered for treason: the reader will perceive several stuck upon poles above the eastern tower. Here it was that the head of Sir Thomas More was placed; and afterwards when about to be cast into the Thames, was purchased by his daughter Margaret Roper, and piously buried in a leaden case in the family vault in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury, where it still reposes. This entrance to London was defended by a portcullis and a draw-bridge beyond. The stack of houses beyond that formed a second Southwark gate and tower, which was finished in 1579, and it consisted of four circular turrets, connected by curtains and surmounted by battlements, containing a great number of transom casements; beneath was a broad covered passage, the building projecting considerably over each side of the bridge. It was a noble and ornamental structure, but the most splendid and curious building which adorned London Bridge at this time, was the famous Nonesuch House, so called because it was constructed in Holland, entirely of wood, and being brought over in pieces, was erected in this place with wooden pegs only, not a single nail being used in the whole fabric. It is the next building seen in our view with central and side towers, and was most elaborately carved and painted. For further information on this structure, we must refer the reader to Mr. Thomson's learned and curious volume, *The Chronicles of London Bridge.*

from him in heart, who disturbed him day and night with unfounded accusations—nor of those young buoyant spirits who cried aloud in the streets, or made rare sport, which joyed the old man's heart to hear, though it might break his meditations. Did we not say, truly, that we were wandering through a city of the dead? How have we gone over, thought by thought, the traits given in these cumbrous volumes of the olden time! The curious memory of Smithfield, originally Smoothefield, 'both in name

Old London Bridge.

and deed' 'where, save on Holy Fridays,' earls, barons, knights, and citizens repaired to see or buy ambling horses, pacing it delicately; or trotters, fit for men-at-arms, riding more hardily; or boys racing one horse against another, with a desire of victory or a hope of praise. And old Stow loved well to quote whatever redounded to the honour of his glorious city. Thus, from old Fitz-Stephen, he gives his eulogy thereon—'*Ancienter* than Rome, built by the ancient Trojans and by Brute, before that was built by Romulus and Remus, and, therefore, useth the ancient customs of Rome. This city, even as Rome, is divided into wards. It hath,' he continues, glowing with enthusiasm, 'it hath yearly sheriffs instead of consuls; it hath the dignity of senators in aldermen; it hath under-officers;

common sewers and conduits in streets : according to the quality of causes, it hath general courts, and assemblies upon appointed days. I do not think there is any city wherein are better customs.'* And then, after enumerating their customs, he continues, 'The only plagues of London are immoderate quaffing among the foolish sort, and often casualties by fire.' How pleasantly does Stow enumerate the changes which had taken place since the Chronicle was written, and which he considers improvements. He tells us how 'the skinners dwell in Budge Row, instead of in St. Mary Pollipers ; how 'the vintners have moved from the Vine Tree into divers places ;' but that 'the brewers, for the most part, remain near to the friendly waters of the Thames ;' how 'the poulterers have gone from the Poultry, between the stocks and the great conduit in the Cheap,† into Grass Street and St. Nicholas' Shambles ;' 'and the Paternoster bead-makers and text-writers are gone out of Paternoster Row, and are called stationers of



Cheapside Cross.

* The elder London antiquaries were true men, hearty lovers of their city, proud of it as the focus of England's greatness. Their enthusiasm is pleasant to read. Stow never let slip a chance of lauding his London ; and William Camden, in his *Remaines*, did the same by his native country generally. His hearty, sterling English feeling makes him speak of his countrymen as 'this warlike, victorious, stiff, stout and vigorous nation ;' of his country as 'walled and guarded by the sea, with safe havens, so that it may be termed *the lady of the sea* ;' of the air as 'most temperate and wholesome,' and of the language as a selection of the best qualities of all others, 'gathering the honey of their good qualities, and leaving the dregs to themselves. How then can the language, which consisteth of all these, sound other than full of sweetness ?'

† The Cheapside Cross and Conduit are exhibited above, from Le Serre's engraving, representing the entry into London of the queen mother Mary de Medicis to visit her

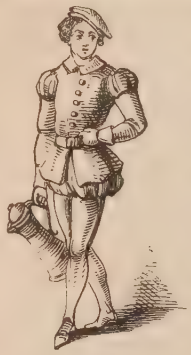
Paul's Churchyard ; ' also he says that ' the patten-makers of St. Margaret's Patten's Lane, are clean worn out.' And after much more information of the same sort, he comments upon the charge of ' immoderate quaffing ' and ' fire casualties,' and mourneth that quaffing is mightily increased, but adds that great preventives are used against fires ; of himself he complaineth of various faults, which excite a smile when the present state of the streets is considered, how that a number of cars and drays, carts and coaches, *inconvenience* the streets, and ' the coachman rides behind his horses ' tails, and looketh not behind himself ; ' and the drayman sleeps, and suffers his horse to carry him home, although, except on royal service, ' no *shod* ' carts should enter the precincts of the city.

We often close our eyes after the perusal of a particular passage, and recal the scenes so simply yet so graphically pictured by this most patient of historical antiquaries. We conjure up the gay presence of Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, who ' lodged,' with his six hundred men (whose red jackets were embroidered with ragged staffs before and behind), in Warwick-lane. *Beef-eaters* they might well be called, devouring ' six oxen at breakfast ! ' merry men ! ready to royster in the city, and prank gaily through the streets, to the great annoyance of the city fathers and the great delight of the mild and fair city maids, who however mild and fair, were, and are, ever more ready to prefer such scarlet-jacketed knaves to the more grave apprentices.* Or, in the reign of the Seventh Henry, we hear the bells of the nearest steeple ringing a sort of half joyous, half solemn peal, giving notice to the poor, that Richard Redman, the Bishop

daughter Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles I. The cross was destroyed on the 2nd of May 1643, under the pretence of its being papistical, by the fanatics who had begun their reign of gloom. A troop of horse and two companies of foot waited to guard those who demolished it, ' and at the fall of the top-cross drums beat, trumpets blew, and multitudes of caps were thrown in the air, and a great shout of people with joy. The 2nd of May the Almanack sayeth was the invention of the Cross, and the sixth day at night was the leaden pope's burn in the place where it stood, with ringing of bells and great acclamations, and no hurt done in all these actions.' The Conduit of West-cheap was built by John Wells, grocer, mayor in 1433, who caused fresh water to be conveyed from Tyburn to the conduit here for the service of the city. Water at this time was procured for home consumption at these conduits, to which apprentices and others were sent ; and the large water-pots in which it was carried home, form a curious feature in some of the old views surrounding the various conduits.

* The city apprentice of the days of Stow is delineated in the next page, with his water-jug

of Ely, was about to go forward! a man of holy and unbounded charity, maintaining great housekeeping, and *alms-dish*, and scores of those who could do no work, and yet caused the bells to tell of his progress, so that



the poor might come forth and receive each his largess at his hand, given with a sweetening and preserving blessing. And truly the people did pour forth abundantly to taste his charity. Our religious ancestors certainly excelled in this 'most excellent gift;' and it is no small merit to our City Historian that at the very name of charity, his heart seemed to open widely, as the rose opens its beauty to the sun. He quotes the statement of Venerable Bede, 'how that the prelates of his time, having peradventure but wooden churches had, notwithstanding, on their board at meals one *alms-dish*, into which was carved some good portion of meat out of every other dish brought on their table; all which was given to the poor, *besides the fragments left.*' The rare lesson thus conveyed being, not that the '*fragments*' only were given to the poor—we are all ready enough to cast the 'fragments' when our hunger or our taste is satisfied, to the poor or to the dogs, caring little which, inasmuch as, being no longer needed, they become unpleasant—but the lesson was to have, as Christ said we must have, '*the poor always with us*,' and thus to provide for them, carving into the alms-dish, in the first instance, a portion of whatever was provided for ourselves. To our mind this was a noble custom, a lesson of piety and Christian charity, a text, and a sermon. Surely this was rendering our

as he would go to the conduit on service of his master. The peculiarity of civic costume at this time was its plainness: the elders dressed in long furred gowns over their doublet and hose, the younger ones and apprentices were gownless; but all were distinguished by 'the city flat cap,' of which a cut is here given. These flat caps are the 'statute' alluded to by Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and they were so termed because they were enjoined by the statute of the fifteenth of Queen Elizabeth to be worn 'by all persons above the age of six years (except the nobility and some others) on sabbath days and holidays 'upon penalty of ten groats.' This was done 'in behalfe of the trade of cappers,' for it was also enjoined that each cap should be made of wool knit, thicked, and drest in England.

feasts a 'bond of love.' But, much as the Church was given to deeds of charity, there is ample proof in our chronicles that a love of feasting was time out of mind a characteristic of the worthy citizens of London. Their inordinate desire after the good things of this life was deemed necessary of retrenchment by an Act of Council, reprinted in 1680, that no 'maior or sheriff should have at their table any more than courses one, not to consist of more than six dishes!' And no banquet after dinner save 'ipocras and wafers!' It would be curious to know if this Act of Council *hath been repealed.* We should suppose it has, to judge from the long bills of dainty fare which we see announced in the daily journals on the annual accession of each city monarch.

His intense love of the city makes old John Stow an enthusiast in all that concerns it; each drop of the Thames glitters like a diamond in his eyes, and every pebble is a jewel; and yet, much as he honoured relics of all kinds, he honoured them only as types of greater things—as data to go from, as texts to preach upon. As we have said, the beauty of his character was truth, and in truth only was his strength; it was the care of his life to think, to act, to speak, to gather truth. He was neither an abstract historian, dealing only with principal events, nor was he a hunter after mere dust and ashes, bits and scraps, but a thinker and COMBINER, being himself the rare combination of an historian and an antiquary; minute in all small things, that tended to the illustration of great things, and, knowing that the universe is made up of atoms, deeming no atom of that universe beneath his notice. Every little detail of the Christmas and Easter pageants is given in his 'Survey,' with a zest of enjoyment at innocent pastimes; and the few words of introduction to his description of the May Games is redolent of the perfume of the hawthorn and wood-violet. No cold, dry, chipping antiquary, not even Jonathan Oldbuck, could write thus:—'In the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning every man (except impediment) would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds—*praising God in their kind!*'

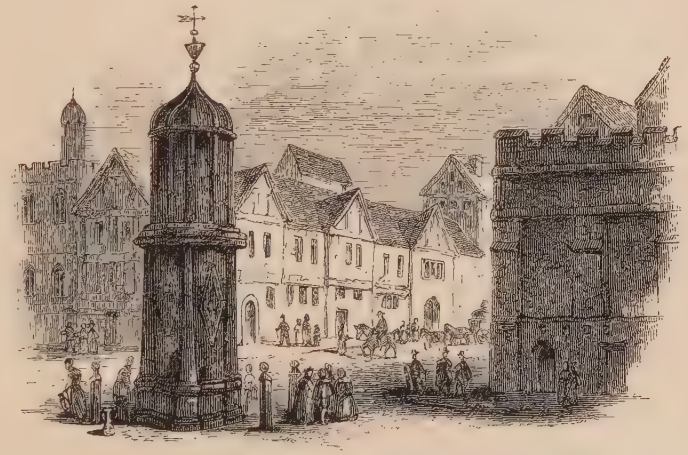
All through the history we note the same holy feeling, not thrust in, but the spontaneous growth of the good man's mind, even as fair flowers spring up amid the ruins of old Rome; for instance, in the chapter concerning

the Sports and Exercises, we have been delighted with picturing the bonfires according to his description :—'The wealthier sort, at Midsummer, setting out tables before their doors, illumined by the blaze of those sacred fires, and upon the tables placing stores of sweet bread and good drink, whereunto they would invite their neighbours and passengers also to sit and be merry with them, in great familiarity, *praising God for his benefits bestowed on them.* These were called *bonfires,* as well of good amity amongst neighbours, that, being before at controversie, were there, by the labour of others, reconciled, *and made of bitter enemies loving friends.*' But good Master Stow writes as if hearty reconciliation were the work of a moment. Such freedom of trust is sure evidence of a foolish or a noble mind ; and, of a truth, there was no folly in that of JOHN STOW.

Charles Knight calls Stow a 'trudger and trencher' in the field of London antiquities. and so he was ; but he did not confine himself—as we have already shown—to *mere* 'trudging and trenching :' while he investigated, he elevated, and his veneration for all that was ancient, fully accounts for the affection which there is no doubt he bore to the things and forms of a religion—whatever he might feel as to its spirit—which he lived to see overthrown and insulted by Henry and Elizabeth. John Stow was born, according to his biographer Strype, in 1525, a 'citizen of the citizens'—tradesmen of respectability dwelling upon Cornhill*—where it is fair to suppose John was born, though he is afterwards found residing near the pump at Aldgate, and finally in Lime-street ward, St. Andrew's parish. Strype quotes his *grand*-father's will, which is curious from its elaborate weakness and verbosity, particularly when contrasted with that of his mother, as remarkable for its concentration and strength. After noting that his body is to be buried in the little *green* churchyard of the parish church, at St. Michael's in Cornhill,* and calling himself 'citizen and

* The north-east view of Cornhill in the reign of Elizabeth, is engraved on the next page, with the pump or conduit formerly situated at the intersection of Gracechurch Street, Cornhill, Bishopsgate Street, and Leadenhall Street. To the spectator's right appear the walls of the church of St. Peter on Cornhill. The building with the double row of pointed windows to the left is the ancient Leaden Hall, built by Sir Simon Eyre, who was Lord Mayor in 1445, having been originally purchased by Sir Richard Whittington, and presented to the City. In 1534, it was designed to have been made a bourse or exchange, but the idea was abandoned. As early as 1523 there was a market for fish here ; and in 1533 another

tallow-chandler,' he bequeaths to the high altar of the aforesaid church for '*forgotten tithes* twelve pence, to Jesus' brotherhood twelve pence, to St. Christopher and St. George twelve pence ; also to the seven altars in the church aforesaid, in the worship of the seven sacraments every year, during three years twenty-pence ; five shillings, to have on every altar a watching candle—burning from six of the clock till it be past seven—in worship of the seven sacraments, and this candle shall begin to burn and to be set upon the altar from All-Hallowe'en day, 'till it be Candlemas day following, and *it shall be a watching candle of eight in the pound.*' The tallow-chandler



Cornhill. North-east View.

would have good weight ! He also bequeaths twenty-pence to the brotherhood of clerks 'to drink,' and his charity to the poor is by no means disinterested, for though he gives to a poor man and woman, every Sunday in one year, 'the sum of one penny,' it is to say 'five paternosters and aves, and a creed,' for the repose of his soul, so that he had more of a trader's

for butcher's meat, with the understanding that the charges for all sold there was not to exceed 'one halfpenny a pound for beef, and one farthing extra for mutton.' Leadenhall itself was considered as the chief garner for corn in the City, under the management of the mayor. Stow says that Roger Acheley, mayor in 1512, 'kept the market so well, that he would be at the Leaden Hall by four o'clock in the summer's mornings, and from thence he went to the other markets, to the great comfort of the citizens.'

spirit than descended to his grandson: the whole of the items are in accordance with his belief that the prayers of the living can rescue the souls of the dead; and the wonder hath always been, not that the Church, we mean the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, receive so much from their flocks, but that they receive so little; for who with such belief would not give all their worldly goods to secure their own salvation? Either John Stow's mother was of a different faith from her husband's father, or she had imbibed the spirit that was purifying the sacrifice; she bequeathed her body to be buried by her husband's, in the same parish, allowing a proportion to bury her decently, 'ten shillings to drink withal, after her funeral,' an unconditional and unrequited gift to the poor of 'five shillings,' and these pious and trusting words of the belief in free redemption:—

'I bequeath my soul unto Almighty God, my Maker and Creator; and to his only Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, my only Saviour and Redeemer; with the Holy Ghost, and into the fellowship of the holy host of Heaven.'

Whether he followed his family's occupation or not, has been a matter of grave debate. It is now ascertained that he pursued the trade of a tailor,* which it is very clear he exercised in the early part of his life, from

* Grindall, in his report to the Privy Council, after they ordered his house to be topsy-turvied to search for treasonable books, calls him 'Stow, the tailor.' The old hall of the Tailors is engraved in the next page, from a drawing by William Goodman in 1599. Pennant says, 'At the extremity of Threadneedle Street appears the origin of its name in Merchant Taylors' Hall at the period when they were called "Taylors, and Linen Armourers," under which title they were incorporated in 1280; and by Henry VII. by that of the "Art and Mystery of Merchant Taylors." To the right is seen the hall with its louvre, some time belonging to "a worshipful gentleman, named Edmond Creeping." The lower buildings in the centre are the alms-houses belonging to the Company. The building occupied a considerable space, with gardens behind reaching to Cornhill. The interior of the hall was adorned with costly tapestry, or arras, representing the life of the patron saint of the Company, St. John the Baptist; it had also a screen supporting a silver image of that saint, in a tabernacle of carved work. The windows were painted with the armorial bearings belonging to the chief members of the Company; it was decorated also with flags and streamers, and, when filled with tables, the floor strewn with rushes, and the board covered on festive occasions, must have been "a glorious scene." The Company had much plate of a valuable kind, and after the great fire of London had destroyed their hall, the melted metal of this kind alone weighed 200 pounds. The Company was especially honoured by the great number of the nobility enrolled as members; and they possessed a chamber expressly devoted to the king when he visited the City, which was furnished in a costly manner, having a gallery over it, and bow-windows looking into the gardens. Rushes were discarded in this room as early as the reign of Elizabeth,

the record of a quarrel he had with a certain man named Ditcher, whose wife appears to have deserved the ducking-stool as an arrant shrew. Imagine her coming in her fly-cap, her hair (it must have been of shrewish red) combed back, her elbows stuck out from her grey jacket that was pinched in over her thin waist, her lips tremulous with passion, her voice 'cutting keen'—there she stands, over against the stall, which Stow, mild

Tailors' Hall.

and gentle, and prudent, had very wisely, hearing the clangor of her approach, deserted—there she stands, railing and abusing the worthy citizen, his wife and daughters; and the longer she rails the fiercer she becomes, not on account of the irritation caused by reply, but the more stinging irritation produced by silence; and then home she goes, and with much railing and wicked tears excites her husband to a breach of the peace. Now her husband, William Ditcher, was, we take it, a small man; and John Stow was 'tall of stature, lean of body and face, with small crystalline

and "a large Persia carpet" purchased to cover it, and in 1601 so large a sum as £50 was spent on a new carpet, which was, in 1618, superseded by one of needlework. James I.; Charles I. and his queen; and James II. were all accommodated here during their visits to the City, when the company spared no expense in entertaining them.'

eyes, of a pleasant and cheerful countenance, sober, mild, and courteous : ' yet did she so upbraid and goad her husband, that the little Ditcher, watching his opportunity, ' leaped (as Stow deposed) into his face, and that he feared he would have digged out his eyes, and was pulled off by the neighbours : and also threw tile-shreds and stones at Stow's apprentice, *till he was driven from off the stall at his work ;* and coming again to John's stall, the irate Ditcher vowed if he could catch that same apprentice, he would cart him, and swore he would accuse him to have killed the man at the Mile's end, in Whitsun week,' &c. &c. This quarrel, which is so petty and insignificant, that we could wager it originated all along with the women of the family—sprang from some jealousy touching the finery of Stow's three daughters, who, having ' good services,' came jauntily home a' Sundays, and threw, by gay breast-knots and smart hoods, the less smart finery of fiery Mistress Ditcher into contempt. This quarrel, we say, shows our historian's bland and gentle nature to great advantage. He was no brawler did not return railing for railing, and would not have noticed all this evil talk, but for the preservation of the characters of his wife and daughters, which this family most falsely assailed ; and the breeze was but the forerunner of a storm of slander which followed the after career of the venerable man, who delighted so in his city's celebrity. One other anecdote only we will relate, as picturing the power held and exercised by the great in those ' good old times ; ' and we tell it the more readily as it sets forth the generous nature and just mind of John Stow.

Where now the hall of the Drapers' Company stands, stood formerly a palace, built on the site of a number of old and small tenements by Sir Thomas Cromwell, who was afterwards Lord Cromwell and Earl of Essex. One could almost fancy that a certain portion, and a very considerable one, of tyranny attached itself to that name, so omnipresent in England even to this day. ' Sir Thomas Cromwell's house being finished,' says honest John, in his description of Bread Street Ward, ' and having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden, he (Cromwell) caused the palings of the adjoining gardens to the north part thereof on a sudden to be taken down, twenty-two foot to be measured forth, right into the north of every man's ground, a line there to be drawn, a trench to be cast, a foundation laid, and an high wall to be builded. My father had a garden there,' he

continues, 'and there was a house standing close to his south pale; this house they loosed from the ground, and bare upon rollers into my father's garden twenty-two foot, *ere my father heard of it.* No warning was given him, nor other answer, when he spake to the surveyors of that work, but that their master, Sir Thomas, commanded them to do so! *No man durst go to argue the matter*, but *each man lost his land*, and *my father paid* his *whole* rent (six and eightpence a year) for that *half* which was left.' This is strange enough. The petted minister of Henry the Eighth had no dread of removing his neighbour's landmark. We wonder what would be said if modern ministers were to make such an attempt! Certainly whatever we may think of old places, the 'old times' were not always the best. It is

Aldgate and its Neighbourhood.

also curious to know that the yearly value of a garden so situated in those days was just the sum which you are now obliged to pay for an attorney's letter! Stow's parting observation upon this act of unjustifiable tyranny is quaint and pointed. He says, 'Thus much of mine own knowledge I have thought good to note, that the sudden rising of some men causeth them to forget *themselves.*' This was a keen and cutting reproof to the son of the Putney blacksmith. And for all that, Sir Thomas Cromwell's injustice, gross as it was, did not force Stow to take a revenge which ordinary men would have taken—the revenge of silence as to his good deeds. Both are

long since dust and ashes. The wounded feelings of the antiquary trouble him no more, and the overleaping ambition of Cromwell led to the scaffold; yet Stow records his charity with right good will, and brings it forward when not called upon to do so, save by the right-minded justice of his honest nature. Mourning over the decay of public almsgiving, he says, 'I have oft seen, in that declining time of charity, at the Lord Cromwell's gate, at London, more than two hundred persons served twice every day with bread, meat, and drink sufficient.'

One of his bitterest foes, we should imagine, was a fanatic curate of St. Gatherine Cree, who has been known to leave his pulpit and preach from the boughs of a tree to the people. He is called 'Sir Stephen;' and when Stow lived over against Aldgate pump,* excited the honest citizens' bitter

* The portion of the old map of London in the reign of Elizabeth, in the preceding page, shows the district connected with Stow's life and residence. The church of St. Catherine Cree is seen to the spectator's left in the street running toward Aldgate. At the point where Fenchurch Street joins with it stands Aldgate pump, which is probably represented in the map, by the small building standing by itself opposite the point of the junction. These old city pumps and conduits were frequently very picturesque, and our initial letter represents one, the pump which formerly stood at the top of Bishopsgate Street, near the church of St. Mary Outwich. The house which Stow inhabited is certainly delineated among the rest in the view given, but it cannot now be identified. It will be seen that London was not at that time so closely built upon, and the houses had gardens attached to them. The city walls and bastions existed for its defence, and Aldgate (so called Stow says because it was one of the oldest of the city gates) has quite a fortified look; and in the old time had seen some sharp conflicts. The ditch beyond the walls which gives its name to *Houndsditch* will be observed, and the detached houses and gardens which bordered on London, and in which the citizens would disport themselves with buckler-play, foot-ball, and shooting at butts in the long summer evenings, when all were enjoined by law to 'draw a good bow and shoot a long shot.'

Aldgate.

Aldgate, as it appeared previous to its demolition in 1760, is also given above.

indignation, by causing to be hanged, by his false misrepresentation of simple words, the bailiff of Rumford—'a man well beloved.' He was executed upon the pavement by Stow's door, there being at the time much disturbance 'of the Commons' in 'Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and other shires.'

It was not until the year 1560, that Stow addressed his 'cares and cogitations' to the compilation of his mighty chronicle, which was at first published in a small volume. It was then, to use his own words, that he consecrated himself 'to the search of our famous antiquities.' It was, indeed, a consecration to labour, and poverty, and evil report—the latter only for a time. There were literary pirates in those days, as well as in our own—miserable thieves, who pick brains when they *dare* not pick pockets. And such Stow found Grafton to be.* Our only astonishment is, that he treats him so mercifully, particularly when we consider the truthfulness of his own nature, and the extreme sensibility of his temper, which made him most painfully alive to things that might be considered nothings to other men. He was also subjected to the visits of government officers, who believed him to be an 'admirer of antiquity in religion as well as in history.' They sadly disturbed his books and shelves, making a rare dust, and yet finding nought beyond some books and tracts with odd names. But this investigation, out of which he came purer than ever, planted an arrow in his heart that rankled and festered therein until his death. 'The false servant,' as Strype calls him, who perjured his soul to destroy the antiquary, was his own brother! Sad, sad it is, that this should so have been: it is impossible to conceive the bitter anguish such a discovery must have produced on such a mind. He alludes to it frequently and painfully; all other ills fade before it; all other wrongs are forgotten in this great one; it was as scarlet before his eyes until the day of his death. One of his marginal notes on this painful subject is singularly strong and expressive,

* Richard Grafton had published a rival Chronicle of England, in which, as Stow says, 'he had set his mark on another man's vessel,' merely compiling from easily accessible materials, and had not, like Stow, searched in untrodden grounds. He indignantly styles his book, in allusion to his name, the 'noise of empty *tonnes* and unfruitful *graffes*.' To this Grafton replied by terming Stow's labours 'lyes foolishly *stowed* together.' The folly of literary squabbles is shown by posterity—Grafton is forgotten, but Stow is ever remembered.

and shows how bitterly he could feel upon a matter, which his own purity and simplicity of heart taught him to abhor: 'the ungrateful backbiter slayeth three at once—himself by his own malice, him that crediteth his false tales, and him that he backbiteth.'

He continued his labours despite every obstacle that malevolence and poverty threw in his way—studiously and fearlessly enduring and hoping all things. The charity he was so ready to defend ought not to have suffered him to want; and yet he found none to do for him what he had recommended others to perform in their charities. He advised all, then, to make their hands their executors, and their eyes their overseers; and yet the wealthy company of Merchant Taylors to which he belonged, and whom he once petitioned as to his distress, suffered the good old man to pine in comparative want,* when he was in the eightieth year of his age; and they could not say they knew it not, for Stow also memorialised king James, and the king—base craven to all kingly greatness that he was!—gave—what?—a home?—a pension gilded with kind words? Not so; he gave him a privilege!—he gave him permission—TO BEG! We saw this fact printed in the *Chronicle*, and deemed it a libel upon the memory of any that had worn our royal English crown. We would not believe it, and so posted off to the British museum, hoping *not* to find what we sought—in the

* The Company had done something for Stow, but not commensurate with his wants or his services. Herbert, in his 'History of the Twelve great Livery Companies of London,' notices an entry in the books of the Merchant Taylors' Company, dated July 5, 1592, which supplies some hitherto unknown particulars of our antiquary. The first entry acquaints us with John Stow's having 'presented to this house his books entitled "Annals, &c., being a Brief Chronicle of English History;"' and that the Court in consequence settled on him an annuity of 4*l.* per annum. An after entry states this 4*l.* annuity to have been raised to 6*l.* and subsequently to 10*l.* on the motion of Mr. Dove, one of the assistants and a worthy benefactor to the Merchant Taylors' Company. So that this valuable man's services to society were not altogether so ill rewarded as has been stated. Stow's 'Annals or General Chronicle,' as afterwards enlarged by Hawes, was again presented to the Company by the latter in 1614, who, it is not improbable from that circumstance, was also a member of the Company. The Merchant Taylors' Company has the further honour of having restored John Stow's monument in St. Andrew Undershaft Church. This has been a work of the last few years, previously to which time it was always considered to have been a painted effigy in terra-cotta, which represented the 'bodily semblance of the worthy John Stow.' It is, however, of stone, and a worthily executed and tasteful memorial of one of the most enthusiastic and honest of antiquaries, who have devoted themselves to the history of our Metropolis and the great men, or great deeds which have made it honourably famous.

Harleian collection. Yet here is a true copy, from the original, there extracted :—

'James, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all our well-beloved subjects, greeting:

'Whereas our loving subject, John Stowe (a very aged and worthy member of our city of London), this five and forty yeeres hath to his great charge, and with neglect of his ordinary meanes of maintenance (for the generall good as well of posteritie, as of the present age) compiled and published diverse necessary bookes and chronicles; therefore we in recompense of these his painfull labours, and for encouragement to the like, have in our royall inclination been pleased to grant our Letters Patents under our great Seale of England, dated Eighth of March, 1603, thereby authorising him, the sayd John Stowe, and his deputies, to collect amongst our loving subjects theyr voluntary contribution and kinde gratuities, as by the sayd Letters Patents more at large may appeare. Now seeing that our sayd Patents (being but one in themselves) cannot be shewed forth in divers places or parishes at once (as the occasions of his speedy putting them in execution may require), we have therefore thought expedient, in this unusuall manner, to recommend his cause unto you, having already in our owne person and of our speciall grace, begun the largesse,* for the example of others.

'Given at our palace at Westminster.'

How exceedingly touching, knowing this, are the brief words he speaks of the labours and hardships through which he had to make his way. 'It hath cost me,' he says, 'many a weary mile's travel, many a hard-earned penny and pound, and many a cold winter night's study.' How keenly will this be felt by all who seek by the labour of their fragile pen to earn a subsistence! how little thanks they receive for the pleasure they bestow, or the knowledge they impart! The sympathies they enlist are for the sorrows of others, not their own; and if they complain, or tremblingly put forth some claim to the aid and help of the wealthy and the great, they are either neglected or reproached with improvidence—as if they ever had more than they needed from year to year, or, it may be, day to day! Charles Knight supposes that Stow, 'who had long shown how secondary outward circumstances were, in his regard, and who felt that his poverty did him no dishonour, probably kept up his heart under the state of mendicancy to which he was reduced,' and also adds an anecdote, for which he deserves thanks. Once, long before the poverty of Stow was anticipated,

* There is no account of this 'largesse;' it is more than probable that it was never given. The date of the letters patent cited in this document is March 8, 1603. Stow was then verging on eighty years of age.

or the despicable meanness and shameful heartlessness of James established beyond dispute by his own sign manual, Ben Jonson told his friend Drummond of Hawthornden that he and Stow walking together, met two lame beggars; when Stow, as if with some half-presentiment of how he was to end his days, gaily asked them 'What they would have to take him to their order?'

With a weary heart must he have often trodden Cornhill and looked upon the wealthy merchant men who thronged Gresham's Exchange;

Entrance to the Exchange, Cornhill.

conscious of having done his work nobly as the historian of their great city, yet unrewarded and unrecognised amid the throng, intent then, as now, on their own aggrandisement.*

* The curious view of Cornhill above engraved, forms the background to one of Hollar's large figures exhibiting female costume, dated 1643. It gives, with all the faithful minutiæ of this artist, the aspect of this principal London thoroughfare with its shops; and it shows the entrance to Gresham's Exchange, with the square tower, which forms so conspicuous an object in old views of the interior. Opposite to this, in the centre of the roadway, stands the conduit known as 'the Tun,' which was constructed in 1282 'by Henry Walles, mayor of London, to be a prison for night-walkers and other suspicious persons, and was called the Tun upon Cornhill, because the same was built somewhat in the fashion of a tun standing on one end.'

Those who would know farther particulars concerning this venerable man—who hath drawn unto himself the highest honour the heart can give—must peruse his works, which contain the rare merit of being himself, and as such are better than any biography. It is a sad pity that his history of England has been lost; and the greater content we have with what he hath himself written, the greater regret we feel that we have not more. Our pilgrimage to his monument was quickly performed—and luckily; for a very quiet, patient sort of woman was cleaning the vestry; she seemed much pleased by the admiration we expressed for the beauty and antiquity of the church, and assured us that many came to see the monuments,

Church of St Andrew Undershaft.

especially that of 'Master Stow.' She kept herself busied so as to have an eye to our movements, and yet was not in the least obtrusive. But first let us explain what Stow explained to us—that this church was called

So says honest John Stow, who adds, that in 1401 it was made into a cistern 'for sweet water conveyed by pipes of lead from Tiborne, and was from thence called the Conduit upon Cornhill.' The well was planked over, and a strong cage for prisoners constructed upon it with stocks; and on the top of the cage a pillory for bakers who gave short weight, scolds and other offenders.

St. Andrew's *under shaft*, because that, in old time, in every year, in May-day in the morning, a long shaft, or May-pole, was set up there in the midst of the street, before the south door of the church, which, when fixed in the ground, was higher than the steeple. Hence the name St. Andrew *under*, below, the shaft. Chaucer* hath assisted to immortalise the said shaft—

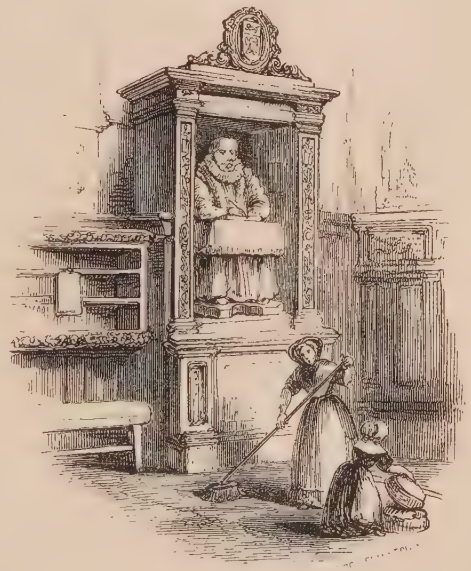
> 'As ye would beare
> The great SHAFT of Cornehill."

We could tell you the history of its downfal, but our mind is with the monuments, and the church *within*, rather than the riots of 'Evil May-day,' and the destruction that followed *without*.† It is truly a beautiful church. There is a curious communion or baptismal table, and railing, as you enter at first, and a noble screen bordered with fine carving; a window of painted glass, very beautiful in colour and execution. Stow speaks of the liberal donations and great charities of the inhabitants of this parish: and for the first time for some years, in reply to our question concerning its present state, we were told that 'it had hardly any poor;'—of course in comparison with others. We were glad to hear this of the parish in which the remains of this good old pilgrim mouldered. There are a great many curious monuments and tablets in the church; two, particularly, within the communion-table; that on the right must have been richly inlaid with brass, but has been shamefully defaced. The woman, wearied perhaps with our questions, yet pleased a little with the interest we took in what she respected, opened a long chest that contains many old and valuable books, which, standing all the time close by our side, she permitted us to inspect. One we were greatly delighted to see—

* This passage is not to be found in Chaucer's published works, but was quoted by Stow from a MS. now lost.

† The riot of city apprentices on the 1st of May, 1517, which ended in a general onslaught against all foreigners, made stringent rules necessary for their turbulence, and May-Games were for a time forbidden. From that time this famous May-pole was hung upon hooks over the doors of the neighbouring houses, until a fanatical sermon was preached against it in the reign of Edward VI., which so inflamed the citizens, 'that, after eating a hearty dinner to strengthen themselves, every owner of such house over which the shaft hung, with assistance of each other, sawed off as much of it as hung over his premises; each took his share, and committed to the flames the tremendous idol.'—*Pennant.*

an old folio edition of the Answer to Harding's Reply to Bishop Jewel's Apology. It is bound and studded with steel entirely deprived of its brightness, and a long and strong chain is attached thereto, which, the woman assured us, 'was solid gold, used for marking the book!' There are many other volumes of much value in that chest, and we wish they were carefully seen to, and repaired, where age and insects have worn and eaten the leaves. They are without doubt the remains of what Stow makes honourable mention of:—'At the lower end of the north aisle,' he says, 'is a wainscoat press, full of good books, the works of many learned and reverend divines, offering at seasonable and convenient times the benefit of reading, to any that shall be as ready to embrace it, as they and their maintainers to impart it.' When we thought of this, we pondered over the precious volumes the more; and would have certainly seen all contained in the chest, had not our watchful friend observed that, 'though we had come to see Master Stow's monument, we had not yet looked at it;' and she did not comprehend our feelings in the least when we told her, that if we had seen it first, we should have seen nothing else. She also informed us how that, some years ago, one of the churchwardens being a house-painter, painted the carved screen, and pulpit, and organ-loft, with 'oak-paint;' and Master Stow's monument with 'white paint,' and that the gentlemen ever since have had much work to get it off. If he had been a tinman, we suppose he would have



Stow's Monument.

coated them all with tin! Oh, the wickedness of the world! We wonder he did not repaint the twelve apostles!

At last we approached the old pilgrim's tomb. We felt as if in the presence of a shrine, and prostrated our hearts before it. There is something inexpressibly holy and happy in the figure of the venerable man: unlike all other monuments, not being marble, it has not a cold and chilling aspect. It was a long time reported to be made of terra-cotta; but, as it was covered with paint, some of the warm tints of the stone beneath where the paint had been destroyed led to the mistake. It has the smooth, stained, and shining (we had almost said *warm*) look of very old ivory, and no design could better express the character of the historian. He is seated at his table, writing; there is an old swan-quill in his hand. Notwithstanding that the bridge of his nose has been carried away by some rude assault, the full-orbed brow and the concentrated yet benevolent mouth are at once intellectual and amiable. We have seen no engraving that conveys this peculiar expression. There is a clasped book, of the same character as those we had been just inspecting, at either side of the little den in which he sits, and the inscription is simple and beautiful. It is in Latin, but may be translated—

'Sacred to the Memory.

'Here JOHN STOW, citizen of LONDON, awaits the resurrection in CHRIST, who, having exercised very accurate diligence in investigating ancient records, wrote, in a luminous manner, Annals of England, and a Concise History of the City of London; deserving well of his own, well of every future age. Continuing through life with piety, and gradually and happily retiring from it, he died in the 80th year of his age, on the 6th day of April, 1605.

'Elizabeth, his wife, as a perpetual testimony of her love, grieving.'

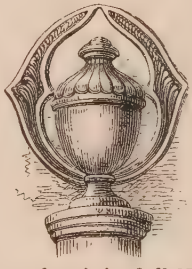
This quiet record of his old wife's love is not the less moving because of its simplicity.

And there rests JOHN STOW;—and there, of all other places, would we have him rest; for though there were thorns in his worldly career, HERE all is as he, if living, would desire—he is in the heart of his beloved city. If anything could be heard in his narrow resting-place, the peals of its thousand bells would wake him before the day of final doom. The parish in which he sleeps is immortalised, by the charities he loved and preserved, from the pangs of starvation which have gnawed the very vitals of our

enduring people. Strangely enough, beside his tomb are the shelves which, Sunday after Sunday, are piled with bread and money for the widow and the orphan ; nay, the very scales are there, to tell the justice of the weights. Right opposite the monument is the pure font he mentions, though its carved cover, one of the most exquisite, both in elegant design and execution, we ever saw, is not noted in his 'Chronicle;' but there it is—blessed to receive, and, in receiving, blessing, the younglings of Christ's flock. Surely he would rejoice to behold the infant citizens received into Holy Church! There he lies among those he loved—the most honoured of those he delighted to honour—THE ONE JOHN STOW!

Let no one sneer at the toils of the antiquary ; for his labours are pregnant with instruction, and he has enjoyments peculiarly his own ; his enthusiasm may not be at all times intelligible, but out of it proceeds enlightenment to thousands: he may work like the mole—often in darkness and underground—but that which he brings to the surface is fruitful and good. How many pleasures do we owe him: for how much of instruction are we his debtors, bringing together the present and the past—illustrating history by proofs surer than hosts of witnesses! Rarely is the antiquary other than the advocate and ally of virtue; it is the gentle and generous only who seek intercourse and intimacy with the dead and the forgotten.

THE HEART OF SIR NICHOLAS CRISPE.



F many sad pages in the history of our own age, there is one, at least, that has reference to our own locality—at Old Brompton. We had been reading some matters connected with the modern story of Brandenburgh House, and determined to pay it a visit: yet, as will be seen, our pilgrimage was extended to a distance somewhat further off. It was a day in early Spring; it is pleasant to remember it in dull November as a day that must come again to many.

The day was sharp, but clear; a day that stimulates to exercise and repays it. Away we went, hardly pausing to think, until we found ourselves where the two roads branch off at Brompton—one leading to Hammersmith, through the Fulham Fields; the other to Fulham; both roads bordering the 'Market Gardens' of the Metropolis. Of course we preferred the one through a region little known; where we have heard nightingales sing within a mile and a quarter of London, and have rambled for hours amid cherry and apple orchards, while our eyes wearied over acres of lettuce, asparagus, and cauliflowers, and the sunbeams danced above fields of square and bell-glasses which protected the young plants of the pungent cucumber. We passed along the grey and buttressed walls of the Old Brompton Road—on, until we found ourselves between the hedge-rows:—the little green buds were already beginning to crack the protecting bark, which, rugged as the friendship of a hearty friend,

sheltered them from the bitter blast. Stout labourers were about, their coats thrown off, and their white shirt-sleeves bearing ample testimony to the good housewifery of their humble homes. Carts were moving from the ample yard of the market-gardener: the master himself, lusty and full of life, and that which makes life lusty—hope—was abroad, calling to his men: it was pleasant to hear his jocund voice, and see his face, ruddy as one of his own beet-roots, and observe his sleek horses and stout lazy dogs basking in a bit of new-found sunshine, and to note the quiet face of his wife pressed against the diamond-paned window, glowing again with the brightness of her rosy ribbons; the children, doubtless, were at school, but their pets, the pigeons, were cooing on the bar of the dove-cote, perched against the gable of an old barn; and there was much cackling and crowing from the farm-yard. We peeped over the hedge into the garden, for we thought we heard the humming of bees; and there truly were three well-thatched hives, and some of the inhabitants whirling slowly round, or standing upon the hedge brushing their legs, one against the other, as if to restore circulation and fit themselves for exertion: one had rested on a snowdrop, and another was booming round a crocus, but they soon returned, and then crept snugly in, as if but half-awake.

A new cemetery has been consecrated along the road, just after we pass Earl,—or *Erles* court,—of which, perhaps, something hereafter. We paused at North End, but for a moment, and then called to mind the stories we had heard, how thousands, who died at the time of the great plague of London, were buried within those high, hard-looking, dull brick walls, near to Wentworth Cottage: they say no one has been bold enough to turn up the earth beyond a certain depth *for fear of letting the plague out;* and many are the tales of ghosts with shrouds and without.

More fields, more trees, more market-gardeners, but all bearing the same character: the spring, 'hourly expected,' and the English husbandman was prepared in time. We reached the spot at last: there stands the cottage in which Mrs. Billington some time resided, and here was the entrance to Brandenburgh House, now levelled with the bank of the 'flowery Thames,' on which it so proudly stood for such a number of years.*

* The vicissitudes of Brandenburgh House are worth noting; it was, according to Lysons, built by Sir Nicholas Crispe (who is said to have been the first inventor of the art of making

Unhappy Queen Caroline! What an extraordinary time was that in England! It was wonderful to see the crowds that flocked to cheer, encourage, and address her; and the more one party condemned, the more numerous became her friends. John Bull is a fine fellow at heart: if persons are oppressed, John immediately decks them out in all the virtues of the world. As long as an enthusiasm, so hard to awaken, is roused, and continues, John *will* see only one side of the question: the persecuted not only becomes, in his eyes, the most injured, but the most admirable, of human beings, without spot or blemish; and far from listening to the reason he so boasts of possessing, he will hearken to nothing, see nothing, that does not tally with his own imagination for the time. It was not the calm noiseless scene that it is now—you can hear a robin sing, or a leaf drop—when deputation upon deputation poured over those fields—when men of all classes, and women of all characters, congregated round her. Well, enough of this—the turmoil attending Queen Caroline's brief sojourn on the banks of the Thames is too feverish to give birth to healthful thoughts; and as far as the reminiscence of her period extends, we can have no regrets as to the pulling down of this once beautiful residence, rendered so beautiful, when it was in the possession of the late Margrave of Brandenburgh Anspach and Bayreuth, by whom its name was changed—from the jesting one given it by its once possessor, Bubb Dodington, 'La Trappe'—to 'Brandenburgh House.' The Margrave was one of those rare instances of

bricks as now practised) about the beginning of the reign of King Charles I., and the expense to have amounted to nearly 23,000*l*. The loyalty of Sir Nicholas was punished by the plunder of his house during the Civil War, and when the parliamentary army was stationed at Hammersmith in the beginning of August, 1647, Fairfax took up his quarters there, Sir Nicholas being then in France, to which country he retired when the king's affairs became desperate, and he could be of no further use. His estates became forfeit; but having submitted to a composition, he entered into the Guinea trade, and assisted Charles II. when in exile, with money, and greatly aided General Monk in his restoration. In his old age he resided peaceably at his mansion at Hammersmith, and dying there, the house was sold in 1683 by his nephew to Prince Rupert, who gave it to his Mistress, Margaret Hughes, a much admired actress in the reign of Charles II. She possessed it nearly ten years, when it passed through many hands, until George Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, obtained it in 1748, and he completely altered and modernised it. In 1792 it was purchased by the Margrave of Brandenburgh Anspach and Bayreuth, from whose occupancy it received the name of Brandenburgh House. Its last resident was the ill-starred Princess Caroline of Brunswick, wife of George IV., who died within its walls, soon after which it was razed to the ground.

the laying down of princely power in exchange for domestic English life. Soon after his marriage with the widow of Lord Craven, he resigned the government of his territorial inheritance to the King of Prussia, in consideration of an annuity, for the joint lives of himself and the Margravine, of 400,000 rix dollars. Doubtless he was clear-sighted enough to foresee the storm that was gathering over Europe, and deemed England the country of the greatest safety. How many have followed his example since! There used to be a few trees standing, said to have been planted by that eccentric courtier, George Bubb Dodington, who died Lord Melcombe,* and whom even Lord Orford confesses was treated with more severity than he deserved by Pope and Churchill. We may imagine he called his house 'La Trappe' by the rule of contraries: singular contrasts met within its walls during his lordship's life. Cumberland introduces him into his 'Memoirs,' Thomson inscribed to him one of his 'Seasons,' and Young addressed to him a satire. His magnificent estate in Dorsetshire was the frequent residence of poets and authors of the time. His flattery of Walpole was mean in the extreme, and was followed by a quarrel; while his political intrigues in after times, with both Pitt and Fox, did him no service. Lord Bute advanced him to the Peerage, and then—ay, then he died! Death's presence is always powerfully with us in these old memories.

The house upon whose site we stood was once the property of Prince Rupert; and therein the fierce prince, foregoing his fierceness, made love to a frail actress, Mistress Margaret Hughes, whom that delightfully

* This nobleman's original name was George Bubb, and he was the son of an apothecary in Dorsetshire, where he was born in 1691. He added the name of Dodington in compliment to his uncle George Dodington, Esq., who was one of the Lords of the Admiralty during the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and George I., whose large fortune he inherited. A whimsical story is related of him to the effect that when he achieved fortune, he considered the name of Bubb too short and insignificant for a man of his position, and anxiously asked a joker as to the best means of altering it, who exclaimed—'Oh, call yourself *silly-bubb*,' a name which afterwards stuck to him. His amount of mind seems to have consisted in a large share of worldly wisdom which enriched himself; a total want of conscience in political movements; and a safety-loving desire of being on friendly terms with literary men and satirists, that his faults and follies might be overlooked under the shadow of his patronage. In his Diary he coolly details acts of political knavery that would condemn any man, without appearing at all to feel their impropriety. His face would have delighted Lavater, so exactly characteristic is it of a well-fed, mindless worldling.

gossiping De Grammont calls 'an impertinent gipsy;'* and here he lodged her, buying the place for her especial pleasure and his own great folly, from the son of that Sir Nicholas Crispe, whose name should be enshrined in the heart of every citizen of London. But, before we tell more of Sir Nicholas Crispe, let us fancy Fairfax in possession of this noble dwelling, when his troops made every house in Hammersmith their garrison. Verily they understood the 'creature comforts,' these same Covenanters, and right merrily the trumpet rang its *reveillé* in the General's ears through the trees, and across the smooth surface of the 'silver Thames.' He had a pleasant lodging of it for a time, but only a little time, for 'the King enjoyed his own again,' and the worthy man to whom it had belonged in the reign of the first Charles—even our citizen-hero, Sir Nicholas Crispe—returned and ended his days as he began them, with all glory and honour.

Nicholas Crispe was the son of a worthy and rich merchant, born in 1598: brought up in trade he increased his wealth by marriage; his enterprise and discoveries made him noticed at court; he was quickly knighted, and became one of the farmers of the King's Customs. The times grew stormy; Charles the First, whom Sir Nicholas loved with an affection that had ripened into the devotion which only right loyal hearts can feel, seeing his royal master in distress for money, urged on his partners

* Mrs. Hughes was one of our earliest performers, and commenced her theatrical career about 1663; she was the first female representative of Desdemona. Before the restoration, and even during Charles the Second's reign, ladies' parts were enacted by young men, or actors of effeminate appearance, and Kynaston still continued to personate tragedy queens after the appearance of actresses. There is a humorous anecdote of Charles II. having to wait for a tragedy while the queen was being *shaved*. Mrs. Hughes belonged to the King's players, and being ordered to Tunbridge (where the court had retired in 1664), to amuse the courtiers with her professional acquirements, she entrapped Prince Rupert (who was celebrated for his love of study and abstruse acquirements), much to the amusement and delight of the king. Grammont is most amusing in his account of the effect produced by this lady, 'who brought down and greatly subdued his natural fierceness,' and 'caused the poor prince to act a part so unnatural, that he no longer appeared like the same person. From this time adieu alembics, crucibles, furnaces, and all the black furniture of the forges; a complete farewell to all mathematical instruments and chemical speculations; sweet powder and essences were now the only ingredients that occupied any share of his attention.' A natural daughter, named Ruperta, came of this alliance, who married and survived Lieutenant-General Hare, dying at Somerset House about the year 1740.

who farmed the customs with him, and upon short notice raised him the sum of 200,000*l.* Then, during the fatal Parliamentary war, in the midst of distractions and calamities by sea and land, the brave merchant's cool head and high character managed a trade which, if our memory serve, produced his Majesty nearly 100,000*l.* a-year, besides keeping his ships ready for service in the open ports. The supplies of arms which were treated for by the poor Queen in Holland, and by the royal agents in Denmark, were consigned to the safe care of this extraordinary man, who conveyed them to their destinations by his approved and trusty agents. But in affairs of secresy or danger, the worthy citizen trusted only to himself; and when his brethren on the Exchange could have vouched that he was deep in mercantile affairs at his counting-house, or improving his fair estate at Hammersmith, he was perchance in the disguise of a hawker by the river side, with a basket of flounders on his head, a merry jest on his lips, and his ears open to all kinds of intelligence; or passing from London to Oxford in the dress of a butterwoman, mounted on a sure-footed 'pad,' between two market panniers. How little he thought that his well-laid design for publishing the King's commission of array at London—which, doubtless, he had planned, considered, and reconsidered within his retreat upon this spot, so consecrated to his memory—should have been betrayed by Mr. Waller's fears. When this scheme was discovered, our hero stood boldly forward and declared his future intentions; throwing off the civic gown, he assumed the sword, raised a regiment of horse at his own expense for his beloved King, placed himself at its head, and became as distinguished as a soldier as he had been as a merchant. Oh rare and noble bravery, the very crown of manly virtue! He bore himself most gallantly all through the Civil War: but when a treaty was set on foot at Uxbridge, the Parliament marked him, as they afterwards did in the Isle of Wight treaty, by insisting that he should be removed from the King's presence. But *that* act, simply marking their barbarous displeasure, and putting no money in their pockets, fell short of their wishes, so they ordered his large house in Bread Street to be sold; and, having resolved to grant the Elector Palatine a pension of 8000*l.* a-year, they calmly ordered that 2000*l.* should be set apart for the purpose out of the King's revenue, and the remainder made up out of the estates of men calling themselves by the 'vain and

worldly distinctions of Lord Culpepper and Sir Nicholas Crispe.' Notwithstanding all, the King's cause became hopeless. Sir Nicholas was obliged to leave England, and, after an agonising exile, his friends in power, knowing his value, interfered on his behalf, and he returned with a heavy heart to his native land, determined to retrieve his fortunes. Ay, *determined!* for what a great mind *wills* is *done*. Again he plunged into busy traffic; again at the mart and the mine; the ships of England were about his business. There was a blessing over his exertions; a blessing and a ban. A crown of prosperity, yet a cross of sorrow. He had had the misfortune to kill in a duel Sir James Ennyon, and, though a court-martial bore testimony to his honour, he never forgave himself; and many a night, when the bustle of the day was past, and he had come to the retreat he so loved, when his household slept, he has risen, and looking over the moonlit river as it glided past his house, even here, mingled tears and prayers together that the sin of his brother's blood might not rise in judgment against him at the last day. This was when men wondered at his prosperity; when his trade with Guinea was literally a trade of gold, and he had built upon its coast the fort of Cormantine.

What especially pleases us in the consideration of the character of this worthy citizen is the broad principle of his humanity; he honoured and revered Charles I. beyond all other beings; he honoured him as a KING, he loved him as a MAN; he contributed largely to his young sovereign's wants during his exile. Yet his loyalty shut not up his heart against those who differed from him in opinion; his sympathies were not conventional, they were not confined to a class, but extended to all his kind. When himself in exile, he made his private misfortunes turn to public benefits; he investigated all foreign improvements, and turned them to English uses; he encouraged the farmers of Middlesex in all agricultural pursuits; through his knowledge, new inventions, as to paper-mills, powder-mills, and water-mills, came into familiar use; he discovered the value of the brick-making earth in his immediate neighbourhood, and the art itself as since practised was principally, if not entirely, his own. Before the revolution he had given 700*l.* towards the building of Hammersmith Church, besides beautifying the roof with the arms of the Crown, and sprinkling it with roses, thistles, and fleurs-des-luces, all which were destroyed by the Roundhead

knaves of these troublesome times; but when he returned and resumed his home, which Master Fairfax vacated, much, no doubt, against his will, he did somewhat towards restoring its beauty, but more towards increasing its interest. We will tell you how, presently, if you will bear with us a little longer, for we do feel great refreshment in thinking over the virtues of so good a man; the church books of that same St. Paul's, Hammersmith, bear ample testimony to his charities, to his thoughtfulness for his poor neighbours; for though he spent the large sum of 23,000*l.* in the erection of the noble seat now levelled with the bank whereon it stood, yet he neglected not the

Hammersmith Church.

wants of the poor; and no casket of jewels ever made him half so happy as the sight of a cheerful countenance.

We should have liked to have heard him, after the death of the mighty Cromwell, rousing the citizens of London to come forward so as to leave General Monk without any suspicions as to their unanimity. We should have liked to have seen that white-headed prop of a great nation accompanied by his civic brethren, tendering the duty and allegiance of the City of London

to HIM, who was then thought worthy of both. How thin and cold does it seem to read in the Chronicles of the time, that, 'His Majesty received these gentlemen very graciously in their public capacities, and afterwards testified to them separately, the sense he had of their past services.'

This certainly was wonderful condescension, especially towards Sir Nicholas; but Charles could enhance a simple word by a kindly movement, and a soft, sad, yet most sweet smile; no wonder that the venerable man, when speaking of the interview, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes—'God bless his Majesty, he is the prayed-for of many hearts; a royal prince, but not like unto his most dear father, his holy Majesty of blessed memory.'*

And now to our last record of the best subject and most faithful servant that ever bent pliant knee and trusting heart to crowned King. Sir Nicholas, after the Restoration, caused to be erected in Hammersmith Church, in the south-east corner near the pulpit, a monument of black and white marble eight feet in height and two in breadth, upon which was placed a bust of his beloved master, immediately beneath which is the following inscription:—

THIS EFFIGIES WAS
ERECTED BY THE SPECIAL APPOINTMENT OF
SIR NICHOLAS CRISPE, KNIGHT AND BARONET,
AS A GRATEFUL COMMEMORATION OF THAT
GLORIOUS MARTYR, KING CHARLES
THE FIRST, OF BLESSED
MEMORY.

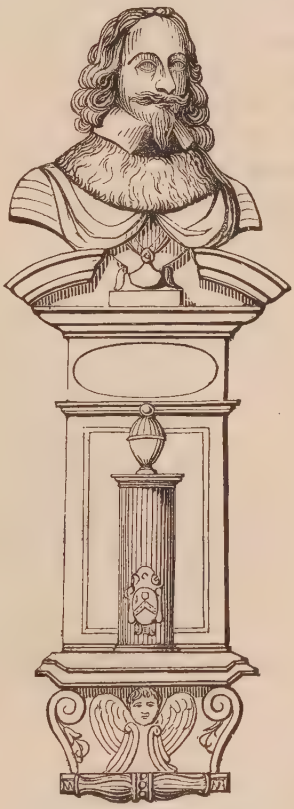
Under this, as you see, is an urn; and what think you does it contain? It was placed by his direction there, to remain for ever in humble testimony of that devotion of which it was so long the centre: IT CONTAINS THE OLD MAN'S HEART! 'Lay my body,' he said to his grandson when on his death-bed, 'lay my body as I have directed in the family vault in the parish church of St. Mildred, in Bread Street, but let MY HEART be placed in an urn at my master's feet.'† Do you not think with us, that he

* Upon the King's restoration, Sir Nicholas was reinstated as Farmer of the Customs. The last testimony he received of his royal master's favour was his being created a baronet, April 16, 1664; but he did not long survive it, for he died February 26, the following year, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

† This urn is shown on a larger scale in our initial letter.

added by this touching devotion greatly to the interest of the church? The inscription on the pedestal that supports the urn, and which was added to the King's monument by his grandson, is sufficiently simple; but there is no need of monumental record to so well spent a life. It runs this:—

'Within this urn is entombed the heart of Sir Nicholas Crispe, Knight and Baronet, a loyal sharer in the sufferings of his late and present Majesty. He first settled the trade of gold from Guinea, and there built the castle of Cormantine. Died the 26th of February, 1665, aged sixty-seven years.'



Monument to Charles I.

Hammersmith Church, as it is popularly called, is in fact but a Chapel of Ease to Fulham, and was erected in the reign of Charles I. principally by a subscription of the inhabitants of the hamlet and its neighbourhood, who had long wished for a more convenient place of public worship than Fulham Church, which was so far distant. The building was begun in 1629, and the chapel consecrated by Archbishop Laud* in 1631, being dedicated to St. Paul. It is said to have cost about 2000*l*. Sir Nicholas Crispe gave the bricks and sand for the building, besides money, which made his contribution amount

* In the summary of devotions of this unfortunate prelate, is a prayer at the laying the first stone of the Chapel at Hammersmith, March 11, 1629. The chapel was consecrated June 6, 1631. The date 1630, which is fixed in the wall at the west end, probably dates the completion of the external brick-work only.

to about 700*l.*, besides the adornment of the roof in the manner already alluded to. Lysons says:—Previous to the consecration a written agreement was drawn up, and signed by the vicar of Fulham and the principal inhabitants of Hammersmith, by which the rights of the mother-church were most strictly preserved. The tithes, oblations, fees, and all other emoluments which had hitherto belonged to the vicar of Fulham were secured to him and his successors; and an account of all baptisms and burials at Hammersmith was to be regularly transmitted, weekly, for insertion in the parish register. The inhabitants of Hammersmith were to find a curate and to keep the chapel in repair at their own cost, from which burdens the vicar and inhabitants of Fulham were to be exempt.

Avenue to Hammersmith Church.

All the inhabitants of Hammersmith were to repair to their parish church every Easter day, to receive the holy communion. On this day the chapel is shut up. The particulars of the above agreement, of which the principal heads are here given, may be seen at large in Newcourt's 'Repertorium,' vol. i. p. 610.*

A picturesque avenue of old trees leads to the north door of the chapel;

* And also in Faulkner's painstaking and accurate 'Historical and Topographical Account of Fulham.

they arch thickly over head, and produce a 'chequered shade' on the footpath, which is lined on each side by a row of tombs, some bearing foreign names, probably of persons who were domesticated at Brandenburgh House during the residence there of the Margrave and his widow. Within are the tombs of many remarkable men. Among them may be mentioned Worlidge, the painter, whose unrivalled etchings are choice gems of the English School of Art; and Murphy the dramatic poet, whose works on the stage have afforded amusement to thousands.

The church windows, originally filled with fine painted glass representing the Jewish prophets and the arms of benefactors, existed but a few years, and were ruthlessly demolished by the Puritans. There are, however, some fragments remaining, which evidence their former art and beauty. They consist of arms of benefactors, and include those of Bishop Laud, impaling the see of London, and of Sir Nicholas Crispe, the principal friend to a building which enshrines so touching a mark of his loyalty and his love for its walls.

THE PRINTING-OFFICE OF WILLIAM CAXTON.

CONSIDER how many hours of our existence are spent in reveries! in that waking sleep, that dream-like condition, apart from present life, yet recalling lives and scenes over which we may have just closed some venerable volume. How we envy those old worms! small atoms full of wisdom, wriggling their way through black-lettered tomes, unable to endure any light but that of other days; full of what they can neither impart nor comprehend. For aught we can tell they have their own literary *cliques*, which like other cliques can see no good beyond their own narrow circle—the circle, which, no larger than might be covered by a silver twopence, forms *their* world! Roll away, little fellow, we cannot replace you in your nest; you have eaten a good round hole out of old Caxton's book upon chess—that combination of brown and faded leaves which our old housekeeper calls 'rubbish.' Rubbish! how precious in our eyes are those mouldering pages; how carefully we turn them over and mend them here and there with soft smooth paper, tending them as mothers do their children, and laying sheets of foolscap between each page, close the volume carefully, and then sink into a reverie, in which things and scenes of old, float, and pass, and dimly crowd around us. Man may philosophise and, closing his eyes upon the material world, dream on, and by the magic

and strength of imagination, that refining essence of immortality, which stirs within us, active, ennobling, and invigorating—by that mighty power—he may create new wonders and new worlds; but the wonders of the *future* will hardly surpass the wonders of the *past.* If we had but the power to open afresh the bowels of the earth, to call upon the sea to give up its treasures and its mysteries, to command that lost ART may be restored, how should we be shorn of our self-sufficiency and pride! Every moment of our lives we are enjoying the *benefits* of past improvements, and yet suffering ourselves to be carried away by anticipations of those that are to come. Yet surely, we may be too prone to overvalue the past. We have arrived at that period of life when memory is stronger than sympathy, and a habit of wandering amongst old places, and pondering over old works, and thinking about the people of old—the olden world—may, perhaps, render us not so alive, as an immortal spirit should be, to the future. The past is more tranquil and pleasant to dwell with than the present; we do not perceive those blemishes through the mist of years which offend us now. The people themselves, the great and mighty ones, do not come before us with their palpable faults to undeceive our conceptions, and we can comfort ourselves with the belief, that their errors, when recorded, have been exaggerated by the harshness of the historian.

This train of thought has been encouraged as we have been pondering over the eventful and not unromantic life of one of whom we know little—yet nothing that is not honourable to human nature; one to whose memory we owe much more than we can pay, or are even disposed to pay; for who, upon opening a book, thinks upon blessing the memory of WILLIAM CAXTON, *the first English printer?* Of a truth, his cypher* should be inscribed in every English school-room, and scholars should doff their caps as they pass it by; while such as feel bound to honour the *first* who introduced, practised, and communicated this most useful art into our country, should

* This cypher is given in the next page from one used in his books: it consists merely of his own initials, with the Arabic numerals 74, to note that year in the fifteenth century, when he first introduced printing into this country. His friend and successor, Wynkyn de Worde, used the same device, with the addition of his name at the conclusion of the books which issued from his own press.

not forget that it was a WOMAN, the Lady Margaret of York, King Edward the IVth's sister, who, passing as a bride to the Duke's court at Bruges, entertained William Caxton in her retinue,* and encouraged him in the practice of an art, of which he had learned, according to his own simple account, 'a good deal at considerable expense.'

He was born in the weald or woody part of Kent,† during the latter part of the reign of Henry IV., and apprenticed to one of London's worthy citizens, by trade a mercer; and thus laid the foundation of his commercial knowledge.‡ His taste led to the acquirement of considerable proficiency in penmanship and the knowledge of languages,§ which doubtless forwarded his interest in obtaining the situation he held in the Lady Margaret's 'retinue.' We are informed that he 'stuck

* Caxton notes that he received a yearly fee and 'other many goode and grete benefets,' which proves that he stood high in her favour, though in what rank or quality he served the Duchess is not known with certainty. Dr. Dibdin says, 'he should suppose him to have held no regular employment, or rather that he was a gentleman of her household, in a sinecure situation, receiving an annual salary.' That he was entrusted by King Edward IV. on important missions is proved by his being connected with one Richard Whetehill, in concluding a treaty of trade and commerce between that Sovereign and the Duke of Burgundy, whose son afterwards married King Edward's sister, the Lady Margaret named above.

† So he informs us in his 'Prologue to the History of Troy,' not, however, specifying the exact spot in that portion of the county so called, where he first drew breath, nor has the place been ascertained. The small town of Caxton, in Cambridgeshire, has been asserted to be his birthplace by some authors, solely because of its similarity of name. The precise period of his birth is also a matter of conjecture, his early history being involved in obscurity, only slightly cleared away by his own incidental notices.

‡ His master was Robert Large, a mercer of considerable eminence, who officiated as High Sheriff, and ultimately became Lord Mayor in 1439. At his death, in 1441, he remembered Caxton in his will (which still exists in the Prerogative Office) by a legacy of twenty marks.

§ Dr. Dibdin informs us that the Mercers of these days, being general merchants, frequently had commissions for books; a cargo of Indian spices and Greek manuscripts sometimes came together to the Medici, their great fellow traders. The original French composition of "The Book of Good Manners" was delivered to Caxton by a special friend of his, *a mercer* of London, named William Pratt; and Roger Thornye, also *a mercer*, at a later period induced Caxton's successor, Wynkyn de Worde, to print the 'Polychronicon.'

painfully' to the task she gave him, bringing forth the work under the title of 'The Recuyell of the Historye of Troye, &c.,' which is the first book at least in being, or which we know of, ever printed in the English tongue. Its title-page is quaint and curious:—'Here begyneth the volume intituled the Recuyell of the Historye of Troye: composed and drawen out of dyverse bookes of Latyn into Frensshe, by the right venerable persone and worshippful man Raoul le Fevre,* preest and chapelayn unto the right noble, glorvous and myghty prince in his tyme, Philip Duc of Bourgoyne of Braband, &c., in the yeare of the incarnation of our Lord God a thousand four hundred sixty and four, and translated and drawen out of Frensshe into English by William Caxton, mercer of the cyte of London, at the commandment of the right hye mighty and vertuouse Princesse, his redoughtyd Lady Margarette, by the grace of God Duchesse of Bourgoyne, &c., which sayd translacion and work was begonne in Brugis, in the countre of Flaunders, the fyrst day of Marche in the yeare of the incarnacion of our sayd Lord God, a thousand foure hondred and sixty and eight, and ended fynyshed in the holy cyte of Colon the XIX day of September, the yeare of our sayd Lord God a thousand four hondred sixty and eleven.' The title-page and some other portions of the first edition of this book are printed in red ink; but its most charming portion is the evidence of Caxton's modesty as he apologises for his small knowledge of the French language, and his imperfectness in his own, *having lived out of England* nearly thirty years. It is impossible also not to sympathise with our first printer when he concludes with this gentle appeal to our sympathies:—'Thus,' he says, 'end I this booke, and for as moche as in wrytynge the same my penne is worne, myne hande wery, and my eyen dymmed with overmoch lookyng on the whyte paper, and that age creepeth on me daily and feebleth all the body.' And he goes on to say how he had promised this book to divers gentlemen, adding, 'It is not wretton with penne and ynke as

* His passion for romance he very probably derived from his intimacy with Raoul le Fevre, when he resided in the Duke of Burgundy's court, and with Henry Boulanger, Canon of Lausanne. The former was the author of the 'Romance of Jason,' and the 'History of Troy,' both of which were afterwards translated and printed by Caxton, and at the instance of the latter he did the same for 'the History and Lyf of Charles the Great, Kyng of Vienna and Emperor of Rome.'

other bookes ben to thende that all men may have them att ones, for all the bookes of this storye named the Recule of the Historys of Troye then emprynted as ye here see, *were begonne in oon day and fynyshed in oon day.*' What astonishment this declaration must have excited in the *literati* of old! quite as much as our steam-boats and railroads and daguerreotypes, and a score of other things have produced in the present. What will our friends the Edinburgh Chambers say to this, who issue their hundreds of thousands of 'bigger books' weekly!

Although Caxton so touchingly complains of his advanced years when he had fulfilled the wise and gracious command of his royal patron, 'the sovereign Lady Margaret,' yet three years elapsed before he brought his art into England; during which period we have no record of Caxton's proceedings; 'the Game of Chess,' which was elaborately dedicated to the Duke of Clarence, who 'made his exit about four years after in a butt of malmsey,' is believed by many to have been the first book he printed in this country.

Our very pearl of favourites, old John Stow, in his 'Survey of London,' says that 'in the Eleemosinary or Almonry (at Westminster Abbey) now corruptly called the Ambry, for that the alms of the Abbey were there distributed to the poor, John Islip, Abbot of Westminster, erected the first press of book-printing that ever was in England, and Caxton was the first that practised it in the said Abbey.' Whoever authorised him (and the *who* is a disputed point), it is very certain that *he did* practise it *there*, at the entrance to the Abbey, from which circumstance a printing-room is to this day called in technical phrase a *chapel.** Stow, all wonderful as he was, was not infallible, and there are others who prove from certain documents that Doctor Thomas Milling was Abbot in those days; he was

* Dr. Dibdin says: 'It is most probable that Caxton, after the manner observed in other monasteries, erected his press near one of the chapels attached to the aisles of the Abbey, and his printing office might have superseded the use of what was called the Scriptorium of the same, which was the chamber in which the younger monks were constantly employed in transcribing books.' No remains of this once interesting place can now be ascertained; indeed, there is strong presumption that it was pulled down in making preparations for Henry VIIth's Chapel. For if Henry made no scruple to demolish 'the Chapel of the Virgin,' in order to carry into effect his own plans for erecting the magnificent one which goes by his name, the office of our printer stood little chance of escaping the same fate.

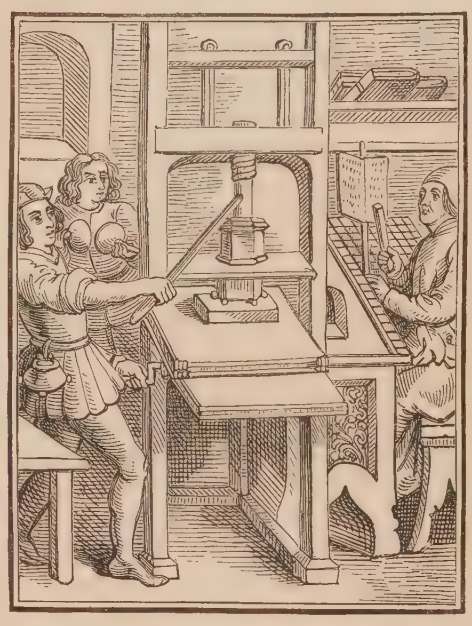
succeeded by the bountiful John Estney, who survived him, so that if he established Caxton in his printing-office, it must have been before he achieved the mitre of Westminster.

The first book printed by Caxton at Westminster (which contains an absolute date 'fynysshed the xviii. day of Novembre, and the sevententh yere of the regne of King Edward 1477') was a translation by the unfortunate and accomplished Earl Rivers, containing seventy-five leaves, called the 'Sayings of the Philosophers.' At the end of this work are three pages of Socrates's saucy sayings about women, passed over by the noble translator, but added—with an apology—by the printer himself, which made the matter worse. He declares that the women of this our England are altogether different from the Xantippes of Greece, being here 'right, good, wise, playsant, humble, discrete, sobre, chast, obedient to their husbondis, treue, secrete, stedfast, ever busy and never idle, attemperate in speaking, and vertuous in all their workes.'

Very good, Master Caxton, and for so much your countrywomen are greatly your debtors; but mark the context—the stamp of an old bachelor, or a man rejoicing in liberty, regained by widowhood, is upon it:—'*or at least sholde be so;*' they are so 'or sholde be so.' This is perhaps as good an example as we can give of the half pleasant, half ironical style, of our rare old printer. But that it would occupy too much of our space, we might insert a list of Caxton's works; for he imparted his knowledge unto others, and he printed more rapidly after a time than he had done at first. The art made its appearance in 1479 at Oxford, and the following year Caxton sent forth three works from his press in Westminster.

Caxton having been the first to *print* that King John was poisoned by a monk, at the Abbey of Swineshed, near Lincoln, he drew upon him much monkish abuse; yet he only printed it from a chronicle, of which we are told several MSS. are still in existence; one, for instance, in Benet College Library. Doctor John Parkman, in his life of the King, in Speed's Chronicles, believes the tale; for, he says, 'an author more ancient and unexceptionable than all the rest, even King John's son and successor in his kingdom, averred it,' when the Prior of Clerkenwell saucily told him, being in that house, 'that as soon as he ceased to do justice towards his prelates he should cease to be King,' to which his Majesty, enraged with his

traitorous threats, replied, 'What! mean you to turn me out of my kingdom, and afterward to murder me, as my father was dealt with?' About the same time that printing was introduced at Oxford, a schoolmaster set up a press at St. Albans;* and truly the knowledge of the art which is knowledge, spread amazingly, for it was patronised by the nobility and by the church; the latter, indeed, were the great preservers, though not the diffusers, of literature, and promoters of art during the darker ages; enriching their monasteries with the treasures of printing, and taking care of what otherwise would have been destroyed. At first, the church did not apprehend any evil to itself from the extension of knowledge, and it was evident that Caxton feared none; his labours were those of a man of passing industry, devoted to his art, and most anxious to make it the means of fostering and spreading abroad a love of religion, virtue, and good manners. His great age seems not to have abated his constant application at a period when nature, worn out by



Ancient Printing Office.

* The ancient printing press, engraved above, is copied from one of the earliest representations of this 'mighty engine' known. It is seen in the title-page of a book printed in 1498, by Jodocus Badius Ascensianus. It is curious as it shows the printer at work attended by his boy inking the dabbers, and the compositor seated on one side, with his composing stick and manuscript before him. On a shelf above his head are various books. It also shows how little improvement was made in the printing press until comparatively our own times. This cut may be received as a picture of Caxton's office at the end of his industrious life.

the cares and trammels of life, seeks repose. He continued indefatigable, labouring with the vigour, and more than the perseverance of youth, in an occupation which at its very commencement, he found painful, 'as his frame was worne, his hande weary, and his eyes dimmed with looking on white paper.' His last days were eminently characteristic of his life and character, for he employed them in translating from the French a large volume of the 'Holy Lives of the Fathers Hermits living in the Deserts;' a work full of the solemn stillness of its subject, and calculated, while it weaned his heart from all worldly attachment, to exalt it above the vain solicitude of life.

Wynkyn de Worde, who was Caxton's pupil,* informs us that this work was translated in 1491, and that he finished it *the last days of his life*. Events often supply proofs that the Almighty permits the spirit to linger in its frail tenement for the accomplishment of some great object. Certainly the body wrestled with the spirit, and the old man accomplished his task, and then calmly and quietly departed. There is no record of his having been married, but his funeral expenses are rated in the Warden's account books of St. Margaret's, Westminster; six shillings and eightpence being charged for four torches, and sixpence for tolling the bell.

Cardinal Wolsey tolled an alarum bell to his memory which sounded beyond England, when he wrote to the Pope, 'that his Holiness could not be ignorant what divers effects the new invention of printing had produced;' and after complaining of its having occasioned schisms and sects in Germany, he arrives at the conclusion 'that if men were persuaded once that they would make their own way to God, and the prayers in their own native language might pierce heaven as well as in Latin, how much would the authority of the mass fall? how prejudicial might this prove to all ecclesiastical orders.' But the power of the press once manifested, could not be restrained; the revolutions that have been effected by its influence, whether for good or evil, are registered in history; and it would be

* He was a native of Lorrain, and came into England either along with Caxton, or was afterwards invited by him. He was a man of superior talent and skill, and was employed as Caxton's assistant until his death. He continued in his office as his successor till between the years 1500 and 1502, when he removed his printing office to the sign of the 'Sun,' in the Parish of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, where he died in 1534, after greatly improving his art.

difficult for us to imagine the interests, occupations, or business of a world, without books. Caxton, an old man with white hair, and of a simple and steadfast, rather than a brilliant or comprehensive mind, effected more towards illuminating England, than all the mighty powers that preceded him for centuries.

We had curiosity to visit the Almonry in Westminster, to look upon the house traditionally said to have been his residence; we have pictured it (in page 192) as it was previous to its demolition at the end of last year; but before we describe the *house*, let us say something of the place.

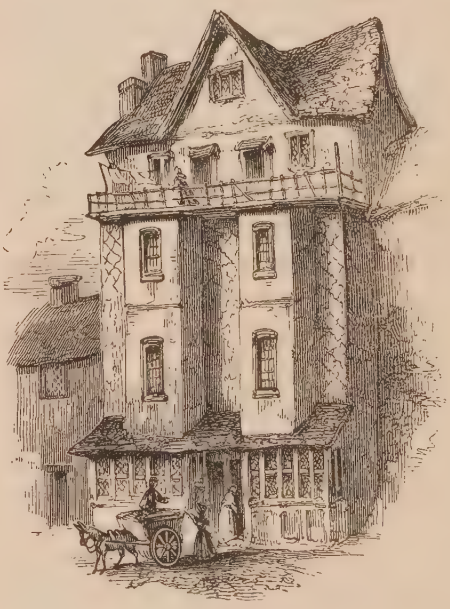
The Almonry is so termed from the foundation of an almshouse for poor women by Margaret, mother of King Henry VII. The old chapel of St. Anne also stood here, and the place was called the Eleemosynary or Almonry, because there also the alms of the Abbey were anciently distributed to the poor. The whole of the ground for a considerable distance around this spot was covered by the buildings of the monastery, the Great and Little Sanctuary, and the Gate-house adjoining the Almonry. The Sanctuary was celebrated as a place of refuge for offenders from the earliest period; some writers supposing that it obtained that privilege from Edward the Confessor. A violation of sanctuary perpetrated by Thomas of Woodstock and Sir John Cobham, in the reign of Richard II., who dragged from thence Tresilian, the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and hanged him at Tyburn, was so loudly complained of by the abbot, that the offending parties were obliged publicly to ask the abbot pardon and absolution. In the reign of Henry VI., Eleanor Cobham, wife to Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, fled there; but being charged with witchcraft and high treason (crimes imputed to her in Shakspeare's delineation of this lady), she was refused harbourage. In the reign of Henry VII. the privileges of the Sanctuary were restricted, and Elizabeth brought it under regulations so that no persons but debtors could avail themselves of it; and such were obliged to take oath that they claimed it not for fraud, but only for safety till they would pay their debts. They were then made to give up all their accounts honestly, and an inventory of all their debts and effects, which if not sufficient to pay, they were to labour to do so by all honest means. They were to attend daily prayers, be obedient to the dean, wear no weapons, or be out of the Sanctuary before

sunrise or after sunset. The Gate-house was a prison for offenders in general. Here Colonel Lovelace, the poet, was confined, as were many of the royalists in the time of Cromwell. The last relic of the building was removed a few years since; it was a portion of the old wall with an ancient pointed arch; it stood at the entrance to the Dean's Yard, where the way is now to the schools.

The Little Sanctuary included that portion of ground opposite St. Margaret's Church where now stands the sessions-house, the hospital, and mews. It consisted, as lately as 1806, of a cluster of streets with gabled overhanging old plastered houses, partially decayed, and exhibiting their timber framework in a tottering condition. Upon pulling them down, the original gates leading to the Sanctuary were discovered, which then formed the entrance to a narrow way that received the appellation of 'Thieving Lane,' so given, probably, because down that lane felons were led to the old Gate-house prison; but the inhabitants may have occasioned the bestowal of the title upon the street they inhabited, for it is recorded as being haunted by the worst of characters, and a harbour for filth and pestilence.

The Almonry recently was literally worse than it *can* be represented. Prepared as we were for all that was vile and revolting in its miserable inhabitants, we were not,—could not, be prepared for all we there saw. To say that it was the St. Giles's of the west end, is saying nothing; its dark and unclean streets were the abodes of infamy. Those who, impelled by a holy wish to save from sin, visited it by day, crept cautiously along, shrinking from the haggard faces or thievish hands, that found refuge there when they could find it nowhere else. The impure district, called by a name so redolent of charity, consisted of a cluster of small streets, buried as it were between the greater thoroughfares of Westminster; which, however, had no direct communication with them but by narrow alleys and courts still narrower, several of them being mere doorways that formed dark passages in the close and murky streets, whose dim and shattered windows let the cold blast in, and the fumes and voices of maddening and most degrading dissipation out. Ragged and blear-eyed children, serving to show how hideously sin can deform even a child, peered at, and cursed us as we passed. Rushing like a pestilence, from beneath an antique doorway, came a woman intoxicated,

followed by a still more intoxicated man, brandishing a broom, with which he had not power to strike; some of their 'neighbours,' in their savage pleasure at the chase, expressed their satisfaction by loud oaths and shouting; and a costermonger, while loading his poor donkey from a cellar with more wood than a horse ought to carry, assured a heap of moving blackness—a sweep, we believe—who was half drowning kittens in a broken crock taking them out to see if they were dead, and then putting them in again, not heeding that their tailless mother expressed her agony by every means in her power, —'that he'd leave the place next week — no one could stand it.' Having made our way from this open den, we fell to conversing with ourselves as to why our righteous folk did not purify what was in the very olden time, a district sacred to deeds of love and holiness; and at last we got into Little Dean Street, by which, we afterwards learned, we might have reached Caxton's house without so much annoyance as we had experienced, and which, truth to say, somewhat damped our antiquarian ardour, for the time; for the day was dark, and the miserable people we encountered, darker still.



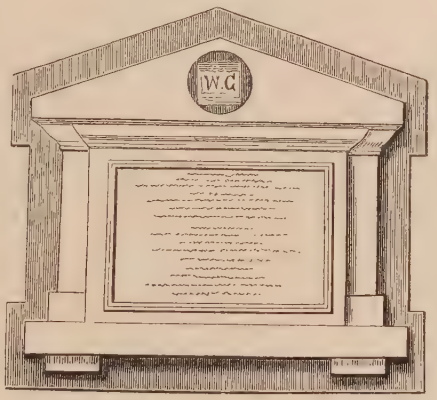
Caxton's House.

Much of this unwholesome district has since our visit been removed; a new street, of great width, is opened through its densest lanes. The squalid inhabitants have passed, we hope, to healthier localities. We now continue to describe the place as it was before the alterations and when the house called Caxton's was standing.

Passing down Little Dean Street, the distance of some dozen houses,

the lane suddenly widened, as if it were aware that, bad as it was, it contained something worth looking at; and so it did, for there stood the remarkable house here engraved:—a timber and plaster erection, of three stories in height, the last story having a wooden balcony resting on the projecting windows below, with doors leading on to it;—which has been traditionally called the house of William Caxton. Its antiquity cannot be safely ascribed to so early a date as the period when our printer lived, but it may have stood upon the site, or have been altered from the original structure.

The Roxburghe Club did themselves much honour when they erected a monument to this hero of letters, in the church where he lies buried,—St. Margaret's, Westminster.



Caxton's Tomb.

But England has not yet discharged its duty to its great citizen—its mighty benefactor: surely it is high time that a monument worthy of his fame, and of his country, should perpetuate the memory of one to whom England owes so large a debt of gratitude.

SHAFTESBURY HOUSE.

HAFTESBURY HOUSE in the Fulham Road —with the certainty of its having been inhabited by the author of the 'Characteristics,' and the interesting tradition (a tradition only) that Locke wrote some of his Essays in a summer-house in its garden—is now occupied by upwards of 400 of the aged and infant poor of St. George's parish. An Act of Parliament, passed in the year 1787, pronounces it to be 'in the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, as long as it is appropriated to its present use,' and renders it 'exempt from all dues and rates, upon the payment of 3*l.* 3*s.* annually to the rector, and 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* to the parish of Chelsea,' so, at least, Faulkner tells us, and we generally find him correct. The lodge at the entrance, as you see, is peculiar; the gate being of old wrought iron. The porter permitted us to pass in; and, while he sought the master, we had leisure to look around us. The stone steps are of old times, they are wide, and much worn; a low wall flanks either side, and on the right, downwards, are steps of narrower dimensions leading to the underground apartments. When we entered, we perceived that the hall is paneled in, so as to form a passage; but this is a modern innovation; there can be no doubt of its having been in Lord Shaftesbury's

time a good-sized hall: the banisters and supporters of the very handsome staircase are in admirable preservation, delicately, rather than richly carved in oak, and not at all injured; the stairs are also of oak. What remains of the old house is chopped up, as it were, into small apartments; but there are rich and varied indications of the 'light of other days' to illumine the whole: over several of the doors are strips of paintings, which, as well as can be seen through thick varnish, are the productions of no feeble pencil. With a little trouble these old paintings can be made out; but they would seem bitter mockeries, occupied as the house at present is; and yet one of the inmates said, 'She liked to look up at that bit of picture, when she was sick a-bed; it took away the notion of a workhouse.' Surely Art might be made a teacher even here.

Entrance to Shaftesbury House.

Some of the rooms retain an antique air. That named the 'Chancellor's Closet,' is the most original and characteristic, and is delineated in our engraving (on the succeeding page). A painting, over the fire-place, executed on panel, represents a group of classic ruins and statues in the taste of the time of William the Third. The panel paintings in the other rooms are pastoral scenes; one over the chimney of the parlour is a Dutch-looking landscape with cattle, very like a copy of Berghem; others represent

villas, with water and trees, more or less resembling the Dutch etchings which were prevalent during William's reign, and seem to have formed the pastoral taste of the times. The walls of the rooms and the whole interior of the house are paneled with oak; and the neatly cut spiral banisters of the staircase give the house altogether a Flemish formality and preciseness, which it seems to have been the aim of the courtiers and upper classes to imitate at this period, when houses were furnished, gardens laid out and persons dressed, with mathematical precision, the very opposite to ease or elegance.

The Chancellor's Closet

The back view of Shaftesbury House, in its old state, is given in the appended wood-cut (vide page 203); and it is curious to contrast it with the building as it now stands, and which, in spite of many additions, has retained nearly the whole of the original structure as inhabited by

Shaftesbury. Thus the central portion still remains entire and unaltered; the small addition to the spectator's left, with the semicircular upper window, has been removed, and a building erected, which connects itself with the old house, but is much larger and more imposing, giving an insignificant aspect to the most important part of the original edifice. The wing to the right, which projects into the garden, is preserved, but another story has been added, and the flight of steps which led to the garden has been moved to the side. This wing was added to the house by Lord Shaftesbury, after he had purchased it, in 1699, from the Bovey family, as heirs to the widow of Sir James Smith, by whom there is reason to believe it was built in 1635, as that date is engraved on a stone in front of a summer-house in the garden; and the lower part of the house retains traces of moulding and ornamental door-cases certainly as old as that period. 'It does not appear,' says Lysons, 'that Lord Shaftesbury pulled down Sir James Smith's house, but altered it, and made considerable additions by a building fifty feet in length, which projected into the garden. It was secured with an iron door; the window-shutters were of the same metal, and there were iron plates between it and the house to prevent all communication by fire, of which this learned and noble peer seems to have entertained great apprehensions. The whole of the new building, though divided into a gallery and two small rooms (one of which was his lordship's bed-chamber), was fitted up as a library. The earl was very fond of the culture of fruit trees, and his gardens were planted with the choicest sorts, particularly every kind of vine which would bear the open air of this climate. It appears by Lord Shaftesbury's letter to Sir John Cropley, 'that he dreaded the smoke of London, as so prejudicial to his health, that whenever the wind was easterly, he quitted Little Chelsea.' He resided much at his house in Dorsetshire; and during the sitting of Parliament made Chelsea his home; but when increasing delicacy of constitution compelled him to journey to a milder climate, in 1710, he sold his residence to Narcissus Luttrell, a great book collector, who lived many years in the house.

In this, as in many other ancient mansions, the *past* has been jostled aside by the *present*. We had visited the house some four years ago, and lamented the want of air and accommodation for the young—the fearful accumulation of youth, born to be brought up in our parish workhouses. Much of the

future depends upon the training and educating of these young creatures; and means should be adopted to prevent their becoming dependents on parochial aid—we can hardly term it, as it is often termed, 'bounty;' for those who now pay to support others within such walls may become applicants for relief in turn; and *ought* to be provided with the comforts of a clean and healthful home,—not treated, as they too often are, worse than the inmates of a prison.

Parochial relief is a right—a claim as reasonable and just as that upon any Benefit Society, to the funds of which the applicant had contributed for a stipulated time. It is a simple contract with a person in prosperity to repay to him sums advanced, in case of his necessities requiring such repayment; and it is monstrous to consider and to treat poverty as a crime. Happily, the universal voice of the British press has been raised against the indecencies and the cruelties to which the poor have been subjected in workhouses; and the result is, the introduction of a system which forms a striking and cheering contrast to that which existed a very few years ago. A strong case in point is to be found in the workhouse we are now examining.

At the period of our first visit, the young were too much mingled with the old either for improvement or health, and the house was evidently inefficient for the accommodation of either. We remembered crossing the court at the back, where the old were basking and the young playing in the sunshine; we were shown a narrow, curiously-coved chamber, with a stone flooring, and the windows arched towards the centre; the walls and ceiling richly stuccoed and painted, they told us, beneath the whitewash. This, according to our chronicle, had been a dairy in Lord Shaftesbury's time. We doubt it; but, at all events, above had been the library. This room has a beautifully-shaped ceiling, but at present no connecting door with the house, which it must have had formerly; and the existing entrance originally led to a covered balcony or terrace, the steps of which remain, and whence the master told us he himself removed, not very long ago, a marble cistern.

It struck us then as rather odd, yet not unpleasing, that the library should at the moment be occupied as an infant school. Clean, happy-looking younglings, saved from the blight and bitterness of sin and poverty, were

there taught those first great principles of Christian truth which it is to be hoped will sink into their hearts. They sung to us a little hymn taught them upon Hullah's system, clearly, distinctly, and in good tune, as far as mere tune went. The walls which echoed the voice of Shaftesbury and Locke, and where Addison, after his return from his second residence abroad, read aloud to his noble friend some of those exquisite papers in the *Spectator*, or scraps from the *Whig Examiner*, or passages from 'Cato,' upon which he had bestowed so much labour—to soothe and amuse, when the cares of state were too heavy for the polished Shaftesbury to endure,—are, it may be, destined to shelter one who will come forth the Shaftesbury or Addison of future times. Recent changes have however converted that room into a mere baby-nursery, and beyond, is erected a large square building with a great number of windows, giving the idea of a printing-office or manufactory, rather than a school and residence for the poor children of St. George's parish. This structure, and the evidences of moral training the children receive within its walls, supply admirable proofs of the right spirit which is abroad; it is impossible that the comfort, cleanliness, ventilation and good order of any set of children, no matter how high their rank, could be better cared for. The dining-hall is spacious, and around it are shut-in washing-stands, admirably contrived and supplied with any quantity of water, where the children wash before and after meals. The dormitories are ventilated on a new principle, which introduces air without draught; each child has a separate bed, and along the bed-side are strips of drugget. The house is kept clean and in order, not by the elder paupers, but by the children themselves; who, thus, under due superintendence, are trained into servants' habits. We saw some girls in the scullery who went about their occupations with the air of well-practised domestics; and they are allowed small wages, to encourage their industry.

The school is attended by judicious and efficient teachers; but we strongly object to the mingling of boys and girls in the same school-room. The parochial legislators separate them in the play-ground, yet they teach them in the same apartment; this is inconsistent. And certainly it would require strong powers of abstraction in the girls to attend to one set of lessons while the boys are rehearsing a totally different set a few forms off. The teachers are aware of the disadvantage and have petitioned for a partition,

or even a curtain, but as yet without success. In another part of the building we saw some embryo shoemakers at work, and an old man who bent over his last and was considered their teacher, might have served as a painter's study, so marked were the lines and furrows on his brow and cheek.

We feel much gratified to note this improvement in the condition and prospects of the young ; their strict confinement within the walls of this establishment, ample as the playground is, gives to them doubtless a feeling of solitude and restraint, which makes them still more desire to share the turmoil and tumult without ; but as matters are now conducted, there is every reason to believe the children, when they leave Shaftesbury House, will carry with them sound and well-directed principles, and excellent habits of industry and good order. We could fill pages concerning the mismanagement of workhouses ; we could tell of the horrors of the ' casual ward ' in the workhouse of our own parish and our immediate neighbourhood ; where human beings seeking shelter were turned into what was infinitely worse than any straw shed in a ' moated grange ; ' a huge, overgrown, noisome dungeon, unclean, unventilated, undivided, filled with polluted and contagious air, the walls hung with mildew and crawling with insect life ; the refreshment a piece of bitter bread and a drink of parish milk and water : and after a weary night, spent where impoverished honesty was couched with the drunkard or the habitual and unblushing sinner, the rusty bolts were withdrawn and the unrefreshed lodgers hunted forth into the mournful humidity of an autumn, or the shivering cold of a winter's morning, with a repetition of the same fare as sustenance against another day's beggary and disgrace. No wonder that some preferred the silent and mysterious bed of the dark waters to the impurities of the ' casual ward ; ' truly have we made poverty a worse crime than murder, and rendered the asylum of the aged and the shelter of the infant poor a reproach and perpetual scourge, rather than a refuge, where, though the impoverished could not expect the comforts of their former homes, they had an honest English right to unpolluted shelter, and the consideration which the right-thinking and generous will always accord to the terrible affliction of poverty.

But the *present* has led us from the *past*. We will therefore turn away from the old and from the young, close our eyes and our ears, upon

PUBLIC LIBRARY

the sights and sounds around us—and remember that Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, was born Feb. 26, 1671, at Exeter House, London, and was educated under the superintendence of his grandfather, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, Chancellor of England. He became a proficient in Greek and Latin before he was eleven years of age, and at the age of fifteen travelled to Italy for three years. On his return he devoted himself to a strict course of study for five more years, and then entered Parliament. One of his most remarkable traits there was upon the occasion of the bringing in a bill for granting counsel to prisoners in cases of high treason, with the importance of which he was so imbued, that on rising to speak he found he had lost all memory, and was unable to proceed; after recovering his confusion, he adroitly used his position as a good natural argument, saying to the Speaker—'If I, Sir, who rise only to give my opinion on the bill now depending, am so confounded that I am unable to express the least of what I proposed to say, what must the condition of that man be, who, without any assistance, is pleading for his life.' He retired from Parliament in 1698 and journeyed to Holland, where he lived on terms of intimacy with Bayle and other learned men. After his return, his love of studious retirement seems to have increased on him; and on the death of William III. he resigned all connexion with politics. He again visited Holland in 1703, and finding his health declining, in 1711 he went to Italy, dying at Naples, Feb. 4, 1713. How few words are needed to outline the events of a great life, and yet the details might fill volumes. It is not a little to the credit of the fair sex, that the author of the 'Characteristics' received his education up to the age of eleven, from a woman of rare endowments, named Birch, who spoke Greek and Latin with an ease that professors might envy. Her pupil is said to have spoken Greek and Latin fluently at eleven. The Author, Lord Shaftesbury, had in many things reason to honour the memory of his grandfather, 'the Chancellor.' Upon the memory of the latter, Lord Orford was as severe as was his custom; certainly he seems curiously one-sided in all his judgments; his justice never bandaged but one eye; Orford found no redeeming point in the whole of this mighty man's career, and concludes his brief notice of the dubious and versatile statesman, with a *bon mot*, which he declares to give his 'truest character.' Charles II. said to him one day

'Shaftesbury, I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions.' The statesman bowed and replied, '*Of a subject, sir, I believe I am.*' The marvellous course of this bold and active man of expediency, forms the best comment upon his principles, or rather as Lord Orford would say, 'upon his want of them.' Two things, however, should be remembered of him, and remembered to his honour; he was the author of, and passed that immortal Charter—the Habeas Corpus Act; and he excited the strongest and truest friendship of JOHN LOCKE.

There are certainly none to whom English literature is so much indebted for its grace and polish as Lord Shaftesbury. It is some years since we read his clever, but unfortunate 'Essay upon Wit and Humour,' in which he defends the application of ridicule as a test of truth in regard to religion, as well as other matters. He sought to explain away all irreverent intention, when attacked for this production, by declaring he meant to imply no more than 'the cheerful and facetious exercise of reason, as a preservative from the gloom of superstition, and the extravagance of enthusiasm.' But we think the ground here slides from beneath his feet; and we dwell the rather upon his 'Moralists,' which he termed a 'Philosophical Rhapsody,' and which is a purely eloquent defence of the Doctrine of a Deity and Providence on the Platonic model. Bishop Hurd considered it among the most finished productions of its class in the English language.

His favourite book was his 'Characteristics,' which he employed himself upon to the last, and which is the perfection of graceful and finished composition. His 'Philosophy' never seems to us so deep as Lord Orford represents it to be; indeed, his lordship's style is somewhat stilted, when he declares that 'Lord Shaftesbury delivers his doctrines in *ecstatic diction, like one of the Magi inculcating philosophic visions to an Eastern auditory.*' He appears desirous of atoning for his unmitigated abuse of the first lord, by his as unmitigated praise of the third Peer.

Lord Shaftesbury's solicitude concerning 'style' was so intense that it impeded the current of his lively and eloquent discussions; in polishing the diamond, he often diminished its weight; and his information and decisions were frequently deficient in strength. In this particular he bore no comparison with his great master, LOCKE. Deeply did we regret, while standing beneath the shadow of a noble cedar that overhangs a banqueting-

house at one of the corners of the garden, where the oak paneling is dropping from the walls, and where, no doubt, many of his hours were spent, that his belief in revealed religion had not been stronger, and his faith in 'natural religion' not so strong! In a moral point of view, he was both good and great; of a nature firm and gentle; and a taste pure and refined.

Old Shaftesbury House.

Lord Shaftesbury suffered the ordinary doom of men of letters; his health could never be depended on for continued exertion. It is not only the brain that suffers from the wear and tear of mental calculation and occupation, but the whole nervous system is disturbed; the stomach becomes disordered, the eyes worn, the temper irritable; nothing but a careful avoidance of all stimulants, occasional intercourse with the simpler relaxations of life, a cultivation of the duties of society, can save the student, for himself and his country, from premature decay and an early grave. Lord Shaftesbury must have felt this, when, as we have seen, in 1698, he gave up his seat, and assuming the grave disguise of a medical student, journeyed into Holland, and became intimate with Bayle, Le Clerc, and those who shone so brightly in foreign literature, and whose friendship he enjoyed long after a better state of health permitted his return to his native country. His

father (of whom nothing seems recorded, save that he was the son of one lord, and the father of another) died, and then his successor's time was divided between his duties in the House of Lords, and his devotion to his favourite studies. Honours were thrust upon him, but he refused to accept even the post of Secretary of State, when pressed to do so by his royal master, William III.; this proceeding partly from a return of ill health, and partly from a pure love of literature.

He married his cousin, Miss Jane Ewer, in 1709, and certainly his politeness seemed hardly taxed by this event; for he only says, 'that he found marriage not so much worse than celibacy as he had expected;' yet, despite this quiet sarcasm at the 'holy estate,' he was truly a man of most liberal and enlightened mind, and before his age in many things. It was pleasant to walk in his garden,* where, though considerably curtailed in breadth, the straight lines of the walks are preserved; it has a quaint and sorrowful aspect, being much shaded by trees. Originally it must have been of noble dimensions, and walled in with a high wall. Several alcoves are built therein, lofty, and pointed at the top; beneath one, which we were told was supposed to be above a well, is a long flat stone, with the date upon it—1635.

We loitered slowly along the end walk, and at last arrived at another alcove, which faced the entrance to the garden, and then proceeded to the most interesting spot we had to visit—a now dilapidated summer house,

* When Lord Shaftesbury ceded the house to Mr. Luttrell, he gave it up to a gentleman whose tastes were nearly similar to his own. Each loved books and had extensive libraries, and each was fond of gardening. The garden of the house was extensive; and Mr. Luttrell has recorded an account of his successful cultivation of fruits here. There are still some old fruit-trees in the garden, a very old cedar, and a large and picturesque medlar overhanging the little fountain which stood in the centre; and which has been preserved, although closely encroached on, by the garden-ward march of the most modern additions to the workhouse. An infant Hercules stands on a baluster-pedestal in the centre, and is strangling a serpent from whose mouth ascends a jet of water. The figure is of lead, and is seen in our initial letter. The walks diverge in straight angles; and summer-houses of capacious size are placed at the bottom of two of them; one bearing date 'Anno Dm. 1635,' on a slab in front. The other, at the bottom of the garden, immediately facing the fountain we have engraved; it is a capacious structure of arched brickwork, built into the wall. The garden at present is more than half covered by the buildings rendered necessary for increased accommodation of the workhouse inmates.

called 'Locke's Summer House,' and where it is believed one of the greatest of our great men frequently sat and wrote; it consisted of two rooms, the lower acting as a sort of vestibule to the upper, to which a staircase led, and where pleasant windows looked across the meadows to the

Locke's Summer House.

Thames. One of them still commands the garden; the others, because 'they were falling down,' were taken down, and the roof was made to slope; so that now nothing remains of the stairs, and only the beam-holes in the wall, which mark where the floor had been. It is strange how people persist in asserting things as *facts*, without taking the trouble even to compare dates, which are the key-stones to truth. We know a gentleman who will have it that Locke wrote his 'Essay on the Human Understanding' in that very room. Now Locke's Essay was published in 1690. In 1695 the widow of Sir James Smith resided here; and although the second Lord Shaftesbury purchased the house in 1699 (as we have said), he is not noted in the church books until 1700, ten years after the first publication of the Essay. But it is possible that Locke's 'Third Letter on Toleration,' or his 'Thoughts concerning Education,' was at all events partially written at the residence of his friend and pupil. The controversy with Bishop Stillingfleet might have been, it is fair to suppose, composed within those walls; and that, too, when the great philosopher was struggling with an asthma, that

tried the patience and piety of his powerful mind. Shaftesbury House was then a calm, silent, retired spot—apart from the bustle and business of life.

The philosopher and his philosophic pupil were both sorely tried by sickness; and though there was over thirty years' difference in the dates of their birth, there was little more than nine in those of their departure. We felt it a high privilege to stand upon the old and worn-out stone, that, black almost with age, is nearly embedded in the earth at the entrance of this thrice-honoured ruin. Here we may at least imagine the young and the old philosopher exchanged thoughts—the former expressing himself in the most graceful language, while the latter concentrated his ideas, until each word conveyed a thought worth gold; and yet, when you regarded them stedfastly, neither had the worn-out look attendant upon age. Their eyes brightened with that ever-living fire which is transferred, but never dies.

It might have been that Locke, seeing his kind friend and frequent attendant, Lady Masham, approaching with Lord Shaftesbury, hastened down to meet them, and received them—here; that here she repeated the king's sorrow at his withdrawal from his appointment of commissioner of trade and plantations, and the royal hope that he would soon recover; and the lady, the beloved child of his old friend, Doctor Cudworth, smiled kindly and gently while she spoke, and looked imploringly into his face for the hope she had not, and he smiled also in return; but there was no untruth, no false hope, in that calm sad smile. He expressed his resolve not to hold a situation, to which a considerable salary was attached, without performing its duties; adding, that he would try perfect quiet in the country, and employ himself entirely in the study of the Scripture, for that he felt he should not in this world have very long to live. And he would have said more but for the tears that overflowed the eyes of Lady Masham; and so he turned to ascend to his favourite room, his friends following: and as they went Lord Shaftesbury may have murmured, 'And this is the end of our philosophy!'

We had passed Shaftesbury House frequently without bestowing a thought upon its name, or caring how it was occupied; until we learned that a very aged woman, in whom we felt interest, was within its walls. Our first visit was not, therefore, to inquire concerning Lord Shaftesbury,

but to see an old Irishwoman 'deprived,' as she said, 'of her liberty for the rest of her days.'

She had been twice married, to soldiers; five of her sons had fallen in the service; many of her own years had been spent on the 'tented field,' both in Europe and in India; and after Waterloo, 'she retired,' to quote her own words, 'into private life;' that is to say, she exercised her calling as a cook, and a very excellent one she was, though peculiar in her habits and manners. Every day and all day long, in the house or out of the house, she wore a little stubbed, short, black silk bonnet, the front of which rather resembled the peak of an officer's foraging cap than woman's ordinary head-gear; her features were of long and formal cut, her eyes deep sunk, yet bright; her employer knew her skill and honesty, her fellow-servants never questioned her energy and determination, and whether it was a broom or a rolling-pin she shouldered it musket fashion. Instead of dropping a curtsey she touched her bonnet with her fore-finger; and said 'the drum beat' when the bell rang; she marched about the house with a measured, yet rapid, step, and never neglected 'orders.' Once, when out for a holiday, she went to see the guard relieved at the Horse Guards; too intent upon the event (she never saw a soldier without tears rushing to her eyes), she either did not hear or heed the warning of an omnibus-driver, and was so severely injured by the horses as to be obliged, she said, 'to go on sick leave,' and finally, to 'retire from active service,' childless, and almost friendless; but old Kate's pride did not give way, and she derived much consolation from a source peculiarly her own.

'They may call the place what they like,' she said, while, supported on her crutch, she gave her usual salute: 'they may call it what they plase, but its SHAFTESBURY HOUSE; and if I'm *obleeged* to wait the word of command here, it's no more than grate lords and fine ladies have done before me in the same place; it 's ancient and *ould*, I 've been in worse quarters and had less rations, and thanked God for the one and the other; there 's many in it don't care for the honourable name of the place, and would as soon be in Mount Street (the other workhouse of the parish), but I wouldn't,' and she struck the paved hall with her crutch, while her blue-gowned and white-capped comrades looked on at a very respectful distance. 'Sometimes I hear the asylum drums of *ould* Chelsea Hospital,

and then I want my liberty ; but I did'nt lose it till I could'nt use it, and after all it 's Shaftesbury House ; there's no such place about this part—it 's no common *workhouse.* Wise men, and fine quality altogether, have lived and died in it ; and I 'm too ould a soldier not to know how to be happy wherever a tent is pitched.' 'One thing,' she added in a whisper, 'I 've thanked God many a time that my ould husband died a free man ; there are ould people here who have lived together fifty years and more, in industry and honesty, fought through life together, and thought maybe, as I used, how sweet it would be to die together. But,' she added, while her eyes kindled, 'they won't let them ! They set their workhouse law against the law of God—they *force* them asunder—put stone walls betwixt man and wife. I know twenty who are just praying for death through that law ; and whoever made that law will have to explain it at head quarters one of these days. I wonder,' continued old Kate, emphatically, 'how the Queen, God bless her, would like it ; it's none of her doings, I'll go bail.' 'It's no business of mine, to be sure,' she resumed ; 'it 's a fine place intirely for lone men and lone women, but if my ould man was to the fore, I 'd travel the world barefoot and carry his knapsack to the day of his death (as I did, the Lord above be praised !) sooner than be separated from him by the walls of a palace, let alone a prison. I know it well—I 've seen it many a time in the *grate orderly book,* and read it when the boys were talking lightly of marriage—"They two shall be one flesh," and "What God hath joined let no man put asunder." Yet the same law that punishes a man for deserting his wife, and casts away a woman for leaving her husband, *forces* them to part in old age.' 'A curse will come on those who made it,' muttered old Kate ; 'a curse dark and heavy, and I'll not say "God forbid." '

Old Kate so thoroughly identified herself with Shaftesbury House, and picked up so much information about it, colouring everything with the strong tints of an Hibernian imagination, that at last she croned over legends of her own creation ; and might be said to live amongst the shades of those who have rendered the name of this so strangely-changed residence immortal !

THE DWELLING OF JAMES BARRY.

HERE are few pleasures so cheering or so invigorating as that which, when wearied of daily anxiety or labour, we derive from our memories of pictures. When the volume, designed to be read, is thrust aside, because fatigue forbids its attentive perusal; when the exhausted mind cannot its 'thoughts call home;' when ordinary amusements offer no refreshing relaxation; when conversation wearies; and even affectionate zeal becomes troublesome, instead of relieving—(and what worker out of the intellect has not felt all this, often?)—then come such memories as anodynes to the soul; memories of pictures beheld, perhaps, in childhood, or in youth, or in wiser, though not happier, years, recalled from the gulf of time, brought in their full force before us, claiming and obtaining a blessing upon

'the Art that can immortalise.'

Blessings be with them—these unforgotten pictures—the 'old familiar' friends, who are ever present with us when we need them; hanging upon these papered walls; crowding every vacant space. One by one, we summon them, and talk with them of gone-by things; they come at times together, but more often singly. Some particu'ar memory is lord of the ascendant; some mighty one fixed in its place by a sort of mental Daguerreotype—suddenly fixed, and indelibly; a thousand matters may cover and conceal it, but it will be erased alone by Death.

To what vast uses we may turn these shadows of the past. A little child looks upon the storied canvas, or framed print; or cons over the contents of her 'picture book;' each 'picture' giving her a new idea, an incident, or a story—a lesson without the aid of words. She has gained something, which, if worthy, will remain with her through life—elevating her nature—teaching her to think, observe, and compare: the education of the eye has progressed, and intellect become expanded through it. This is, indeed, a mighty power by which to teach, and until lately, when pictures (such as they are) have been adopted into the system of infant school education, almost an unused one. We hope, humbly and earnestly, it may be worked out to some great end, so that every public and private school-room may be illustrated by PICTURES, tending to promote noble thoughts and noble actions. Let any one, who has observed the effect produced on the minds of the merest children by pictures, think upon this subject, and we are sure they will agree with us in seeing a wide and elevating field of useful and rapid culture, by pure and legitimate means, thrown open to our youths, who usually remember what they *see* far better than what they *hear*; and who, if trained to observe, through the medium of high Art as well as through that of books, would grow up with more just appreciations of the sublime and beautiful in life and character, than have yet been taught to those into whose hands the great FUTURE must be, in a few brief years, resigned.

But even admitting that no greater good were to result from pictures than filling the mind with pleasant memories, would it not be wise to add another delight to those which Letters bestow, so that there shall be no lack in the hours of fatigue, solitude, or sickness, of an additional balm—in the memories of pictures?

In that old rambling house, on the wild Irish coast, where, in our childhood, our winter's lullaby was the sound of dashing waves against the dark and pointed rocks, and our summer's music the ripple of the waters on the rugged beach:—in that dear old house—every stone of whose mouldering walls is dearer to our heart at this moment than most precious gems—in that, our lonely childhood's home, there was an old-fashioned 'little parlour' in which we learned our lessons out of old French books, and thrummed a narrow lean piano; the great charms of that small chamber, with its

mottled chimney-piece of Kilkenny marble, and its queer painted cornices, were the pictures. 'The family canvas,' gentlemen in brown bob-wigs, and one very lovely quiet lady in blue satin, with a huge bouquet in her bosom, ornamented the cold blue walls of the grim dining-room. But the little parlour was 'coated' with pictures.

We can recal them each and all; nay, so strongly have they left their impress, and so vivid are their memories, that we think we could trace every leaf upon every tree, and compare tint with tint, that composed the colours of every one of them. But beyond all the rest in our estimation, and the one now most strongly remembered, was a copy from a picture by our countryman Barry—the picture which we were told made Edmund Burke his friend. To have been the friend of the noble and eloquent senator, whose name is hallowed in every Irish heart, was enough to render me enamoured of it; but, besides, it was one calculated to interest a child in the legendary lore of her country.

The legend illustrated by Barry, who had embraced at an early period of life his mother's Romish faith, is to be found in 'Keating's History of Ireland.' Aongus, king of Cashel, was converted to Christianity by the preaching of St. Patrick, and consented to be baptized. The Saint was drawn leaning upon his crozier, the spiked point of which had transfixed the monarch's foot. The royal guards, inclined to avenge their master, are arrested in mute wonder, by seeing that Aongus is unconscious of the wound, as he stands absorbed in the regenerating sacrament of the Christian faith. The subject allowed ample scope for the expression of the highest species of heroism—the religious; and it was one of the favourite themes in our house—how that the baptism of the King of Cashel was painted by a young man, almost a boy, at Cork, a lad of humble parentage; for his uncouth father commanded a sort of half hooker, half fishing-boat, that coasted from Cork to Kinsale, or loitered about the exquisite scenery of the harbour and river of the 'beautiful city.' 'Commanded,' is a high-sounding word applied to one who worked the craft with his rough hands, sometimes assisted by a man and a couple of boys—one of them his own son, in after times the most self-sacrificing and devoted painter of whom the kingdom boasts.

The firm-hearted child drew inspiration from the beauties of the southern coasts, and copied the passing scenes with charred stick upon the deck of

his father's vessel. 'An idle young dog,' he was called, and 'an obstinate,' for he would either do nothing, or do what he liked; and his only liking was to lie along the deck, sketching, as we have said, with burnt stick, the groups or effects which struck his fancy.

'It is you who have ruined him,' exclaimed the rough sailor Barry to his wife. 'As you brew so you may bake. Keep him at home and make a scholar of him; he's fit for nothing else.'

And so to school the boy was sent, where, if he did not learn the purest-sounding English, he acquired, as Irish boys do, even at hedge-schools, a knowledge and a deep love of classic poetry; while his love of Art, drawn in with the air he breathed upon his native shores, assumed daily a more tangible form, and he pictured forth, upon the doors and walls, rude sketches of Æneas escaping with his family from the sack of Troy, and other illustrations of classic subjects, which, according to the vague memoirs that remain of his childish days, elicited the admiration of his schoolmates and the reproofs of his master. His mother's ambition, however, was the ambition of many of her class; she desired to devote the boy who had such genius to the service of the God who gave it. If she could only once see him 'serve Mass,' she had been often heard to declare, she would die a happy woman. But, though the imposing forms and ceremonies, its strict fasts and rigid observances, caught firm hold of the youth's imagination, and there can be little doubt but the ascetic denials to which in his first youth and in his latter days he subjected himself grew out of his belief in the necessity for religious discipline, yet *his soul was Art*, and to its highest calling he devoted himself, with as much zeal as could be contained in one human heart. And a great strong-beating heart it was—impatient of control—impatient of repose—disdaining the cravings of animal existence—choosing the coarsest of the homely food of an Irish cottage—choosing the floor as his bed, hardening his nerves into iron, so that, casting off the coil of human wants as much as a human being can, he might be able to take his own path, a pilgrim without scrip or staff, trusting to the majesty and dignity of his CAUSE to reach the goal, to win the immortality—which he *did* win; but at great cost! His course is a glorious one to contemplate, but a most unsafe one to follow; for a heedlessness as regards the opinions of others, a disregard for the common proprieties of life, are what on one

has a right to practise—or to affect. But, though Barry looked upon the delicacies and elegancies of life as inconveniences instead of comforts—if, indeed, he ever thought of them—he did so without affectation; his carelessness and coarseness were the growth of early habit, the result of hard, stern, iron discipline, such as a Spartan would exult in. And his unfortunate disregard for the feelings and prejudices of his friends, upon which, in after time, Burke so wisely and eloquently descanted, was the overboiling of a rash, natural, and most honest heart, zealous for truth in Art, and truth in all things, but rushing madly forward, and thinking *that* madness duty. Those who have attributed mean motives to this child of nature—and *Irish* nature also, the wildest of all natures—have done him wrong; he was as much above all meanness as those who would mimic his eccentricities are below him. People can overlook crimes in their associates rather than those ebullitions of temper which needlessly insult self-love and outrage received habits and opinions. This is sad to think of, but observation will attest the accuracy of the remark.

There are plenty who imagine that adopting a singularity is a proof of genius; but the style of affectation is not that of self-denial; on the contrary, it is display—the vanity of a girl. An open collar, a shock of lean, lank, dank hair, and an untrimmed moustache, because they are seen in some finely-painted portrait, must create a painter! Out upon such baby follies. *Do great men this?* Do the masters of Art, the few mighty ones we have, so walk abroad that boys may point at them and say, 'There goes an artist!' Barry's eccentricities, painful as they were to those who loved him, were not assumed for the sake of notoriety, but were, be well assured, the growth of circumstances; ascetic feelings, that sought to out-brave poverty; a native dignity, rugged and strange to those who would wish to find poor talent humble and glove-like, to suit the whims of patronage. Necessity gave him habits; and habits, with such unyielding natures, become parts of the person; his active and unwearied mind maintained a perpetual war with circumstances, and became stronger in the contest. His father opposed him. His mother, from anxiety for his health or dread of fire, stole away his candle, so that he could neither read nor draw at night, and annoyed him with misplaced fears and foolish wishes. Parching for information, he had no money to buy books, and actually transcribed such

as he could borrow. Seeking only the society of such as could give him information, his startling zeal, his industry, the influence, in every rank of life, which a feeling of self-dependence attains and exercises over subaltern minds, tended, unfortunately, to fix habits which had no opportunity of refinement, and whose influence marred his success all through life. His temper, soured by vexations, and firm by nature, acquired that mastery over him, which he, by virtue of his genius, exercised over others; and lacking, until his twenty-second year, all comparison with rival excellence—seeing almost nothing in the way of Art, and knowing how superior were his designs to any he had come in contact with—the only wonder to us seems that he bowed with so much deference to the opinions which Burke so frankly gave after his first exhibition in Dublin, and which should be engraven in letters of gold over every School of Design in England. When he accompanied his pictures to Dublin, and saw them—the work of his own untaught hand, the children of his creation—hung upon their walls by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, he went back to his inn confident of success; and yet his heart beat more quickly than usual, when, on the first day of the exhibition, he mingled with the crowd, which, to his delight, he noted gathered round his picture of 'The Baptism of the King of Cashel.' Here was cause for exultation. At first the people murmured their applause; then way was made for one—for EDMUND BURKE—whose taste was never disputed, whose eye was kind as keen, one IN WHOM ALL MEN BELIEVED, as well they might; and then, again the crowd enclosed the picture, and listened for his dicta. Warmly, generously, was it given, and murmurs of approbation swelled into upraised tones of praise. One asked another *who* was the painter? *Where* was he? Could no one tell who was? And then the youth felt the hot blood rushing to his brow. He, the unknown stranger, the ill-dressed pallid-boy, small of stature, and whose expressive features were marked by that which destroys beauty, could contain his fierce delight no longer. 'I am the painter!' he exclaimed from amid the crowd. 'You, a boy, impossible!' was the reply from many lips. 'It is my picture,' he added, 'and I can paint a better.' But when Edmund Burke advanced to congratulate him, he was overpowered: the mob's congratulations and astonishment gratified his pride, but the praise of Edmund Burke shook his heart; he burst into

a sudden gush of tears, covered his face with his hands, and rushed from the room.

One of the members of the old Irish parliament told us, that when the picture, which created such a sensation, was afterwards hung in the House of Commons, some complained that it interfered with the business of the House, drawing off the members from their duties. For once, Irishmen appreciated the produce of their own country. But there is no opportunity of judging of its merits now; it was consumed in a fire soon after its achievement of so honourable a distinction. It is impossible not to imagine how the young painter must have felt, in society with Burke and Langrishe, Lord Charlemont, Flood, Bushe, and all the brilliancy of Dublin, as it was in that golden age of eloquence. What a change from the small tenement in Water-grass-lane, in Cork, which, when we visited it some years ago, it was great courtesy to call a house—what a change from his father's taunts, his mother's gentle, but wearying fears—what a confirmation of the hopes of those who knew better than his parents—especially Doctor Sleigh, who introduced him to Burke; and we have heard that Barry never presented the letter, until *after* his pictures had introduced themselves!

It is painful, though interesting and useful, to contemplate, after the lapse of a very few years, the turmoil of Barry's mind during his residence in Rome: now exulting in the glories of the fifteenth century—now, amid the *débris* of a past empire, quarrelling with the pitiful dealers in manufactured rubbish, whether of canvas or opinion, throwing down a scorching gauntlet amid a tribe of irritating mercenaries, who dared not take it up in fair combat, but who, stung in their only vulnerable part—the traffic of their calling—by the young impetuous Irishman's keen observation and brave exposition of their faults and forgeries, laid ready hold of his want of temper and discretion, and worried the chafed lion until his dignity was forgotten. And then it was, when James Barry, yielding to the natural combativeness and bitterness of his temper—which, be it remembered in strong extenuation, had never been curbed or managed in his youth—then it was that Edmund Burke addressed to the young painter the letter which we have often heard read, by one whose mellow voice has long been silent in the grave, and who read it in the same small parlour where the picture hung, whose memory is with us at this moment. He had seen Barry, and

had called Edmund Burke his friend. He was an Irishman, proud of both; he used to term the letter a prophecy—and so it was. The letter runs thus:—

'That you have had just subjects of indignation always, and anger often, I do in no ways doubt. Who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which *it is to be reconciled to us, and we to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great distrust of ourselves,* which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. Again and again, dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species; if not for their sakes yet very much for our own.'

Here is the great senator's picture of a great painter's ruin:—'You will come here; you will observe what the artists are doing, and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes in a no less expressive silence. By degrees, you will produce some of your own works; they will be variously criticised; you will defend them; you will abuse those who have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward; *you will shun your brethren: they will shun you. In the meantime gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels: you will fall into distresses, which will only aggravate your disposition for future quarrels:* you will be obliged, for maintenance, to do anything for anybody.' *This* was Mr. Burke's only mistake. Barry NEVER degraded his Art 'to order;' nor did 'his talents depart for lack of hope and encouragement;' but he did 'go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined!' His tender and affectionate letters to his humble home show that he was anything but devoid of social affections; and the lofty designs of his pencil prove the rugged dignity of his mind. It would ill become us to play the critic. We have no knowledge for such a task. We seek only to convey to others more gifted than ourselves a firmer belief in the power that is within them to form, and

instruct, and exalt their country, by elevating their Art, and its high purpose. Oh! that any word of ours could stir up and excite a self-sacrificing spirit, such as, despite his ungovernable temper, his irascible nature, his stubborn pride, elevated Barry above so many others of his age; although these ever-perilous evils contracted his sphere, cramped his usefulness, fettered his genius, and destroyed his life.

After his return to England he became involved, as his friend had too truly anticipated, in various quarrels. Even Burke shrank from his side rather than lose the friendship of the 'gentle Sir Joshua.' His person was neglected, and he permitted slothful and uncleanly habits to disgust others and incrust his mind—as they always do, and must do. Still, grieved as we are, and ought to be, to see part of anything so noble disarranged—far more in ruin—it is impossible to pause, with the light of his full glory upon us, to pick motes out of sunbeams. Let us think upon the greatness of this man in what produces so much that is great—self-denial.

We have heard some say 'they cannot live and draw cartoons.' Barry commenced his prodigious labour in the Adelphi *with sixteen shillings in his pocket*, with the previous and positive certainty that if the offer he was about to make were accepted he must lie hard, live mean, dress coarsely, not for a week, a month, a year, but for many years of his life. You say, 'He had done this before, and had learned to bear it.' Ay, but he had so done when a boy, full of the bursting hope that seems of itself heaven. *That* is not so much matter for marvel; there are even now—when men are more effeminate by fifty years than they were then—there are still plenty of youths who would bear privations for their own peculiar glory's sake. Barry had endured them, but he had since mingled amongst the highborn and wealthy, had at times lived luxuriously, and, at all events, had arrived at that period when men sink into easy chairs and think of comfort. Yet, when his hot blood must have been cooled—when the world to him was waxing old, for he was one whose months were years—when he had proved the fallacy of hope to those who looked upon it without considering its immortality—when he was to all lookers-on a worn-hearted and worn-headed man, beset with enemies and reproached by friends—when he had the grim certainty that, to provide himself with the commonest necessaries of life, he must steal hours from sleep after his hard day's labour ended,

that he must take up the graver when he laid down the pencil—yet, with all this, HE, for the sake of that glory which should be the pole-star of Art, for the sake of the HEREAFTER, which, God knows, is the sole thing worthy the work of human life, bound himself to paint, free of all cost, pictures in the great room of the Society of Arts which we should take our children to see, that they may treasure in their memories Barry's offering to his country, and be stimulated to imitate his self-sacrificing spirit, so that selfishness may give way before love of country, and each English subject feel himself a great and influential unit of a mighty whole.

There can be no doubt that Barry was powerfully urged on to this noble sacrifice by the sneers and statements and assertions of a tribe, of whom Montesquieu, Du Bos, and Winckelman were the spokesmen—who declared that the climate, soil, and food of England and Englishmen were natural drawbacks to our advancement, and that, however admirably we might execute, we were incapable of reaching the highest region of design. [Have these foolish critics found no imitators in the middle of the nineteenth century? Does not the senseless babble come to-day from Germany as it came yesterday from France?] Like some masters in the Art of our own time, Barry could use his pen as well as his pencil, and published an 'Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstructions to the Acquisition of the Arts in England.' That such an 'Inquiry' should be necessary seems allied to insanity; but out of it came the painter's resolve to paint a great epic poem, proving by the work of his own resolute mind that both design and execution could exist, and be combined in our misty island as well as under the blue vault of unclouded Italy. The nobility of the idea atones a thousand-fold for whatever faults are to be found in the execution. He lived through bitter privations to work out his plan, bequeathing to his country in this series of pictures, illustrative of the progress of man from a savage to a civilised state, the pure lesson, 'That the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends upon the development, proper cultivation, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral, which are so well calculated to lead human nature to its true rank, and the glorious designation assigned to it by Providence.' This, it has ever seemed, to us, is the greatest object of the most noble 'ART' to which we already owe so much, and to which we hope we shall become far

more largely indebted. Beautiful and precious it is in all its branches, giving us fruit and flowers amid the sterility of winter, bestowing a perpetuity of blessings in those 'silent selves' of what we loved, but can look upon no more; placing upon our town walls the freshness and foliage of the country—adding strength to the poet's song and practical value to our country's history. But when it takes the loftiest range of all, it becomes second only to that inspired word which leads to immortality. The more this power is felt and acknowledged, the greater shall we become.

Barry knew that he should meet no reward *here;* doubtless, scorner though he was, his heart yearned for those social enjoyments from which his unhappy temper and disagreeable peculiarities had cut him off. A stricken and disappointed man, if his mind be lofty, is *never* a conciliator. Such a man will fight with his destiny, however he may have provoked it, till the last; and we do not envy the person who, knowing the history of those paintings, knowing that the painter's life-blood was poured out in their execution, can contemplate them without a strange mingling of grief and veneration. He was a martyr to his morose, ascetic nature; but he was a still greater martyr to the theory that Art, before it can be honourable to England, required to devote itself fully to historic compositions. Imagine this man, strong-hearted and enthusiastic as he was, working from day-dawn until sunset at those pictures, which he, an artist, poor in all things, save God's gift of genius,

Barry's House.

was *giving, presenting* for nothing, to the richest country in Europe. Fancy him, having wiped the damps of labour from his brow, returning to his wretched and dilapidated 'home' in Castle-street, where the rent walls admitted the wind, and the shattered roof let in the rain, and there, companioned by Poverty, in solitude, *engraving* by the light of a solitary candle that he might not starve.*

But, to my mind, the saddest thing of all was, when gaunt and yellow misery so stared him in the face that he was forced thereby to apply to one Sir George Saville, a leading member of this society for whose advancement he was pouring out his genius, to communicate his situation to his brethren for a small subscription to enable him to exist until he had finished the undertaking. *The* APPEAL WAS VAIN! Nay, he could hardly obtain the stipulated allowance for models and colours. At last, perhaps, the dread of his funeral, or the disgrace of his starvation, stirred their blood, and they doled him out two fifty guineas—and two hundred, when his seven years' labour was completed. To have taken anything from them must indeed have crushed his generous heart; for generous his heart was. Think how he rushed to the Academy after the death of Reynolds, whom he had so opposed, and pronounced so eloquent a eulogium upon him, that Sir Joshua's niece sent him as a present her uncle's painting-chair. It is really beautiful to see how, even then, his enthusiastic nature glowed towards kindness, and to mark how, casting off all bitter memories towards one with whom he had waged so bitter a war, he carried his chair home to his desolate house with as much triumph as if it had been the throne of the Cæsars, and wrote one of his full characteristic letters to the noble giver, wherein he compared, with that classic taste which perfumed his mind, the chair of Reynolds to the chair of Pindar, shown so many years in the porch of Olympia; giving way to a nature prone to honour as the highest

* This tenement became Barry's property by bequest; he never was rich enough to keep it in decent repair, and in the course of twenty-five years it was allowed to sink into the state of wretchedness represented in our engraving, from a sketch made immediately after Barry's decease. It is the house in which occurred the interview between the painter and his old friend Burke, so eloquently described by the latter; when Barry cooked a frugal steak with his own hand, and the two friends enjoyed a repast, which Burke ever after remembered as one of the most agreeable he had partaken of in London.

distinction whatever the Almighty had impressed with the stamp of moral glory. His sense of its value was enhanced by its 'having been instrumental in perpetuating the negligent honest exteriors of the authors of the 'Rambler' and the 'Traveller,' and pressed by Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse;' adding, 'that it should find a reverential conservator *whilst God permitted it to remain* under his care.' [Sir Thomas Lawrence afterwards had this chair. Where is it now?] We can fancy such a tribute as this rendering a man of Barry's nature gentle as a lamb, as long as the influence of the gift remained uppermost in his mind. Occasionally such things were done unto him: a few, appreciating the sublime sternness of the painter-hero, came forward with words and acts of kindness; but it is difficult to know how to serve men differing in their actions, and motives of actions, from their fellows—it is only a high mind that can understand a high mind—and a desperate combat—a single-handed battle with the Royal Academy, which he had beyond question grossly insulted, made many forget what they owed to this man—as champion of historic Art. We said his combat was single-handed, but no; Joseph Nollekens did not desert him. His intemperate letter to the Dilettanti Society gave the Academy, whom he had frequently annoyed, a power over him—they brought various charges against him, without permitting him a copy of the indictment, or the means to offer a word in explanation or defence, ending their inquisitorial proceeding by degrading—*No*, THAT they could not do—by dismissing him from their professorship of painting, and expelling him from their body. Oh that such a man as Barry should have suffered his temper so to triumph, as to be in the position that every puny daw could peck his eagle plumage, and exclaim 'See there!'

His friends hoped he had now done with debates, and raised by subscription a thousand pounds, upon which the late Sir Robert Peel (father of the great Sir Robert, who must unhappily now be called also "the late") granted him an annuity. Here was another heart-crushing to the painter—he who had lived upon what others would have died on, to be GIVEN what he would far rather EARN. Of all mortal cups this must be the hardest to drink up, even when held to the lips by the fleshless hand of stern necessity. Still it supplied what he considered competence; and during the years which passed after his expulsion from the Academy, he had grown less ungentle

and unyielding. His real character became better developed, for he had ceased to be troubled by councils or committees. Still a large picture grew slowly under his hand; nor had he, at any time, that 'dashing alacrity' of execution which distinguished many of the old Italian masters, and renders all but miraculous the rapidity of thought and execution of Maclise—the fellow-townsman of Barry, and in many respects the superior of Barry even as an artist; while immeasurably beyond him in those gentlemanly habits, conciliatory manners, and amenities of temper which make and secure friends. Barry laboured unceasingly at his engravings; but mused, more than he painted, over his pictures. Dining at a cheap house, he was seized with sudden and violent illness; death had given him the unerring blow, and his great heart quivered under the shock. He was borne to the door of his lonely dwelling, and it could not be opened—some of those evil urchins who run about the streets had plugged the key-hole with pebbles. The night was dark and cold, and shivering with disease, Barry was carried to another abode. He was one of those strong men who cannot bear their weakness to be known. In his strange room he locked himself for forty hours, bearing his physical agony, it would seem, unheeded. At last he strayed out to make his complaint—for nature will have way—and the physician sent him to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bonomi, who now managed to receive him into their house. The struggle was strong, but not terrible. He was a Christian hero to the last, talking cheerfully and kindly to those around him, anticipating, but not fearing, death. If he had summoned the same mild fortitude to his aid through life, he would have lived a happier man—happier and more useful, for his powers would have been doubled, increasing by the exercise of the proprieties and suavities which sway, and ought to sway, society; and, adding unto admiration love, the combination would have given greater might into his single hands than was ever possessed by any British painter. He lingered for ten or fifteen days, and then expired. The monument erected by himself to himself is to be seen at the Adelphi; that generously set up by Sir R. Peel, (honour to the name of a great father of a great son!) who paid the expenses of his funeral, stands in the cathedral of St. Paul.

The faults of this mighty master may serve to deter many from vain disputes and ill-tempered sarcasm, who have no pretensions to his talent,

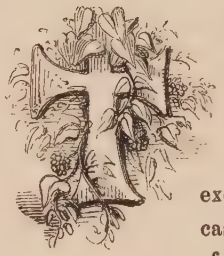
and therefore have no claim whatever upon the respect and sympathies of their kind. For ourselves, we delight to recal his greatness, his fortitude, his desire from boyhood—arising, one might almost imagine, from instinct, but deepening into a principle—to depict only what is dignified, magnificent or sublime. His failing to reap the reward which ought to have waited upon him must be imputed, in a great degree, to his infirmity of temper, but in a still greater to the unawakened taste in the country for works of a high class of Historic Art. Is this last on the eve of remedy?

One word more, even though we have written words too many. The Academy did not forget their feud with the dead painter. He was borne to his grave by hands that had never touched a pencil!

His noble qualities stand out in bold relief from the mass of feeble indistinctness which surrounds him. When we recal the memories of his life and of his pictures, we honour him as a hero deserves to be honoured, whose chief failings and great errors arose out of an unpruned overgrowth of truth and fidelity.

And what a lesson does his life teach! It is needless to draw the moral. But may we not hope that many youths of genius will ponder over it; and, while they proudly and disinterestedly emulate the good, shun the evil of his example.

THE RESIDENCE OF DR. ISAAC WATTS.



HERE is but to look into our own hearts, to scrutinise our own habits, to close our eyes on the tumultuous present, and recal, by a simple effort of memory, the past, to be convinced of the immense influence which the Literature of Infancy, so to speak, has exercised over our whole lives. Servants, in nine cases out of ten, are considered admirable care-takers of children, if they are good-tempered, clean, and careful; but they are suffered to remain altogether ignorant of *moral training:* they pet the child to keep it quiet; disorder its stomach by sedatives, or what is worse; and foster its evil passions, rather than either cause its tears to flow, or tell to parents the truth. However disposed we may be, and ought to be, to deal leniently with the errors of our fellow-beings as we advance in years—the judicious mother knows that the fault of a young child should never be passed over without reproof; for as surely as it is, it will be strengthened by repetition—

'The child is father to the man.'

What ill passions may be nursed—what dangerous habits contracted—what ruinous prejudices fostered—what bitter bondage to evil may be signed and sealed during the first years of life; while the unthinking and uneducated argue, that as the 'child knows no better,' no mischief can

ensue. Yet moral as well as physical diseases may be contracted in childhood, nay, in infancy, which Time and Reason can never entirely eradicate.

The great first lesson for the infant is *obedience :* it should be taught firmly, yet tenderly, before the rebellious spirit strengthens. The mother will, and must, suffer during the great sacrifice to duty she is called upon to make ; but perseverance will go far to secure the happiness of both, and that of all with whom the future of the child may be associated or connected. The more difficult the task, the more needful that it be discharged faithfully.

Blessed privilege ! not only to bring forth heroes, but to arm them for the battle of life with the shield of endurance—a sure defence only when tempered by self-restraint ! We could enlarge upon this theme—a theme often suggested to us by some line from the Divine and Moral Songs of Dr. Isaac Watts, as it rings upon our heart. Memories they are of verses learned almost before we could lisp them, but which, second in value only to maxims of Holy Writ, have come to us, like angels' whispers, amid the labours, and trials, and struggles—ay, and amid the pleasures and triumphs—of life.

We do earnestly record our belief, that we never *thought* a complaint against the destiny that commands the daily and nightly toil of the inventive faculty, without 'the witness,'—as the 'Friends' call it,—'within our breast,' taunting us with a reproach borrowed from Watts' Hymns or Moral Songs. Sometimes, when inclined to repose at the wrong time, 'The Little Busy Bee' will remind us of our duty, or 'The Voice of the Sluggard' rise up against us, and call to mind that terror of the wise, *the consequences* of indolent dreaminess. We might, indeed, quote such suggestions from nearly every page of his writings.

It is extraordinary how a thinking people, as we are believed to be, can neglect, as we do, the infant training of the upper classes. We supply infant schools to 'the people,' and we admit none but teachers properly instructed in the duties they engage to perform, and yet we confide the children of the higher, and most influential middle orders, to the care of persons who, in most cases, failing in every other undertaking, with broken means and shattered reputations, become the Mentors of 'Preparatory Establishments :' the blue board or brass plate seeming sufficient to satisfy

the credulous parent, that those who offer to conduct the great business of education are worthy of the trust they seek. Parents are not unfrequently content if the nursery governess be able to attend to the children's wardrobe, and is content with less as a 'salary' than the cook as 'wages.' 'She does very well for the children at present, and is not at all particular,' is a general observation:—'any one does for the first seven years who keeps them out of mischief.'

Why, the 'first seven years' are the most important years of human life! There are plenty of 'superior' women engaged in what is called 'finishing,' and they will tell you that the greater portion of the time which ought to be dedicated to completing a young lady's education, is of necessity devoted to undoing what has been done: bad habits to be got rid of, bad accents to be displaced, bad manners to be set aside, and what is worse, evil principles uprooted, so that when these things are accomplished in a degree, 'the time is up:' the daughter is required to take her station at home, or in society; and the whole fabric, instead of presenting the result of a good foundation upon which a solid, as well as an ornamented, structure has been raised, is dilapidated and incongruous; exhibiting odds and ends of accomplishments—bits of gilding amid early mildew and decay, and the wrecks of half-developed systems. All this could be avoided were *infant moral training* attended to, and not confided to thoughtless or incompetent teachers. It is only a clear and comprehensive mind that can understand the 'workings' and demonstrations of childhood; they are so varied, that, but for their impulse and truthfulness, they would be incomprehensible, from the very ductility—creating confusion—with which they fall into each other. The truly great never disdain to become—not only the instructors, but the playmates of children. None have, as yet, written down to the comprehensions they sought to elevate, so perfectly in prose, as Maria Edgeworth, or in verse, as Dr. Watts. There is a sublimity in the simplicity of childhood, which is almost divine! we see every moment as observation developes effects around it, the tint of the world soiling the purity of its nature. To prevent this—and what a task it is!—should be the chief care of the mother or her delegate; to impart knowledge, but not worldliness, her object; to see that nothing is implanted that must be uprooted; nothing encouraged that must thereafter be cast forth!

Government may found Universities and sustain Colleges, but until teachers, either for public or private purposes, are themselves taught beneath the State's eye, and are able to answer to competent and fixed judges, as to their fitness for the onerous duties they undertake,—until schools are placed under the surveillance of persons appointed to see that schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are fit for their now voluntary task; until every private teacher is responsible to the State, and until a code of infant education is arranged and adopted, under the sanction and guardianship of 'authority,' we shall continue to pursue a perpetual course of doing and undoing. We are increasing the power of the people over the aristocracy by this negligence of the first principles of education; we are strengthening *them*—pouring new ideas into their minds, while aristocratic education stagnates. We are tardy in giving the Educator a position. As long as the brainless and disreputable commence our children's education, it is of comparatively little consequence by whom it is finished.

The task of training infant minds would not degrade a Socrates; our Divine Master honoured children—he would have them come to him; he did not even send them to his disciples for instruction; he said, '*Suffer little children to come unto me.*' The eagle that soars highest can also stoop lowest; those must be strangely blind, indeed, to the means of dignifying and purifying human nature, who neglect infant training. We may be considered enthusiasts, but we are none the less resolved to call aloud for the regeneration of the nursery, by means of a totally different class of nursery teachers. We would intreat others to demand that Government take this weighty matter into consideration. It is not only for the lower orders that teachers should be trained in Normal Schools. The training of subjects is the duty, the power, the privilege of the State; and its neglect an unpardonable *State negligence.* If the Educator were fitted for the great moral and intellectual duty of his, or her, calling, we should have none of the educational mistakes which strike at the foundations of Social Order. If properly conducted through infancy and childhood into youth, much that is evil would be altogether swept away from among us. No means should be neglected—not of preaching or lecturing a child—but of saturating its mind with that which must be of vital importance to its high moral existence. The moral maxims in our

copy-books, which those of the early part of the present century often now recall, have been set aside for an accumulation of heavy strokes and hair strokes, conveying no definite idea to the young learner of the Caligraphic Art. The infant should have an idea sown in the mind, and left there to fructify; all its organs are capable of receiving impressions for after-thought, and all should be brought into active employment; the senses are its ministers of intelligence before it can give words to its sensations; they are, so to say, the great mental pores through which it receives food. The subject is one for grave consideration and for enlarged space; but it may not be inaptly introduced in reviewing the life of Dr. Isaac Watts, who, in 'condescending to things of small estate,' has been a large benefactor to mankind.

It is a curious classification, but the simplicity of Watts and the cavern-like profoundness of Young, furnish the best of good thoughts for every-day existence. When a great authority said that Dr. Watts was a poet with whom Youth and Ignorance might be safely pleased, the tribute, properly considered, was of a *high order*. The office of teacher having its origin in Heaven, what so godlike as to instruct the innocent and enlighten the ignorant? Sublime names went before the Minstrel of Childhood; great names have followed since his time: acting upon the spirit of the modest introduction to his 'Moral Songs,' ('such as we wish some happy and condescending genius would undertake for the use of children, and perform much better'). Many have written lyrics for the young upon his plan, borrowing as he recommended, 'subjects from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences of civil life, both in city and country.' Some, as Mary Howitt, and the Taylors, have done excellently well; but still, 'Watts' Hymns,' 'Watts' Moral Songs,' have been encountered by no rival; they nestle into the softest places of the heart, and hover with the visions of Childhood round the bed of Age. It was but lately we heard of the passing away of a great spirit—learned, and of account; a man of strong mind, though very old as we count years; his intellect never became filmy, it was clear to the last, and discoursing with his friends, with true Christian hope and cheerfulness as to the prospect of the Future, he said, 'It is very singular how Watts' Hymns crowd my memory; I had forgotten them for years,

but now they are my companions, mingling with other things and then coming forth distinctly ; I welcome them as old friends.'

Dr. Watts' collected works deserve a place in every library, and the Dissenters owe him a deep debt of gratitude, for he showed them that zeal and charity might be expressed and enforced in polished diction. His 'Improvement of the Mind' ought to be regarded with the trust and veneration due to a domestic physician ; and it is impossible not to acknowledge and venerate the Man, who, at one time, combated Locke, and, at another, made 'a Catechism for children in their fourth year.'

Abney Park.

But after all, his popularity is based on the universal knowledge of his 'Divine and Moral Songs ;' and never was popularity more widely diffused, better merited, or productive of more glorious results.*

It is now about eight years ago, a rumour reached us that it was

* His works in prose and verse, published by himself, together with his manuscripts, revised and corrected by Dr. Jennings and Dr. Doddridge, were collected and published in six volumes, 4to, in 1754, by Dr. Gibbons, who prefixed to them a short account of his life and character.

determined to pull down the dwelling-house of Abney Park, where Dr. Watts spent the last thirty-six years of his life, in a prolonged and harmonious 'visit' to Sir Thomas and Lady Abney.* To literary persons, 'visits' are not always 'relaxations.' The unceasing labour of Literature requires seasons, however short, of perfect unrestraint,—of entire calmness and repose. Society demands either novelty or a new dressing of old thoughts; and, to some sound thinkers, conversation—the light and sparkling conversation of 'the world'—is intensely laborious. But Dr. Watts' friends really permitted him to be free beneath their hospitable roof, and his small independence during his latter years, though not more than a hundred pounds a-year, prevented his feeling even their loving tenderness a burden.

We had been warned not to delay our pilgrimage to his residence too long, and a desire to visit the Shrine of the sweet Psalmist of Childhood, drove us forth during the darkness of a London fog. It is foolish to pack and unpack a resolution too often, so away we went; the horses looking dim and spectral, and the human beings flitting along in the murkiness like demons in a pantomime. We certainly detest a fog, creeping and breathing around us like a mighty incubus that cannot be shaken off—entwining our limbs and chilling us to the very heart—so mysterious in its monotony—giving ample scope to the very imagination which it chills—etching, as it were, the public buildings and solemn churches, and leaving it to the traveller to fill up the gloomy outlines. We never saw a fog painted, and though the peculiarity of English atmosphere, it is very un-English in its sly, insidious ways; we hear such hollow coughs in foggy weather; the horses suffer so much; the fairest face obtains a thick bluish tone of colour; and little blacks descend upon our noses, or sit on our eye-lashes with dignified indifference. As much as we can hate anything

* Sir Thomas Abney was knighted by King William III., and he served the office of Lord Mayor in 1700. He was bred up in Dissenting principles, and it is related of him as an instance of his strong sense of religious duties, that upon the day of his Mayoralty dinner, 'he withdrew silently after supper from the public assembly at Guildhall, went to his own house, performed family worship there, and then returned to the company.' Sir Thomas' loyalty was displayed in the pageant which was carried in the procession that day, when 'a person rode before the cavalcade in armour, with a dagger in his hand, representing Sir William Walworth, the head of the rebel Wat Tyler being carried on a pole before him.'

that God sends, we *do* hate a fog, particularly a yellow fog, which is the very embodying of suspicion and ill-feeling. Iagos and Iachimos, men of that *ilk*, are, we opine, born in foggy weather; at such time murderers are seen to creep about; and the air, instead of being 'voiceless,' is filled with cruel whisperings. We were so ill at ease, that, truth to say, we thought we had chosen an evil day to visit Abney Park. We remembered when half way through the City, that we had no introduction to its present proprietor; and of all awful things, the meetings of unintroduced English

The Grove of Cedars and Yews in Abney Park.

people are the most embarrassing! It was not for some little time after we had entered it, that we discovered the house was occupied as a college for the instruction of youths of the Wesleyan Society; but we had only to declare our desire to inspect the house, hallowed by the memory of Dr. Watts, to be cordially received. It was, indeed, a spacious dwelling, standing in what was once a noble park, but a greater portion of which had been converted into one of those cemeteries that now abound in our suburbs,

and are so auxiliary to the preservation of health of body and mind to the living: it was to increase its size that they designed pulling down the noble mansion that had for so long a time sheltered the poet. The trees were remarkably fine, adding much to the beauty and solemnity of the grounds—then only partially dotted with memorials of those who have exchanged time for eternity. Before we describe the house to our readers, we must mention that many honoured persons have resided in Stoke Newington—which we of the West-end affect to consider a semi-barbarous region. Isaac Watts wrote much of his poetry beneath the avenues of yew-trees, and upon the mound consecrated by his name, and which a vague tradition tells us, covers the ashes of the mighty one of England—CROMWELL!* A large portion of Abney Park, ranging from the magnificent cedar of Lebanon, in the part once called the Wilderness, and continued to the southern extremity, where the mound is placed, and all the land east of that line, extending as far as the principal entrance to the cemetery, was, during the Commonwealth, and after the Restoration, the property of General Fleetwood. The eccentric Thomas Day, whose amusing letter forms so interesting a portion of Miss Edgeworth's life of her father, Lovel Edgeworth, dwelt in the immediate neighbourhood.

* Many are the traditions of Cromwell's resting-place. After the Restoration of Charles II., the bodies of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton were, with the characteristic meanness of that king, 'dragged out of their superb tombs among the kings in Westminster, to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there from nine in the morning till six at night,' and then thrown in a deep hole under the gallows, their heads being set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall. The head of Cromwell, which had been blown down, and carried off by a passer-by, afterwards re-appeared, and was made a public exhibition of in the early part of the present century, but although it was affirmed to be his very head, its authenticity was questionable. It was a favourite tradition with his partisans, that his body was not subjected to the indignities intended for it, but that, fearing desecration, his friends had re-interred the body, and changed its place with that of Charles I. Hence it was a favourite saying with them, that the king suffered greater indignities at the hands of the Cavaliers than he had done from the Roundheads. The exhumation of the body of Charles at Windsor, however, settled the fact of his identity. That Cromwell's body received but a mock funeral at Westminster, and was really peaceably reposing elsewhere, was still a favourite belief with his partisans; and Ireton's residence at Newington, and the circumstance of his marriage with Bridget, Cromwell's eldest daughter, as well as the important position he filled as head of the Republican party in the army after the death of the Protector, may have easily led to the tradition above mentioned, however unfounded.

Daniel De Foe occupied a house in the village. John Howard, the Man of Prisons, who lived in darkness that the darkness might be made light: and, some few years ago, Dr. Aikin, with his sister, the gentle child-loving Mrs. Barbauld, combined to give a higher interest to this locality than it is in the power of mere fashion to bestow. Our glance at the park was anything but satisfactory. The fog was hanging round the trees, and imparted that air of desolation and chillness to the landscape which is so very much at variance with our feelings and desires. It was refreshing to enter the warm and comfortable house, to feel the glow of heat, and again receive the courteous welcome of the benevolent gentleman, the Superintendent of the establishment, whose name is honoured among his own people. The house, with its oak panellings and grave aspect, reminded us of Sir Christopher Wren's, at Camberwell.* Perhaps it was not quite so old, nor was the Hall so handsome, but it was a noble house, and rendered deeply interesting as the scene of one of those acts of disinterested friendship, which we have already mentioned—not growing out of whim, nor kept alive by the love of praise, or the love of novelty or adulation, but springing from an exalted religious principle, loving a brother in Christ because of his fervour and excellence in that which Christ loved. Isaac Watts, his slender frame worn to a shadow by illness, and helpless as an infant, was invited by Sir Thomas Abney, of Abney Park, to visit him. As a visitor for a few weeks he was received into the house, where he was treated, for thirty-six years, with all the kindness that friendship could prompt, and all the attention which respect could dictate. Sir Thomas dying about eight years after the commencement of his visit, he resided with Lady Abney and her daughter until his own death.

On the right, as you entered the hall, was the small library, which the poet and logician was permitted—nay, that is too cold a word to express

* The house was a square substantial red-brick building with stone quoins. The roof was flat, with a balustrade around it; and had a central turret, from which an extensive view of the surrounding country could be obtained. The entrance-gate was richly carved with flowers and fruit. The interior was entirely walled with oak panelling, and the staircase and rooms were all large and stately. There was one 'painted room' on the first floor, the panels of which were filled with landscapes and figures, and which must have originally been gorgeous in its effect; but the general character of the house was that of unostentatious solidity and wealthy plainness.

the noble hospitality exercised for *six-and-thirty years* towards the weak and quivering life of Isaac Watts—was compelled rather, by words and deeds of unchanging kindness—to call his own.

We could not avoid picturing the little trembling man moving from that very door, bowing at every third step as he advanced to meet old Lady Huntingdon, who once came to greet him there—and saying, while offering his hand to conduct her into his library, 'Madam, I came to this hospitable house on a visit for three weeks, and I have remained here thirty-and-three years.'—'And,' added Lady Abney, curtseying with all the dignity of hoop and highly-mounted head—as suddenly she stepped forth from the small oak parlour—'it is the shortest visit a friend ever paid.'*

The Library of Dr. Watts.

We entered the library, and all the gloom of the day vanished while considering the uniform but useful life of Dr. Watts. We conversed about him as we would of an old and cherished friend, whose memory was still 'green in our souls.' He was born at Southampton, in the sunniest part of the year 1674—the month of July. Some say his father was a shoemaker, others that he was a schoolmaster; it matters little which; he suffered persecution for his religious opinions, and maintained his firmness in them as befits a Christian, for one of his son's biographers tells us a family tradition has recorded that, during his imprisonment, the youthful and sorrowing mother

* We heard this characteristic anecdote on the spot, from the gentleman who received us with so much kindness.

has been known to seat herself on the steps of her husband's prison-house suckling this child of promise — this child cradled in meekness amid controversial storms. The adversities of Isaac Watts' early years were remembered by him in after-life, and doubtless originated that deep and ardent attachment to civil and religious liberty which marked his character, and led his muse to hail its establishment with exultation, when the dynasty of the vacillating Stuarts was driven from the throne. He was a remarkable lover of books from infancy, and the proficiency of the pale, delicate little boy, when at school, was so extraordinary, that a subscription was proposed for his support at the University; but he declared his resolution of taking his lot with the Dissenters. Dr. Johnson, in the brilliant and generous biography—which is in fact a dissertation upon the moral and spiritual beauty of the man—pays him a most marked compliment on this head:

'Such,' says the Doctor, 'he was as every Christian church would rejoice to have adopted.'

It was very gratifying to sit silently in this room for a few minutes—and think! We have been in many houses where the high and mighty, and the brave and wise, have lived and died; but never beneath any roof for which we felt greater reverence than this, where there was nothing, either in the past or present, of the noisy, gaudy world, nor of the show and parade of fanaticism or learning—everything was real and true, simple and holy.

He quitted the academy at the age of twenty, spent two years in study and devotion beneath the roof of his father, and then became tutor in Sir John Hartopp's family. It is as interesting as curious to remark how events come round—foredoomed, as it were, to work out great purposes. Sir John Hartopp married one of Fleetwood's daughters; this lady is stated not to have been the fruit of the general's marriage with Cromwell's daughter (Ireton's widow), but by a former wife; she resided in the house adjoining Abney Park;* and as tutor to their children, the grandchildren

* This house, still known as Fleetwood House, is standing close beside the iron gates which led to Abney Park, and which are remaining, as well as the circular drive that led to the house, which stood at a considerable distance further back than its neighbour, Fleetwood House. Here the famous Republican general was fortunate enough at the Restoration to be permitted

of Fleetwood, whose name Dr. Watts says 'is in honour among the churches,' he came there; and thus began his friendship with the Abneys. It would seem that his tutorship did not interfere with his ministry, for he had a 'church,' an Independent church, then meeting in Mark Lane, first as assistant to Dr. Isaac Chauncy; subsequently, after much hesitation, he accepted the invitation to succeed Dr. Chauncy in the Pastoral office! He retained this ministry until the last;—devoting a third part of his small stipend to the poor. *Here* the remainder of his life was spent, in a family which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, 'was a house of God.' To this happy circumstance the world is mainly indebted for the many rare and estimable productions of Dr. Watts. Ease of mind, with graceful relaxations from laborious studies—domestic quiet and competence—were matters upon the obtaining of which even his existence depended. The history of his life, from the time of his entering this home, is merely a history of his works. He continued actively employing his pen, producing his 'Logic,' which, having been received at the Universities, needs no higher praise; his ennobling 'Improvement of the Mind,' sermons, discourses, prayers, essays, and poems; all!—most blessed distinction!—all tending to one great and one exclusive object—the glory of God and the benefit of human kind.

Dr. Johnson—that unshorn Samson of our Faith—as if he could not bear to enter on controversial points with one whose memory he treated with a gentleness foreign, not to his nature, but his habit,—Dr. Johnson says, 'With his theological works I am only enough acquainted to admire his meekness of opposition, and his mildness of censure. *It was not only in his book, but in his mind, that orthodoxy was united with charity.*' Charity, indeed, was one of his favourite themes. 'I find,' he says, in one of his harmonious discourses, 'a strange pleasure in discoursing of this virtue, hoping that my very soul may be moulded into its divine likeness; I would always feel it inwardly warming my heart; I would have it look

to retire with life and liberty, and here he died in 1692. The house has been much modernised, and presents so few external features of antiquity, that it is only by looking narrowly at some small portions which, owing to their unobtrusiveness, have been left untouched, that its age could be guessed at. After Fleetwood's death it was inhabited by his descendants, the Hartopps and Hurlocks.

through my eyes continually, and it should be ever ready upon my lips to soften every expression of my tongue; *I would dress myself in it, as my best raiment;* I would put it on, upon my Faith and Hope, not so as entirely to hide them, but as an upper and more visible vesture constantly to appear in amongst men; for our Christian Charity is to evidence our other virtues!' Although his stature was but five feet, he was in his pulpit, of a presence, at once sweet and dignified, and his elocution was remarkable for its grace and intonation; his eyes were both firm and brilliant, and his voice full of music.

We followed our conductor to the top of the house, where, in a turret upon the roof, many of Dr. Watts' literary and religious works were composed. We sat upon the seamed bench, rough and worn, the very bench upon which he sat by daylight and moonlight—poet, logician and Christian teacher. We were in some degree elevated above the dense and heavy fog, for the heavens were clear and blue; but all beneath us was shrouded in a sea of mist, that would sometimes clear away, and then press its yellow folds more closely round every object of interest. This was very provoking: we desired to see what HE had seen; but we remembered how, out of this good man's naturally irritable temperament, he had become gentle, modest, and patient. We could almost fancy the measured yet dulcet tones of his sweet, eloquent voice reproving our unthankfulness for what we had already enjoyed. Considering the unostentatious and righteous nature of the man, we could not agree with Dr. Johnson in thinking it at all wonderful that he condescended to lay aside the scholar, the philosopher, and the wit, to write little devotional songs, poems, and systems of instruction, adapted to the wants and capabilities of children;* the more he combated with Locke, the greater necessity he perceived for making a Catechism for children of four years old.

The chamber upon whose walls hung the parting breath of this benevolent

* Doctor Southey, in his 'Life,' says that he composed rhyming lines for copy-books, containing moral instruction, and beginning with every letter of the alphabet; copies composed of short letters, for teaching to write even; and others, each line of which contained all the twenty-four letters. Can any of our publishing or other readers inform us if these proofs of Doctor Watts' knowledge of the importance of having a fixed object in all that is written for children, are in existence now?

man might well be an object of the deepest interest to all who follow, however humbly, the faith of Jesus. We were told of a little child who, knowing every hymn he had written, was taken into his room, having some vague but happy idea that she should meet him there. Learning, as she eagerly looked round, that the author of 'Watts' Hymns' was dead, she burst into bitter tears, which did not cease while she remained in the house. Many of his works are said to have been produced in this room, which, though small, was lofty and pleasant. The greater number of his poems are devotional. His nature and education both prompted him to employ his talents in the service of his Creator. Poetry with him was but the giving a more delightful and inviting dress to that which is naturally grand, dignified and beautiful. We remember in his preface to his 'Lyric Poetry' he seems to think it almost necessary to apologise for spending the time thus. He says, if he seized these hours of leisure wherein his soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain himself or his friends with a divine or moral song, he hopes he shall find an easy pardon. These 'Divine Songs for Children' seem to have achieved the perfection of their intent. To this hour, when fretful, or in pain, or indisposed for occupation, a line,—as we have said—a verse of those hymns, learned in our childhood, sets us 'all right again.' No wonder, then, that we class the 'Divine Songs for Children' among the rarest and most valuable works to which genius has

The Statue in the Cemetery.

given existence. If the earliest impressions are of the greatest importance, because the most effective and the most enduring, how essential is it that the bias of the young mind should be towards virtue, honesty, industry, humanity, and moral courage? There is no lesson in either which Dr. Watts has left untaught. Children lisp his verses long before they can read them—the moral fixes upon the mind through the active medium of the imagination, and is retained for life. The 'Divine Songs' are neither too high nor—what is less easy of attainment—too low for the comprehension of a child; and they tempt perusal and thought by the graces of easy rhyme. They are simple without being weak, and they reason without being argumentative; they are just of sufficient length to be committed to memory, without being long enough to become wearisome as tasks. We do indeed regard their author as one of the great benefactors of the human kind, and have searched in vain amongst the tomes of poets of far loftier pretensions for so many golden verses as are to be found in the 'Divine Songs for Children.'

Eight years have passed since this visit was paid to the dwelling-place of Dr. Isaac Watts. Eight years! which, as they rolled on, have left us much, and taken much from us! And it is good and right to be able to bless God both for what he took and what he left, knowing that the bitter has become sweet, and our foolish repinings have been silenced into wisdom. One, tried and trusted, who was with us then—the heart-friend of our youth, the dear companion of our thoughts and hopes—has been perfected in heaven; and we never missed her ever-cheerful voice, or sunny smile more, than when we revisited Abney Park but a short time ago. Our very affections become selfish when not tempered by the spirit of charity and love; the most acceptable homage we can render to the righteous dead, either in the sight of God or man, is by walking to our own graves in their footsteps!

Abney Park is now part of a large Cemetery. The iron gates by which we entered the drive leading to the house in 1842, are still there; and the trees, the avenues, preserved with a most delicate respect to the memory of the poet are so well kept—there is such an air of solemnity, and peace, and positive 'beauty' in the arrangement of the whole—that if spirits were permitted to visit the earth, we might hope to meet his shade amid his

once favourite haunts. There is nothing to offend us in such receptacles for the perishing away of humanity, but everything to soothe and harmonise the feelings of the past and present. A statue in pure and simple character of this high-priest of Charity, stands, (we were told, upon the 'exact spot' where the house stood; but we think it has been placed rather farther back than was the dwelling.* Perhaps the site is more ostentatious of display than would have met the Doctor's taste had he been consulted; and had it been hid away in a wilderness, where the nightingale sung to the rose, and the cushat converted melancholy into music, he might have liked it better. But all honour to those who honoured the teacher of their childhood; he would pardon them this genuine homage. 'The mound,' too, from whence he loved to overlook the green

The Mound in the Cemetery.

* The inscription on the pedestal of the statue to Watts, which was executed by E. H. Bailey, R.A., and 'erected by public subscription, September 1845,' is as follows:—'In memory of Dr. Isaac Watts, D.D., and in testimony of the high and lasting esteem in which his character and writings are held in the great Christian community, by whom the English language is spoken. Of his Psalms and Hymns it may be predicted in his own words:—

'Ages unborn will make his songs
The joy and labour of their tongues.'

'He was born at Southampton, July 7th, 1674, and died November 25th, 1748, after a residence of thirty-six years in the Mansion of Sir Thomas Abney, Bart., then standing in these grounds.

'Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety; he has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons, to the

and fertile country (for London at that period had not escaped from Shoreditch) is walled in, fenced round, and guarded as a sanctuary. We have said that one dreamy tradition affirms that the bones of CROMWELL sleep beneath the tablet which records the love of Isaac Watts for that which was in his time lovely and solitary—looking over a large pond, where the heron sat musing by

'the sedgy shallow;'

and commanding, beyond, extensive views of the surrounding country. The cemetery is also ornamented by a picturesque little church, from which a funeral procession was passing as we entered.

Many of the monuments are remarkable for truth and simplicity, and numbers of the graves were enriched by early flowers in full bloom. The old trees are invaluable to the Abney Park Cemetery, and so suggestive of memories of Dr. Watts, that his home seems still there; though in reality, his remains—now a mere handful of ashes—are interred in the burying ground of Bunhill Fields, opposite the chapel where John Wesley preached, when past the age of eighty, to the many missionaries who have since carried his name over the universe.

We visited this crowded place of interment for Dissenters: the walk through its thickened tombs is literally paved—like the chancels of our old cathedrals—with tombstones; and our feet frequently recoiled as our eyes caught the name of some time-honoured gospel minister.*

enlightened readers of Malbranche and Locke. He has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined: he has taught the Art of Reasoning and the Science of the Stars; such he was, as every Christian Church would rejoice to have adopted.'—DR. JOHNSON.

* Bunhill Fields was known as the city burial-ground in the reign of Charles I., and here was buried the son of his successful opponent—the mild Richard Cromwell. General Fleetwood, Cromwell's Lord-Deputy of Ireland from 1651 to 1654, was also buried here. The ground was walled in at the expense of the City during the Great Plague of 1665, and was some time afterwards purchased by Mr. Tindal, who appropriated it as a burial-ground for persons of any religious persuasions who choose to avail themselves of it. It has hence become the favourite 'resting-place' of eminent Protestant Dissenters; and here rest John Bunyan, Dr. Watts, Dr. Price, Dr. Lardner, Dr. A. Rees, author of the 'Cyclopædia,' and a host of others celebrated for their learning and piety. An avenue of trees adds to the appearance of this Cemetery, which has been recently enlarged by the removal of some houses at the further extremity. An idea of the immense number of dead here deposited may be formed from the fact, that in the twenty-four years previous to 1821, no fewer than 35,000 bodies had been interred in it.

Such a brotherhood of graves is full of profit! The city din sounded like distant thunder; but yet, though the rain splashed on the tombs and sunk into the thickly-matted grass, all seemed silent. We thought upon the memorable words of the old man, 'Waiting God's leave to die!'—how he had said 'that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support as the common and unlearned; and so,' he added, 'I find it.'

The tomb is square. Southey calls it 'handsome.' He could hardly have seen it; for it is humble, unpretending, even Quaker-like in its plainness. The epitaph, written by himself, is an index to his humility. He does not tell his age, but counts his years by the length, as it were, of his Gospel Ministry—

'Fifty years of feeble labours in the Gospel.'

It records his death, on the 25th November, 1748, and adds, that the monument was erected to his memory by Sir John Hartopp, Bart., and Dame Mary Abney: having been 'replaced in 1808 by a few of the persons who met for worship where he so long laboured.'

The tomb is on the right-hand side of this great burying-ground, which doubtless, when first enclosed, was in the country, but now is surrounded by houses. It is well and carefully kept, but lonely and uncheerful, though the sun came out and turned into crystal the rain-drops which hung from the leaves of the young trees. One man was giving a date and a name to a fresh tombstone; and another told us, when we said how full of death was the enclosure—that there was room enough for many more. We could not avoid wishing that Dr. Isaac Watts had been buried amid the stillness of the groves he loved so well.

THE PRISON OF LADY MARY GREY.

WE have made frequent Pilgrimages to Shrines that enrich Buckinghamshire. It is one of the most interesting—if not *the* most interesting—of our English counties; and once, thanks to the kindness of the late Sir Robert, and Lady Frankland, Russell, we spent a morning at Chequers Court,* interested not only by the tell-tale dwelling—its long galleries, its Cromwellian portraits,† its stores of gems, its varied trophies of the past and beauties of the present time—but by the memory of those sorrows which enshrine the name of Lady Mary Grey, whose sufferings excite sympathy, and who would have slept for ever in a forgotten grave, but for the cruelty practised towards her by Elizabeth. Her room, at Chequers Court, is a small dark

* Chequers takes its name from the King's Exchequer, he having palaces here and at Hawtree.

† On the death of Sir F. Russell, in 1664, who had been governor of Ely and Lichfield, and one of the Parliamentary Assessors in the time of the Civil Wars, as also one of Oliver Cromwell's lords, Sir John Russell, of Chippenham, having succeeded to the title, married Frances, youngest daughter of the Lord Protector Cromwell, relict of Robert Rich, son of Lord Rich, and grandson of Robert, Earl of Warwick, by which means so many relics of the Cromwells came into the possession of the family. Among the portraits are those of Cromwell when a child, and at mature age; his mother; his wife; his son Richard, afterwards Protector; and Henry, Lord Deputy of Ireland; his eldest daughter, Bridget; Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Claypole; his third daughter, Mary, wife of Thomas Falconberg; his youngest daughter, Frances, above named, who became possessed of Chequers. There are other mementos of the period, preserved within these walls, in portraits of Thurloe, Lambert, Cornet Joyce, &c., as well as Cromwell's swords and slippers.

chamber, looking over the roofs and walls of a house that was her prison. We shall presently make some notes concerning the melancholy course of her young life.

The mansion—successively the residence of the Hawtreys and Russells—is situated in a little valley, surrounded by irregular eminences, clothed to their summits with beech-trees, interspersed with box, larch, and holly in a very picturesque manner. The house is said to have been originally built about 1326, re-erected about 1556, and modernised, with great taste, by the late Sir Robert Greenhill Russell, Bart., and still more recently improved by its last possessor, the late Sir Robert Frankland Russell, Bart. It stands on a small but very elegant parterre, ornamented with beds of shrubs and flowers, and enclosed by a light iron fence.

The grounds are full of valuable records—associations with the past: near the south-west angle of the building are the remains of an elm known for centuries as King Stephen's tree; and said to have been one of sufficient magnitude, even in his day, to have supplied the monarch shade and shelter. It is banded with iron, and conjectured to be at least coeval with the foundation of the house. It is only to be regretted that it could not have been the old Haw-tree of primeval celebrity, from which the family who during many years inhabited the mansion, might be conjectured to have derived their name.

King Stephen's Tree.

Yes, many happy, thoughtful, and, at least to ourselves, profitable, days, have we spent in that birth-county of liberty—Buckinghamshire; but that of the autumn when our visit was to the grave of William Penn—was especially delightful, not only because of the places we examined, but because of the companionship of those who accompanied us on our way.

The country was reposing in all the self-satisfied luxury of an abundant harvest. The tangled hedges, rich in their winter store of 'blaes' and berries, were of every variety of tint; the partridge whirred over the stubble; and but few birds chaunted the vespers of summer-time.

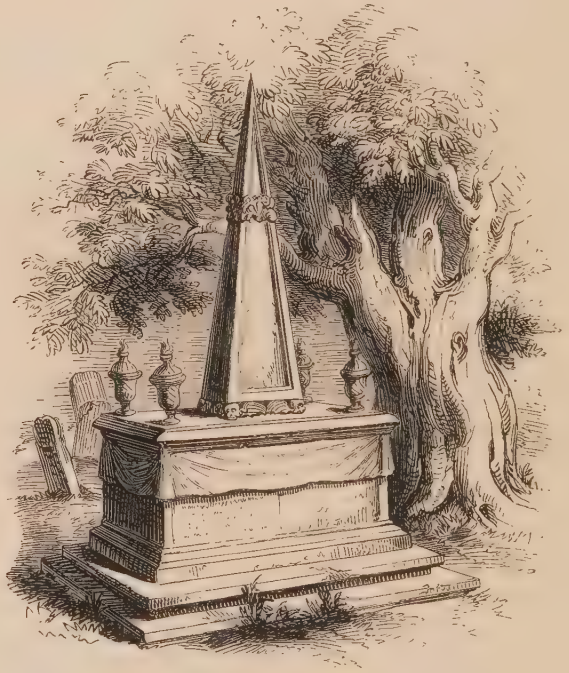
The foliage of the trees was hardly changed; and as we drove towards Beaconsfield, we passed some timber that might be called unrivalled. The tomb of Edmund Burke, who is buried in the village church, is worthy of a pilgrimage; and to this Shrine—honourable alike to Ireland and to England—a visit hereafter must be made; but the neglected churchyard of Beaconsfield—where the dock and the nettle triumph over the graves, and pigs are permitted to go and come without hindrance—is sadly at war with the reverential feelings which the memory of an eloquent and able statesman—one upon whose words the senate hung, and whose eloquence told as much in the closet as in the crowded hall where his country's laws were made and defended—naturally summoned up.

It was well to have looked upon his monument, and entered the pew where he had worshipped in earnestness and truth, and prayed for consolation during his time of trial. Our own memories and musings were perhaps a thought too much tinged with pride; because that he was a native of our own island—never more beloved than when most miserable; and the galaxy of glorious names which have illuminated the whole world by their radiance, will always serve to show what its people might have been, but for the neglect and misconception of one party, and the evil agitation of the other.

In this churchyard is the grave of another great man—that of Edmund Waller; but the name of the poet is far less truly famous than that of the orator and statesman.

Hall Barn, the ancient mansion of the Wallers, was a large quadrangular edifice now destroyed; Gregories, another portion of the estate, was situated close to Beaconsfield Church, and here Burke resided, and his widow, after his death. Waller's tomb is one of the most conspicuous in the churchyard, and is of quaint and peculiar design, as will be seen from our faithful delineation of its aspect; the pyramid which surmounts the tomb is supported by skulls, to which bats' wings are appended, a ghastly memento of the last end of man.

Edmund Waller, the son of Robert Waller, Esq., of Agmondesham, Bucks, and the descendant of an ancient and honourable family, was born at



The Tomb of Edmund Waller

Coleshill, Herts, on the 3rd of March, 1605. His mother, to whom he was indebted for the early direction of his mind, was the sister of the patriot John Hampden. He was twice married; between the death of the first, and his union with the second wife, the more valuable productions of his muse were given to the world. He had become the suitor of the Lady Dorothea Sidney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, whom he immortalised as Saccharissa, a name 'formed,' as he used to say, pleasantly, 'from *saccharum*, sugar.' Yet he describes her as haughty and scornful, and places the passion with which she inspired him in contrast with his love for

the more gentle Amoret. Although unsuccessful with both, his fate sat lightly on him.*

As a politician, he was unworthy his mother's blood ; fickle and unsteady —shifting like a weathercock—from the Commonwealth to the King, from the King to the Commonwealth, and then to the King again. Meanly securing his own safety, by appearing as a witness against his associates, in a conspiracy to overthrow the Commons when arrayed against the Crown ; and whining out a pitiful moan for pardon at the bar of the House, in which he had previously held the language and maintained the bearing of a man, he succeeded in purchasing his life at the expense of honour, and was for many years an exile in France. Through his various changes of fortune he was followed by his yielding and convenient muse. The most vigorous of all his poems is a 'Panegyrick to my Lord Protector,' whom he praises in the extreme of poetic extravagance ; but—the Second Charles ascends the throne, and the zealous royalist is ready with his greeting to the monarch 'upon his happy return.' The political poet, however, seems to have been estimated at his full value, and was left with no other recompense than his laurels.

He died in London, in the autumn of 1688, disappointed in his wish to have relinquished life on the spot that gave him birth, 'to die like the stag where he was roused.' He is described as possessing rare personal advantages, exceedingly eloquent, and as one of the most gallant and witty men of his time ; so much so, that, according to Clarendon, 'his company was acceptable where his spirit was odious.'

Waller obtained a reputation greater than his deserts. He has been absurdly styled the father of English verse—lauded as 'finding English poetry like the ore in the mine, some sparkling bits here and there, and leaving it refined and polished ;' and, 'as understanding our tongue the best of any man in England.' Even Dryden says, 'The excellence and dignity of rhyme were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught ;' and one of his biographers, after quoting the panegyrics of some of his contemporaries, adds, with strange simplicity, 'we must confess there is something more

* Saccharissa and her lover met long after the spring of life had passed ; and on her asking him 'when he would write such fine verses upon her again,' the poet somewhat ungallantly replied, 'O madam, when you are as young again !'

great and noble in Milton.' As a lyrical poet, however, his claims upon our admiration are by no means inconsiderable. 'Waller's smoothness' was the theme of Pope; but this is his chief merit. To compare him with Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, his predecessors, or with Milton or even Cowley his contemporaries, even in smoothness, that second-rate quality of the poet, is absurd.

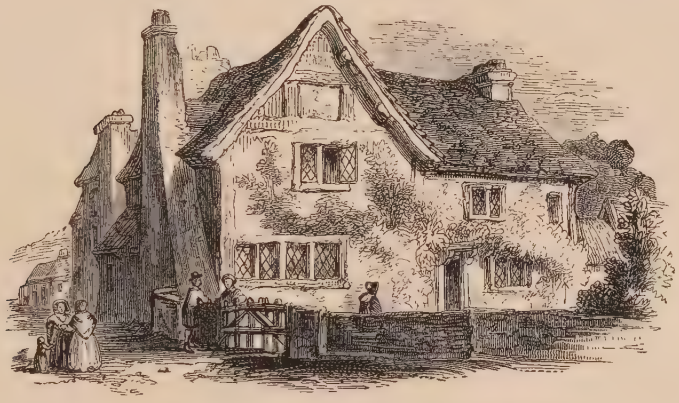
His mind was undoubtedly a narrow one. In his conceptions there was nothing grand nor lofty; in all he produced there is not the slightest token that any topic of his muse had ever touched his heart. He was a flatterer—and a servile one. His devotion to women was mere gallantry—a fashion of the age in which he lived. Of tenderness, pathos, or that true love which breathes from the soul as well as the lips, he knew nothing.

How opposite in all things great and good was he to that far greater Poet whose home we visited next!

As the day advanced, we found ourselves in the primitive village of Chalfont, where Milton resided when, terror-stricken, he fled from the great plague of London, sheltering within a ragged vine-covered cottage, not far from that of his friend Elwood the Quaker; this house, at the extremity of the village, is supposed to have been built by some of the Fleetwood family, whose arms are over the door. Elwood's acquaintance with the poet resulted from Jeremy Pennington, son of the Mayor of London who was executed as a regicide in the days of Charles II., and 'he had an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note in London, and he with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions; this person having filled a public station in the former times, lived now a private and retired life in London, and having wholly lost his sight, kept always a man to read to him, which usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance whom in kindness he took to improve his learning.'

For the advantage of thus reading with Milton, Elwood took a lodging in Jewin Street. When the plague came, Milton desired him to take a house in the neighbourhood where he resided. He says, 'I took a pretty box for him in St. Giles's Chalfont, a mile from me, of which

I gave him notice.' Elwood was imprisoned, but on his release he made a visit of welcome to him, and proposed 'Paradise Found' as a theme for the poet, and a pendant to his greater work. Milton made no answer; but on his return to London wrote 'Paradise Regained,' and



Milton's House at Chalfont.

'in a pleasant tone said to me, This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'*

We stood beneath the over-hanging beams, where a tall man could not more than stand erect. We noted the thick walls, the deep embrasure of the quaint windows, the ochrey hue of the cracked tiles, the ambitious roses, blushing beneath the broad vine-leaves, and vying in beauty with the purpling grapes; the housewife's pride, sweet rosemary, which only flourishes where woman loves to labour; the antique lavender knotted and knarled to the root, but sending forth such spikes of fragrance, that the very earth was grey from its sweet blossoms; the sheds around, such as an artist loves; their patched, worm-eaten roofs, mosaic'd by all hues and growths of moss: the shining path-stones that marked the way from the low unprotecting gate to the house-door, might have been hallowed by the poet's tread, and the huge trees on the other side of the road, screened him

* Life of Elwood by himself.

from the hot sun during his hours of meditation, or while listening for the horses' tramp, that told of news from the plague-stricken city.

What a day of interest and emotions—of mysterious combinations between the present and the past—did we spend amid these scenes! How all the movement of our own actual times seemed low, and speculative, and void of high ambition! But *that* feeling did not often jar upon our senses; there was so much to see beyond the beauty of the full, rich, ripe, glowing scenery of the hills and valleys, so much that made the heart beat and the eyelids moist, so much to make us proud that England reared such men; for we had recognised the outline of those well-known hills—the Chilterns—where HAMPDEN drank in the pure air of liberty; and we had sheltered beneath the roof that sheltered MILTON, and we had knelt beside the tomb of BURKE, and then, forward! —to seek the grave of PENN, in the lonely burying-ground of Jordans! What a subject for a pilgrimage is here—for Penn after his varied life and many wanderings was laid among "the people called quakers."

But we have lost sight of the sad story of the Lady Mary Grey, and its associations with the ancient and venerable Mansion of Chequers Court; we must therefore entreat the reader to accompany us thither once again.

While we think over the sad destinies of many noble houses, some claim more than others the sympathy it is impossible not to bestow, in different degrees, upon all. More of this has been given to the lovely Queen of Scotland than perhaps to any other woman, and to the end of time her history will suggest themes for poetry and painting; but the unoffending daughters of the house of Grey command, in addition to our sympathy, feelings of reverence and respect which cannot be yielded to Mary Stuart. The deplorable destiny of Lady Jane Grey, eldest born of Henry, Duke of Suffolk, by the imperious daughter of Henry VIII., is recorded on one of the darkest pages of English history. The fate of Jane's sister Catherine was almost as unhappy;—in punishment for contracting a marriage with the Earl of Hertford without previously obtaining the Queen's consent, she was doomed to the Tower, where she passed the remainder of her days, and was only liberated by God's mercy, in 1567, from the vile prison-house of

KENSINGTON PUBLIC LIBRARIES

earthly bondage, in which her youth and loveliness withered like a sickly plant deprived of light and air.

One of the Harleian MSS. contains a most affecting paper entitled 'The Manner of her Departing,' which no eye can linger over without being dimmed by tears. But there was yet another sister—from what can be gathered, not over wise, or witty, or even blessed with comeliness—appointed, in the spirit of concentrated cruelty, by the Queen, as one of her Maids of Honour; described by Cecil as the most diminutive lady at Court, and by Sandford as slightly deformed. It has been argued, that with the example of the fate of her two sisters before her, this little creature should never have thought of matrimony! Those who so said, knew little of the deep-seated yearning in every woman's heart for affection; yet, in bestowing her affections upon the giant-like Serjeant-Porter—Mr. Thomas Keys—she doubtless considered he was far too humble to be suspected of any 'treason,' and fancied that with her lowly choice she might have been permitted to pass into the disgrace and obscurity, which would have been elysian compared to her position about the Royal person. But no. All the ruffs at court stood upright at the outrage perpetrated against propriety by the Lady Mary Grey. Sir William Cecil noted it in a letter to Sir Thomas Smith, saying 'The Serjeant-Porter, being the biggest gentillman in all this Court, hath marryed secretly the Lady Mary Grey, the *lest* (*i. e.*, smallest) in all the Court. They are committed to several prisons;' and again, '*the offence is very great.*'

It was evident that her royal mistress lay in wait for an opportunity to destroy the last of these ill-starred sisters. The insignificance of the 'great giant Porter,' the witlessness and simplicity of his lady-wife, their incapacity to injure or even offend, might have protected them against any tyrant in the world—even in those days—except Elizabeth Tudor; but the indignation of the sycophant court rose in arms against the sister of Lady Jane Grey! And in the State-Paper Office are some documents, a portion in the handwriting of Sir William Cecil, entitled 'Articles for the Examination of the Lady Mary Grey.'

The marriage was performed, it appears, by a somewhat unsightly priest,—'old, fat, and of low stature,'—in the 'Serjeant-Porter's

Chamber, by the Water Gate, at Westminster;' and the questions asked at that examination were no less frivolous than impertinent; the little gifts she confesses to—the 'love-tokens'—are touching from their simplicity. The 'giant-lover' had given her first 'two little' rings; next 'a ring with four rubies and a diamond;' 'a chain,' and 'a little hanging bottle of mother-of-pearl.' The honeymoon was certainly passed in separate prisons; two days after the marriage it was known to the Queen; the husband was committed to the Fleet; and a letter was despatched to the keeper, stating that 'her Majesty had taken his *offence much to heart.*' The words in italics are underlined in the original.

The poor lady's immediate fate is more obscure; but at last it was determined by the PRIVY COUNCIL that she should be sent to the country, and given in charge to a certain Mr. Hawtrey, of 'Chequers,' in Buckinghamshire; there to remain '*without conference with any, suffering* only one waiting-woman to attend upon her, without liberty of going abrode, for whose charges the Queen's Majesty will see him the said Mr. Hawtrey, *in reason*, satisfied;' subsequently, however, the Lady Mary was allowed a groom as well as a gentlewoman, and the clause concerning her 'going abrode' was in a degree modified; she was treated with a little more humanity than she had been; but she was a prisoner still.

Any one not sleeping under the nightmare of Elizabeth, and whose dreams were not disturbed by memories of the absent, must have enjoyed Chequers Court, even as a prison! It is a place to linger in and love, a delicious vision of beauty and romance, one of the 'places'—see one ever so many—that can never be forgotten.

Whether the poor prisoner was permitted to wander over 'velvet lawn,' or visit the 'silver spring,' or enjoy the refreshment of the 'happy valley,' we cannot now ascertain; the persecutor and the persecuted have long since gone to 'their account;' and the dark waters of oblivion have passed over the sufferings of the young bride. Perhaps she never lost herself or her sorrows in the labyrinth of "the Hill"—she could not even see it from the window of her attic. We must not look upon the abundant beauties of the beautiful seat of the Russells, and conjure up the fairy-like form of the Lady Mary Grey as adding to their interest.

It seems that Lady Mary was removed from Chequers Court after an imprisonment of two years, and delivered to the care of her maternal stepmother, the Dowager Duchess of Suffolk, who lived—in the Minories! but the Minories *then* and *now* were very different. Still the change must have been great from Chequers to a neighbourhood so unhealthy. Her stepmother had small 'plenishing' to store her rooms, and even entreats the Queen to lend her 'some old silver pots to fetch her drink in.' 'A basin and an ewer,' she adds in a housewifely letter extant, 'I fear were too much; but what it shall please her Majesty to appoint for her (*i.e.*, the Lady Mary), shall be always redy to be delyvered againe whensoever it shal please her Majestie to call for it.'

The Queen seems to have had pleasure in moving her victim from place to place; for we next find her under the roof of Sir Thomas Gresham, who sorely felt the heavy weight of the charge, frequently, during a period of three years, praying she should be removed from him. Toward the latter end of this time poor Keys died, most likely in prison. Sir Thomas writes 'that she (Lady Mary) hath grievously taken his death, and that she desires the Queen's leave *to keep and bring up his children.*' The entire kindness and lovingness of her nature is greatly shown in this simple and beautiful request; moreover, during his lifetime, though she had always signed herself 'Mary Grey,' doubtless to pleasure Elizabeth, after his death her womanly sense of right conquered every other feeling, and in her heart's first grief she signed herself 'Mary Keys.'

It was of *his* children she spoke: of her own she had none: dearly had she paid by a long life of suffering for an act which the Sovereign could not have overlooked.

In process of time her liberty was restored, and it may be she was restored also to what the world would call 'favour;' for on the first of January, 1577-8, she presented the Queen at Hampton Court with 'two pair of swete gloves, with four dozen buttons of golde, in every one a side perle,' and received in return a cup with a cover weighing eighteen ounces.

Soon after this she died—on the 20th of April, 1578—in the parish of St. Botolph Without, Aldersgate.

Truly the memory of this simple-minded and most unfortunate lady, was more with us at Chequers Court than was perhaps consistent with more

striking and important associations. The sombre air of several of the rooms, the stillness and loneliness of the scene, the deep shadows that came and went, seemed to belong especially to this youngest of three most unfortunate sisters. And yet, but for the persecution and persevering cruelty of Queen Elizabeth, we should not have given a sigh to the memory of that sister of 'Lady Jane Grey,' who could so far forget herself as to marry the Serjeant-Porter of the Palace which some might have held to be her birthright.

THE STUDIO OF GAINSBOROUGH.

THERE are many benevolent persons, venerable old ladies more particularly, who, sitting with half-closed blinds at windows of suburban villas, consider it a duty to pray that every Sunday may be sunny. They are too feeble to walk to church, but they love to see well-dressed congregations hastening thither, to the sweet inviting music of the church bells, and they especially delight in observing town-soiled artisans—pallid men, their industrious wives and delicate-looking children—trooping along the dusty roads, stopping at garden-gates to look over and inhale the perfume of early sweet-briar and purple violets, while their children pillage the hedges of budding hawthorn or dawning primroses, not scorning even long tufts of willowy grass, which they twist in uncouth sportiveness, lashing each other into unusual mirth. We wish the same generous and kindly folk would pray that the early days of April might be as sunny as the sunniest Sabbath that ever joyed the world; for the painter-prisoners are at large on those days of all days in the year. The last-last touch has been given to their works—the pictures are gone to the Academy to await their doom: whatever may be the result, the toiling man of genius, or of patience, hopes he has done his best: the darling one—the produce of thought and care, of labouring days and wakeful nights—has left his roof, be it lofty or humble, accompanied by some heart-beatings and regrets; not that he wishes to see it back again, but he thinks he might have treated it better while it remained. Still it is

gone, and he breathes more freely. Night though it be, he throws up the window, and, if he does not accompany the porter, watches it down the street until both man and picture are lost to his view, or only recognised as they pass beneath a distant lamp. He leans his hot brow against the glass, and thinks and hopes: if he is yet young and unknown, and has dared a loftier path than hitherto, he shudders; but, if the true spirit is in him, *that* soon passes: though no encouraging word has been spoken—though, it may be (for the world is hard, and portions of it are sadly unsympathising), no cordial voice has told him he is in the right way, and must triumph—still he feels the impulse and dignity of INNATE POWER, and though standing alone in the awful solitude of London, he stands erect, strengthens his faith—a wise thing to do—and then looking up at the April clouds, careering, half in play and half in petulance, above his head, he hopes the next day may be fine, for he will cast away care and spend it among distant meadows. His landlady hopes it also, for then she will open all the windows, and let in the 'air'—as she calls the thick, indigo-toned atmosphere—and she will set 'things' to rights, and 'tidy' the 'rubbish,' and make all 'straight,' so that the 'poor young gentleman who has worked all the colour out of his cheeks, shall not know his room again.' A pleasant arrangement for artist or author!

Surely all who love Art should pray that the early days of April may be bright and sunny, for of all created beings the artist needs fresh air and exercise the most; the more intense the feeling that has created 'his picture,' the more he needs relaxation—not crowds, or heated rooms, or exciting theatres—but the companionship of fields, and trees, and brooks—fresh air, such as can be inhaled in our own beautiful prairies, the downs of Sussex or Surrey, or among the woods of Hampshire, and the parks of Suffolk. Suffolk! where Gainsborough made such dear acquaintance with Nature—where his heart and mind became stored with the treasures of English landscape and rural character.

His 'Cottage Girl,' with her dog and pitcher, is one of those delicious 'memories' that can never be thought of without a thrill of the deepest enjoyment—it is so real; the grace is so simple and rustic, without a trace of affectation or vulgarity; there is a pensive expression in her face, and a look about her tattered sleeve, that makes you fear she is an orphan,

dwelling with her grandmother in that far-off cottage, having nothing to tend (for be sure the distant sheep are none of hers) but the soft, fat, and half-sleepy puppy, so clean and well washed, that will soon be too heavy for her to carry.

Gainsborough has left ample testimony of his sympathy with, and affection for, the calm and holy beauty of English scenery. His life must have been a pleasant one to live; for, on the whole, it is pleasant to think over. Nature had made him in the first instance her debtor, by gifting him with manly beauty, and it was accompanied by gracefulness and good address. Handsome persons are rarely ill-tempered: the consciousness of possessing an agreeable exterior creates an ease and self-satisfaction which mesmerises others to similar moods, and the beautiful are seldom inclined to be fractious. Few in his day were more admired than the young Suffolk artist—the melodious Gainsborough, the most easy and gentlemanly painter of sylvan England. His family were respectable; he could not be sneered at, either for low birth or forlorn fortunes; he married young—a rare but decided advantage to a man who marries wisely; and the first sight of his bride is described as a meeting belonging rather to Arcadia than to England; it was richly and purely poetical. In one of the young artist's pictorial wanderings amid the woods of Suffolk, he sat down to make a sketch of some fine trees, growing just where they ought, with all their accessories, a clear rivulet cooling the meadows, sheep dotting the scene; there was the bleat of lamb and coo of dove, and suddenly a nymph, the kind and gentle Margaret Burr, who had just numbered sixteen summers; she came like a sunbeam to his heart, and secured a lover who soon became a husband: prudence sanctioned affection, and the course of true love for once ran smooth, for Margaret added to the charms of good sense and good looks, a clear annuity of two hundred pounds a year. The ease, which a certainty, however small, gives at once to its possessor, is an astonishing sustainer; and though a young couple would find it very difficult to live, as it is called, even at Ipswich, which is rather a cheap town, on two hundred pounds per annum, yet it was an independence; and the aspiring artist felt he must work to gain the comforts and luxuries which his refined taste prompted him to desire. His wife seems to have been one of those loving and loveable beings who bring far more happiness to

the domestic hearth than women endowed only with high-sounding beauty and talent. She had also implicit faith in her husband's love and her husband's genius, and an abundance of prudence. Before his marriage he had journeyed from Sudbury, his native place, to London, where he studied for four years, and then returned, when just eighteen, to be the beloved of his home, the idol of society. Thus he was circumstanced when the fair Margaret won his heart and he her hand. Nineteen and seventeen —mere boy and girl!—living and loving each the other until, in the sixty-first year of his age, he passed to 'fairer fields' than he had ever painted. Happy, happy days, they must have passed together. He, so enamoured of her and his Art; she, loving whatsoever he loved, for his dear sake; watching the progress of his pencil, and feeling that his name would carry hers down the stream of time!

Truly an English landscape-painter ought to be a happy man! In perpetual commune with bright nature—sweet nature—peaceful nature! Camping, like a gipsy, amid the shelter of green lanes, rioting, a modern Robin Hood, in forest glades—making acquaintance with rivers, establishing friendships with lakes—a man, whom the deer do not fly from, and whom the partridge scans with her large soft eye without suspicion; over whose head the poised skylark sings—who is welcome at every cottage hearth, while *his* landscapes are 'the country' of many a city palace.

In Thomas Gainsborough the love of music and of painting were so united as to form one passion. When he lived at Ipswich he devoted almost as much time to the one as to the other; and there although not yet acknowledged a master in his art, he would have been deliciously happy, if not alternately disturbed, interested, and gratified by the fussy patronage of the Governor of Landguard Fort, a kind-natured vain man, who loved Gainsborough as long as Gainsborough permitted himself to be considered the Governor of Landguard Fort's pet painter.

Vain friends make bitter enemies; a truism the artist felt in after-life. The scenery and the characters at Ipswich soon wore out, while Gainsborough's fame extended far beyond, and he tried a residence at Bath before venturing to London. Governor Thicknesse endeavoured to 'gild refined gold'—to make his patronage appear to do the business which the painter's talent *had* done; and there seems to have been a feverish

contention going on in Gainsborough's own mind between his remembrance of Thicknesse's kindness and his own frank independence.

Mr. Thicknesse wanted his portrait painted, and Gainsborough hesitated and delayed; and neglecting a man's portrait is tantamount to neglecting himself. Bit by bit the habits and circumstances upon which so many trifling friendships are created, crumbled away, and at last the painter was freed from caresses which, however well *intended*, seemed more likely to suffocate than support their object. Every one has a real or imaginary 'John Jones,' a person or annoyance in his way; and, whatever fits of vexation the exquisite taste and refined feeling of the painter might have experienced from other sources, the Governor of Landguard Fort was his 'rock ahead.' His Excellency's bitterness found at last vent in a pamphlet, which perpetuates his name and his pompous nature. Still Gainsborough's was, as we have said, a happy life. If he was at times depressed, he was generally buoyant—of a bright, truthful nature—careless of his wealth, and enthusiastic! and what stock so good to work upon as enthusiasm? An honest man, adding enthusiasm to his honesty, will triumph, where a man of only genius will flounder and fail. He talked of music while he painted, and passed many of his happiest evenings in the very brightness of the London success that followed his sojourn at Bath, sitting by the side of his wife, sketching his thick-coming fancies, not one in ten of which he preserved. It is said that at one of the Academy dinners, speaking of Gainsborough, Sir Joshua observed to a friend, 'He is the best English landscape-painter.' 'Not so!' exclaimed Wilson, who overheard the conversation, 'he is *not* the best landscape-painter, but he *is* the best portrait-painter in England.' Great compliments to the versatility of his talents, but full of bitterness each to the other party. Perhaps this very sentence rankled and festered in Sir Joshua's mind, and assisted the coolness which crept in between himself and Gainsborough. We cannot fancy the elegantly rural Gainsborough living in that ruddy old house of Duke Schomberg's, in Pall Mall, a portion of which is now occupied by Harding's most perilous bonnets and Parisian fineries. Yet there was his gallery; *there* some of his portraits were said to rival the President's, and displayed a Vandykean force and freedom which commanded popularity; there was exhibited a domestic sort of display—of the King, Queen, and

three of the Royal sisters; there the dazzling beauty of the all-beautiful Duchess of Devonshire so bewildered the painter, that he drew his wet pencil across lips which all who saw declared to be lovely as life, and confessed, 'Her Grace is too hard for me!' Garrick, too, and Foote tormented him: he could not catch their faces. Though not fond, like Sir Joshua, of literary society, Johnson—as great in literature as Cromwell in the state—was sometimes his guest, with the eloquent Burke, and the man

> 'Whose humour, as bright as the fire-fly's light,
> Shone round every object, and shone as it played;
> Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
> Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.'—

Sheridan. He was his brilliant yet tender friend. The painter was as susceptible of gentle emotions to the last day of his life as a young girl is at seventeen. Melodious sounds entranced him as with a spell. Giardini and his violin, Abel and his viol-di-gamba, Fischer and his hautboy, all fascinated him in their turn; and if he had had but the perseverance necessary to acquire the grammar and construction of the science, there is little doubt but his eloquence in music would have equalled his eloquence on canvas: as it was, he was a delicious musician. It is really cheering, after turning over the pages that illustrate alternately the struggles of genius with misery, and misery with genius, to meet one who, from his cradle to his grave, never had a bout with poverty—who pictured forth the pleasant places of our own land, so as to make us love it all the better, and who united in his own person few eccentricities and many perfections; his imagination never betrayed him into the *unreal*, though it exalted and beautified the *real*; or rather he saw nature through the 'Lorraine'-glass of his bright and sunny mind. His ready and rapid hand was accelerated by his ardent temper, and not only Art but affection bound him to his native country.

Gainsborough did not create a paradise and leave it untenanted. He cherished deep human sympathies, and peopled his scenes not with the many but the few. There is no purely rural sentiment in crowds; so he delighted most in woodland figures, such as are still frequently met with on the outskirts of Fakenham Wood, or wandering on the boundaries of Fornham St. Genevieve, down by the Abbot's Mill, almost as wild as the

wild-fowl that shelter along the banks of the Burn. There are spots in Suffolk shown still as having been selected by this charming transcriber of nature as his sketching-points ; and truly, above all others, his landscapes are English. For this we dearly love him ! He felt his country's beauty, and made others feel it—he was A PAINTER-PATRIOT ! and this deserves our gratitude. Where can be found more bosky dells, more deep rich valleys, than in our own beloved England ?—where cultivation beautifies, where the earth displays her tangled treasures—tangled in their abundance ; soft gentle waters and blue eddying pools, round whose margins the deep green moss sleeps in sunshine and the rush bends her tasseled blossom. There you are sure to find some ancient pollard willow, still sending forth tufts of green sappy stems, where reed-birds and finches hide ; the knarled trunk shelters countless multitudes of curious insects, creeping and winged ; the merry wood-pecker taps the old bark, while from some rooty hole the silent kingfisher darts across the stream. Sweet English scenes ! which Gainsborough so exquisitely rendered, feeling and depicting every little beauty, and imbibing the fragrance of nature into his own being. His kindred bear testimony to his being a kind and generous relative, who anticipated the wants of others, and bore his prosperity with the ease of a gentleman who feels that he is not indebted to affectation or display for his position in society. His memory is beloved, and his name recals the music of soft waters, that fertilise and beautify without storming the senses or bewildering the imagination. The freshness of spring, the fulness of summer, the peopled abundance of autumn—our glens, and forests, and cottagers—life and life-loving scenes—were all given to him for an inheritance ; he was, and is —OUR OWN—a pure English painter. Such scenes were, in truth, the studios of Thomas Gainsborough.

While attending the trial of Warren Hastings, Gainsborough was suddenly seized with a pain in his neck, which eventually proved to be cancer : at that time he was residing in Pall Mall, though he had previously occupied houses at Kew and Richmond. His bodily sufferings were augmented on his deathbed by a terror which took possession of his mind, that after his wife's death his daughters would be left without provision, as his thoughtless extravagance and generosity never allowed him to lay by any portion of his earnings. On this point his gentle wife soothed him

by the information, that 'As he always threw his money about, leaving it at the mercy of every one, she had taken, in the course of twenty or thirty years, as much as had enabled her to secure 10,000*l.* in the funds; and with that, and the sale of "The Woodman," and other pictures, doubtless their children could subsist in comfort.' He thanked and blessed her warmly, saying, 'She had done perfectly right; that it was true he had sometimes thought he had more bills than he found, and been puzzled about it, but never suspected that any one had made free with what now made his deathbed one of tranquillity and peace.'* He then sent for Sir Joshua Reynolds, resolved that he would cherish no unkindness in his last moments towards any one: and these great men were reconciled in the eighth week of his affliction; Gainsborough exclaiming with much joy, 'We are going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company.' He is buried in the spot he loved best—at Kew.

* This anecdote we have received from an old and beloved friend of the family. The honours of the Arts have been continued in the line. Mr. Richard Lane is one of the grand-nephews of Gainsborough. Another of his nephews—Mr. Edward Lane—has been equally distinguished as a traveller and a man of letters. His publications concerning Egypt rank among our standard English works; and his translation of the 'Arabian Nights' has obtained a reputation throughout Europe. Their sister also—Mrs. Poole—is known and respected as the author of several very valuable books, and as a lady of most accomplished mind.

THE TOWN OF JOHN KYRLE.

N a rocky eminence overlooking the Wye, stands the town of Ross. Nothing can be more picturesque than its position; it is seen to most advantage from the Hereford Road, from whence our view is taken. The church stands upon an elevated ridge of rock; and the town occupies the rising ground; while behind are wood-crowned hills, as grand in their character and as beautiful as many more celebrated continental scenes. The view from the walks beside the church, and from other parts of the town, is singularly fine; and the curve of the Wye, which flows at the base of the hills, is lovely in the extreme. It would be difficult to point out a more fascinating stream—flowing as it does through a rich and well-wooded country, abounding in natural beauties, and over which the eye may rove untired for days,—the prospect is so rich and ever-changing, as it is sun-lit or shadowed by the passing cloud. It is a scene which Turner would have loved, and one that must be studied on the spot to be fully appreciated. The country is Arcadian; the river rapid and clear, forms a curve of the most graceful form, wending its way among the Welsh hills; the prospect has that most perfect union of grandeur and beauty, of pastoral simplicity and mountain sublimity, which, when combined, become the perfection of landscape scenery: but all these advantages—all these beauties—are to be found in various districts of our glorious country. Perhaps it is because the rich valley, the swelling hill, the fertilising river, the smiling village,

are scattered so abundantly throughout England, that we only note them 'by their loss' when we visit other countries, where, however novel, all things must seem barren by comparison.

Ross from the Hereford Road.

Ross has been rendered remarkable: it has a reputation that will live as long as 'our land's language;' a reputation created by the actual as well as the ideal; an immortality founded by a good man, and celebrated by a man of genius, who honoured himself while honouring 'the right.' Yet it can boast of little historic interest; but for *the Man* who has made it world-famous, it would have no other claim to celebrity than that which it derives from beauty of situation. The streets are all more or less upon acclivities, and are narrow and antique-looking, with many a gabled roof and bit of old carving or ornamental plaster-work upon time-worn fronts. The market house is a study worthy of the artist; it is in a very decayed state, and is supported by columns of red sandstone, which have succumbed to the

action of the weather so considerably that it looks as if it had been erected in the time of the Saxons rather than that of Charles II., in whose comparatively modern days it was constructed. Upon a market-day, when it is crowded with the peasantry from the neighbouring forest of Dean, that primitive and almost unvisited district, the scene is most picturesque and unsophisticated. No railways run near the town, and the heavily laden coach, as it winds its slow way up the street beside the market-place, does not jar with the old-world association of a scene which seems rather to belong to the last century than to our own.

The town of Ross is celebrated for the especial purity of its air, and for the longevity of its inhabitants ; and the visitor who rambles in its church-yard * will meet with many inscriptions, recording the memory of those who had attained their eightieth, ninetieth, and even one hundredth year.

The entire aspect of Ross is that of a quiet mountain home. The shopkeepers seem to conduct their business in the simplest and plainest manner, without bustle, but with a due amount of attention. Carts jog quietly up and down the inclined planes called streets. People walk on the kerb or in the road ‘ at their own sweet will,’ and encounter none of the dangers of the tumultuous thoroughfares of London. There is a serenity

* The church is a spacious and beautiful building, with a tower and elegant spire, for which it is indebted to ‘ the Man ’ whose body rests within its walls. Beside the pew which he used, trees have forced their way beneath the window in the wall, and grow with great luxuriance withinside the church, nearly covering the glass. They are two slight and elegant elms which wave their branches over his pew, and which are regarded with much veneration. The local legend is, that some years ago a rector impiously cut down some of John Kyrle’s favourite trees, with which he had adorned the churchyard, and which grew *outside* the window and immediately opposite to his pew, and that thereupon they threw out fresh shoots, which forced their way *withinside* the church, under the wall, and grew in the pew of him who planted them, where they have been suffered to remain and expand. Not a branch of these trees grows without the church, but they luxuriate within it ; reaching nearly to the ceiling, and closely clinging with their branches to the window-glass. They are carefully preserved and venerated ; and the singularity of their position and history is remarked by all. The other windows contain many fragments of old glass. There are several fine monuments in the church to the Rudhall family, who were the ancient proprietors of the manor of Rudhall, in this neighbourhood. The recumbent figures of Judge Rudhall and his lady, of the time of Henry VII., and the martial effigy of Sir Richard Rudhall, who was knighted at Cadiz in the reign of Elizabeth, are fine specimens of the art of sculpture in those days.

about life in these country towns of which those 'in populous city pent' have no notion; people do not rush along the path of life as if death were at their heels, and there was literally no time for thought or the enjoyment of existence. The clear well-opened eye, the ruddy cheek and fresh bright lips of rural health, tell of the absence of care and thought: if there is less evidence of intelligence and the knowledge of life which is seen in the haggard eye of the manufacturer, or the worn and anxious look of the pallid artisan, there is more of peace and contentment, and above all, of health, in those of the tiller of the soil.

We do not contend for the palm of intellect for our rural population: they are heavy, the men especially so, and hard to move, and their qualities and virtues are in the general way rather negative than active. But the sloth has always been transformed into the lion when a great occasion summoned the peasant from his cottage to protect his country and defend its liberty; then other lights dance in his blue eyes; a deeper colour mantles his ruddy cheek; it is glorious to recal what English peasants effected when they rose against ship-money, and compelled justice to do her duty. Certainly there is a distressing contrast between the physical appearance of the 'Men' of Ross, and those of our close manufacturing districts; the anxious look and bloodshot eye, that rests ever on machinery and rarely sees a flower or a leaf; the half-numbed ear, that hears no song of bird, save from within those rusty bars upon which even a defiled sunbeam seldom rests; the sunken cheek, telling of hard labour and privation; the narrow chest, never expanded by the fresh breeze of the hill; the limbs more than half deformed, during an infancy spent in bending over the frame of some overgrown manufactory,—all tell the dismal story of eternal toils. The peasant has innumerable blessings which, however unconsciously he may enjoy them, contribute to that health of body and placidity of spirit, the latter of which tends to create a heavy indifference to passing events, which the keen and hungry-eyed manufacturer is driven by necessity, as well as by habit, to attend to. The peasant has fresh pure air; he lives in constant communion with Nature; by attention the small garden can be rendered a source of profit and enjoyment; he has frequently the consciousness that those in better circumstances, placed as the world calls it, 'above him,' take an interest in his temporal and spiritual affairs. In all our agricultural

districts, schools have multiplied, and efforts are at last making by those who ought to have made them long ago, to rouse a spirit that will send labourers from the beautiful fields of our pastoral districts into the vineyard of our Lord. No one who has lived pent up in the close city, and is able to leave its feverish excitements,—its noise,—its atmosphere, laden with pestilence, for the tranquillity of the country, but must feel renewed existence at being permitted to breathe the air in which the lark sings, and which gives voice to the nightingale.

There are few things that so purify and uplift the spirit, as the consideration of that which mere WILL can achieve, even when unaided by what we consider wealth—wealth! which renders charity of such easy and happy performance, that the wonder is, how men so underrate the power it gives in creating happiness and conferring the enduring immortality of benevolence, as to abstain from its bestowal in the service of fellow-creatures; yet nearly all our large charities have been originated by persons of great

Kyrle's House.

minds, but small means. And the only regret we can have in contemplating the noble monuments to humanity which are upspringing around us, is that in accordance—and an evil accordance it is—with the taste of the

times, there is too much money expended in decoration. Public charity should dwell within walls of severe simplicity, where show should be sacrificed to comfort. Pope, refined as was his taste, was of this opinion when he wrote his encomium on John Kyrle, 'The Man of Ross.'

Exactly opposite the market-place, and in the narrowest part of the town still stands the house of John Kyrle, the world-famous 'Man of Ross.' It is a plain building situated on the slope of the hill, and was a few years ago used as an inn, known by the sign of the King's Arms. While the house was an inn, it was visited by Coleridge, and he commemorated his sojourn here in some beautiful and touching lines. It has since undergone alterations, and is now converted into a bookseller's shop. The adjoining house, now a chemist's, appears to have originally been a part of the building, and is ornamented with a plaster medallion representing in the centre 'the Man of Ross.'* It is inscribed with Kyrle's name, and with the cognomen Pope has made more famous; and on a band beneath is given the date of his decease—'Died November 7th, 1724, Aged 84.'

The Gallery of Kyrle's House.

The house bears traces of antiquity in the carved brackets and the massive wood-work which decorate the interior. Our cut shows the gallery that runs along the first floor, and the reader will remark the solid beams upon which the ceiling rests. The carved arch over the staircase, as well as some other 'bits' of the original work, would lead to the conjecture that it was constructed in the middle of the seventeenth

* He wears a flowing wig and a long neckcloth, but *the likeness* appears to be but a very unsatisfactory one, inasmuch as it is a poor work of art. In the 'Beauties of England and Wales,' mention is made of 'a tolerable portrait' preserved here when the house was an inn; it is not here now, but the original is said to have been in the possession of Lord Muncaster. All the portraits now sold here seem to lack *vraisemblance*.

century ; it is said to have been built by Kyrle. The rooms retain much of their old appearance, being wainscoted in solid panels ; and in one of them appears a decorated compartment, believed to have been the work of Kyrle himself. It exhibits his coat of arms, and the date 1689 executed in punctured or dotted outlines.

The house being in the centre of the town, has but a small garden in its rear. It is a square plot of ground, reached by a sort of alley between the walls of the adjoining houses. Here Kyrle erected the summer-house represented in our cut, but of which nothing now remains except the

The Summer-house.

foundation. It was here he read and ruminated ; but the advantages it possessed are few, as it is overlooked by houses on all sides, and is a town garden at best. The only pleasing feature is the church spire, which he aided in building, and which gracefully overtops the unpicturesque buildings around.

The beneficence and goodness of John Kyrle owe their celebrity to Pope's noble lines. But for the Poet's acquaintance with his actions, and his record of them in never-dying verse, he might have been as little remembered as many other philanthropists whose names are only written in

'the Book of Life.' Pope made frequent visits to Holm Lacy, the seat of Viscount Scudamore, to whom he had been introduced by his relative Mr. Digby. He was near enough to Ross to hear of all John Kyrle's charities; and he rendered due homage to them in his Moral Essays. The vivid colours of the Poet's description did not in this instance outdo the truth. Kyrle literally did all that Pope declared in his outline of the good man's works.

He was entered as a gentleman-commoner of Baliol College, Oxford, in 1654, and was intended for the bar; but this intention he abandoned, and returning to his native county he devoted himself to agriculture and the improvement of his native town. He always lived with great simplicity, was an unmarried man, and had as housekeeper an old maiden aunt. His was the olden hospitality; beside his kitchen fire stood a large block of wood, which served as a bench for the poor and the passing traveller to sit upon and partake the proffered refreshment. His own table was served with much simplicity, and it is recorded that he never drank anything but malt liquors and cider, and never had roast beef except on Christmas-day. He was exceedingly fond of cheerful society, and much enjoyed the weekly market dinners, when he would join the farmers and chat with them, being usually the last to leave the table.

He is described as tall and thin, but well-shaped, and by his temperance insured so much good health, that his last illness was also his first; he was fond, not only of superintending the many public and private labours in which his mind was engaged, but of manually aiding in them; and he would help the workmen at road-making and planting. The latter occupation was his favourite one, and he delighted above all things in walking about with an enormous pot of water, and attending to the trees he planted. He was generally seen trudging from place to place with his spade on his shoulder.

His charities are so well told in Pope's lines, which are in the memory of all Englishmen, that we need scarcely do more than refer to them for the history of his actions. Every Sunday he cooked a large piece of boiled beef and made three pecks of flour into loaves, which was regularly distributed to the poor:—

'Behold the market-place, with poor o'erspread,
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon alms-house, neat but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him, portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans, bless'd,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.'

The universality of his benevolence and thorough honesty of his character made him the referee in most disputes; and his leisure and good-nature gave him means of settling many a case which might else have involved much wrangling and expense in law-courts. To the sick he was also a doctor and attendant:—

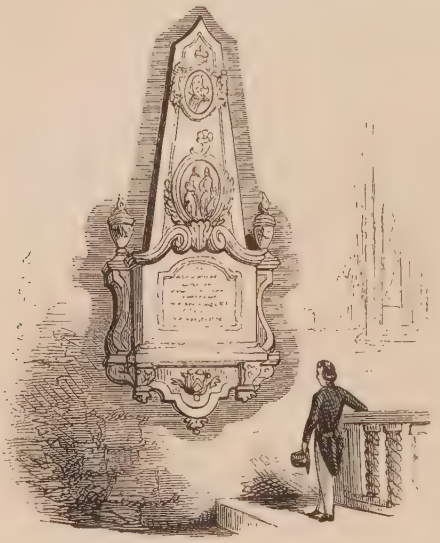
'Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.'

He set his heart on the improvement of Ross; and its natural beauties and advantages were heightened by his taste and care. Previous to his time there was a want of trees about the town and in the plain below it. Kyrle felt this, and was a vigorous planter. It became ultimately his greatest enjoyment to plant, and water, and foster his sylvan children. The fine trees about the church and avenues in the Prospect-ground adjoining, were of his fostering. It was he—

'Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow,'

and who called into existence many conveniences and beauties which Ross has still to show. Kyrle died at the age of eighty-four, full of years and honour; the real grief felt when a benefactor dies, was felt at Ross in 1724, when his remains were carried to the last resting-place on the hill-top where he had often walked and prayed. No stone marked his grave for fifty-two years, but kind hearts cherished the spot and remembered it. In 1776, the tomb shown in our engraving was placed on the wall of the chancel close to the communion-rails. Its history is told in this inscription which appears upon it:—'In virtue of a bequest under the will of Constantia, Viscountess Dupplin, great grand-daughter to Sir John Kyrle of Much Marcle in this county, Bart.; Lieut. Col. James Money of Much Marcle aforesaid, her executor and heir, erected this Monument in memory of his kinsman

John Kyrle, A.D. 1776.' The tomb is a work of much elegance, it is of white and dove-coloured marbles edged with black. A medallion in the upper part exhibits a bas-relief likeness of Kyrle, above which is hung a festoon. Beneath is another medallion representing Charity and Benevolence supporting each other.* The principal inscription, which occupies the centre, runs thus :—'This monument was erected in memory of John Kyrle, commonly called the Man of Ross.'



Kyrle's Monument.

Immediately adjoining the churchyard is the *Prospect-ground*, as it is termed, consisting of a public walk extending for nearly a mile to the southward, and which was formed by Kyrle. He planted it with trees, and evidently intended it for the ornament of the town as well as for the health of its inhabitants ; he constructed seats for the weary traveller, as described by Pope, and a summer-house at its termination. But his townsmen had not that thought for themselves, which he in his benevolence had for them. They neglected his gifts, and the Prospect-ground became merely a field, instead of a cheerful garden or a parterre ; the seats were broken, the summer-house decayed, and many of the trees were cut down. Worse than all, the land became partially alienated from the people ; the walks have been declared 'not public;' and Kyrle's townsmen, by their own neglect, have been deprived of the advantages his benevolence designed for them.

We cannot sympathise with those who had so little sympathy with the exertions made for their advantage by 'the Man of Ross ; ' to us everything

* It is engraved in our initial letter.

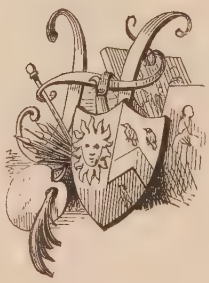
connected with his name is hallowed. We felt it a privilege to know how much could be done with small means towards, not ephemeral, but lasting good. We longed to show it to those who enrol a donation on a charity-list, and earn for themselves a great repute by what is, in fact, no sacrifice.

There is a fashion in all things, and the cant of religious charity is as degrading as any other. John Kyrle acted upon the great ennobling precepts left us by St. Paul, and all who love to see how—

> '—the memory of the just
> Smells sweet and blossoms in the dust,'

would be well rewarded by a pilgrimage to the resting-place of 'THE MAN OF ROSS.'

THE TOMB OF WILLIAM HOGARTH.



OGARTH, the great painter-teacher of his age and country, was born in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, in London, on the 10th of November, 1697,* and his trusty and sympathising biographer, Allan Cunningham, says, 'We have the authority of his own manuscripts for believing he was baptised on the 28th of the same month;' but the parish registers have been examined for confirmation with 'fruitless solicitude.' Cunningham gives December as the month of his birth; this is a mistake; so also is his notice of the painter's introduction of the Virago into his picture of the 'Modern Midnight Conversation.' No female figure appears in this subject. It is in the third plate of the 'Rake's Progress' the woman alluded to is introduced. A small critic might here find a fit subject for vituperation, and loudly condemn Cunningham as a writer who was too idle to examine the works he was describing; pouncing on his minute errors, and forgetting the totality of his generous labours. Much of this spirit infests literature; and merges the kindly exposition of error into the bitterness of personal attack. The

* His parents resided at the time of his birth in Ship Court, in the Old Bailey, where his father had kept a school, and obtained some slight literary employment. The locality at that time, as at present, had no refinement to boast of; but it must have brought young William early into contact with the 'hard-featured natures' he afterwards so ably delineated,—laying bare many of the coarser realities of life to the keen gaze of a shrewd boy.

fallibility of human nature should teach us charity, and our own faults lead us to 'more gently scan our brother man,'—a thing too often unthought of by those who are nothing if not critical, and as frequently nothing when they are. The painter was descended from a Westmoreland family. Sprung from an industrious race of self-helping yeomen, whose hardy toil brought them health and contentment, Hogarth had an early advantage, derived from his father's love of letters, which eventually drew him away from field and wood to the great London mart. Like thousands of others, he was unsuccessful. Fortunately, in this instance, his want of success in literature stimulated the strong mind of his son to seek occupation of more certain profit; and those who feel interest in the whereabouts of celebrated men, may think upon the days when William Hogarth wrought in silver,* as the apprentice of Ellis Gamble, in Cranbourne Street, and speculate upon the change of circumstances, wrought by his own exertions, when, as a great painter, in after time, he occupied the house now known as the Sablonière Hotel, in Leicester Square.†

Hogarth's character of mind, evidenced in his works and proved by his biography, is so perfectly honest, open, home-bred English, that we claim him with pride—as belonging exclusively to England. His originality is of English growth; his satire broad, bold, fair-play English. He was no screened assassin of character, either with pen or pencil; no journalist's hack to stab in secret—concealing his name or assuming a forged one; no masked caricaturist, responsible to none. His philosophy was of the straightforward,

* After Hogarth's fame had been fully established, and his death had attracted the attention of collectors to the many efforts of his graver, great industry was shown in obtaining worthless mementos of his early years when employed in the drudgery of engraving on salvers and silver mugs. Several have since been copied in fac-simile, and may be seen in the works of Ireland and others. Although there is little to admire in them, there is always a rough vigour and boldness of treatment which, however coarse, redeems them from common-place prettiness, the staple commodity of such works in general. The arms of the Duchess of Kendal, engraved by Hogarth on a silver salver, is perhaps one of the best of the artist's early works.

† This house, in which Hogarth lived many years, in which he died, and where his wife continued to vend his engravings afterwards, bore at that time the sign of 'The Golden Head.' It is scarcely necessary to remark that it has undergone changes to fit it to the necessities of a modern hotel. Its present aspect is as new as if it had not numbered twenty years since its erection.

clear-sighted English school; his theories—stern, simple, and unadorned—thoroughly English; his determination—proved in his love, as well as in his hate—quite English; there is a firmness of purpose, a rough dignity, a John-Bull look in his broad intelligent face; the very fur round his cap must have been plain English rabbit-skin! No matter what schools were in fashion, Hogarth created and followed his own: no matter what was done, or said, or written, Hogarth maintained his opinion unflinchingly: he was not to be moved or removed from his resolve. His mind was vigorous and inflexible, and withal keen and acute; and though the delicacy of his taste in this more refined age may be matter of question, there can be no doubt as to his integrity and uprightness of purpose—in his determination to denounce Vice, and by that means cherish Virtue.

Professor Leslie, in his eloquent and valuable Lectures on Painting, delivered for the instruction and improvement of the students of the Royal Academy, has nobly vindicated Hogarth as an artist and a man, in words, that all who heard will long remember. 'Hogarth,' he said, 'it is true, is often gross; but it must be remembered that he painted in a less fastidious age than ours, and that his great object was to expose vice. *Debauchery is always made by him detestable, never attractive.*' Charles Lamb, one of the best of his commentators, who has viewed his labours in a kindred spirit, speaking of one of his most elaborate and varied works, the 'Election Entertainment,' asks, 'What is the result left on the mind? Is it an impression of the vileness and worthlessness of our species? Or is not the general feeling which remains after the individual faces have ceased to act sensibly on the mind, *a kindly one in favour of the species?*' Leslie speaks of his 'high species of humour pregnant with moral meanings,' and no happier choice of phrase could characterise his many works. Lamb, with true discrimination says: 'All laughter is not of a dangerous or soul-hardening tendency. There is the petrifying sneer of a demon, which excludes and kills love, and there is the cordial laughter of a man, which implies and cherishes it.'

Hogarth's works are before us all; and are lessons as much for to-day as they were for yesterday. We have no intention of scrutinising their merits or defects; we write only of the influence of a class of Art such as he brought courageously before the English public. Every one is acquainted with the

'Rake's Progress,' and can recal subject after subject, story after story, which he illustrated. Comparatively few can judge of him as a painter,* but all can comprehend his moral essays—brave as true!

His fearlessness and earnestness are above all price; independent, in

* If Hogarth be judged simply as a British artist taking up a thoroughly original line of Art, and, to use his own words, 'turning his thoughts to painting and engraving subjects of a modern kind and moral nature—a field not broken up in any country or age,' pursuing his course with little artistic education, but with a high determination and a powerful mind, which achieved for him a place in art self-created, and held by him to the present hour amid many rivals but no conqueror; we can scarcely fail to look on him in his power and perfect originality, as one of our greatest creative geniuses—and, *nationally speaking*, our greatest English painter; for to no school or class of art did he belong, who owned Nature only as his mistress, and 'each change of many-coloured life he drew' as his only fount of inspiration. Untrammelled by any conventionalities; with a mind unfettered by desires to walk in any prescribed school of art, or follow in the wake of any great name, the strength of his genius led him triumphantly in a path of originality and power, and fixed him almost alone in his glory. As a painter of life in all its phases, he is unrivalled; 'his graphic representations are indeed books: they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other pictures we *look at*—his prints we *read*.' Such is the testimony of Lamb; but it may be objected, he was a literary man, not an artist. The testimony of Leslie, than whom a more fitting judge could scarcely be found, is given as strongly in the lectures we have already alluded to. Speaking of invention and expression, he declares Hogarth 'a master, who in these, is wholly unequalled, excepting by Raffaelle alone. Nor is the transition from the art of the one to that of the other so sudden as it may at first sight appear. They were both pre-eminently the painters of mankind; though the range of subject they took, and the peculiar patronage of Raffaelle, and the no-patronage of Hogarth, made a wide separation between them. Raffaelle has given us an endless variety of images of all that is most dignified, most pure, and most graceful in our nature, yet never at the expense of probability; while Hogarth, the boldest satirist that ever held a pencil, has illustrated virtue by the exposure of vice. Yet there is a common ground on which they meet—the larger field of negative character.' The ability with which he could redeem the commonest incidents, has been shown by Lamb in his analysation of 'the lowest of his subjects, the print called "Gin Lane,"' of which he truly observes, 'that had his figures been clothed "in Athenian garments," his picture might rival the greatest; many of the figures being as terrible as any Michael Angelo ever drew.' Yet he adds, his sense of beauty never seems to have deserted him; and he frequently introduced children in his scenes, which 'have a singular effect in giving tranquillity, and a portion of their own innocence to the subject. The baby riding in its mother's lap, in the "March to Finchley," its careless innocent face placed directly behind the intriguing time-furrowed countenance of the treason-plotting French priest, perfectly sobers the whole of that tumultuous scene.' As an example of his power as *a painter*, we may refer to the head of the debauched husband in the breakfast scene of his series of pictures, the 'Marriage à la Mode,' in the National Gallery. It is a triumph of colour and expression which no engraving, not even Hogarth's own, can fully imitate.

their high estate, of all praise. We would send 'Marriage à la Mode' into general circulation during the London season, where the market for wives and husbands is presided over by interest rather than affection. The matrimonial mart was as bravely exposed by the great satirist, as the brutal and unmanly cock-fight, which at that period was permitted to take place at the Cock-pit *Royal*, on the south side of St. James's Park.*

Society always needs such men as William Hogarth—true, stern men—to grapple with and overthrow the vices which spring up—the very weeds both of poverty and luxury,—the latter filled with the more bitter and subtle poison. Calling to mind the period, we the more honour the great artist's resolution; if the delicacy of our improved times is offended by what may seem deformity upon his canvas, we must remember that we do not shrink from *Hogarth's* coarseness, but from the coarseness he laboured, by exposing, to expel. He painted what Smollett, and Fielding, and Richardson, wrote far more offensively; but he surpassed the novelists both in truth and in intention. He painted without sympathising with his subjects, whom he lashed with unsparing bitterness or humour. He never idealised a vice into a virtue—he never compromised a fact, much less a principle.

He has, indeed, written fearful sermons on his canvas; sermons which, however exaggerated they may seem to us in some of their painful details of human sin and human misery, are yet so real that we never doubt that such things *were*, and *are*. No one can suspect Hogarth to have been tainted by the vices he exposed. In this he has the advantage of the novelists of his period: he gives vice no loophole of escape; it is there in its hideous aspect, each step distinctly marked, each character telling its own tale of warning, so that 'he who runs may read.' †

* There is extant a painting of Charles I. and his courtiers engaged at this *sport*. The cock-pit gave its name to a portion of the royal building at Whitehall. In Charles II.'s time it again flourished, and engrossed the attention of a heartless and depraved court. Nor was Westminster relieved of a so-called *royal* cock-pit until very recent times; it was situate in the worst part of a bad neighbourhood, and patronised by the worst of persons.

† The name of George Cruikshank is not one that we should wish to see thrust into a note; but we cannot omit to render him homage as the fearless exposer of the besetting vice of our age and country; his spirit, his genius, his honesty and bravery of purpose, are strictly Hogarthian. We look upon the 'Bottle,' and its 'Conclusion' only as the commencement of the great moral lessons he is eminently qualified to teach.

Whoever desires to trace the life of this English artist—to note him in his apprenticeship—when he tamed, as well as his rough nature would permit, his hand to the delicate graving so cherished by his master, Ellis Gamble ; and when, freed from his apprenticeship, he sought Art through the stirring scenes of life, saying quaintly enough, that 'copying other men's works resembled pouring wine out of one vessel into another : there was no increase of quantity, and the flavour of the vintage was liable to evaporate : ' whoever would study the great, as well as the small, peculiarities of the painter who converted his thumb-nail into a palette,* and while transcribing characters and events both rapidly and faithfully, complained of his 'constitutional idleness : '—whenever, we say, our readers feel desirous of revelling in the biography of so diligent, so observing, so faithful, so brave a spirit, we would send them to our old friend Allan Cunningham's most interesting history of the man. Honest Allan had much in common with our great national artist : though of different countries, they sprung from the same race—sturdy yeomen ; they were alike lovers of independence, fighting for the best part of life manfully and faithfully, enjoying the noble scorn of wrong, and battling for the right from the cradle to the grave. Self-educated—that is to say, educated by NATURE, which gave and nourished his high intellect and independent soul—Allan could comprehend and appreciate the manly bearing and stern self-reliance of the painter, whose best resources were in himself ; thus the biography of Hogarth is among the finest examples of its class which our language supplies. Allan's sympathies were with his subject ; and his knowledge also came to his aid ; for the poet was thoroughly imbued with a love of Art.

Allan Cunningham was a better disciplinarian and less prone to look for, or to care for, enjoyment than was Hogarth ; though we have many pleasant memories how he truly relished both music and conversation. But there was more sentiment in the Scottish poet than in the English painter ; and the deep dark eyes of the Scot had more of fervour and less of sarcasm in their brightness. We repeat, Allan, of all writers, could thoroughly

* More than one anecdote is recorded of Hogarth's habit when struck by any remarkable face, of at once marking it down on his thumb nail to preserve its remembrance for future use. His constant observation of nature and the ludicrous, and the certainty and rapidity with which he jotted down his remembrances, are narrated by many contemporaries and friends.

appreciate Hogarth ; and his biography is written *con amore*. He says that, 'All who love the Dramatic representations of actual life,—all who have hearts to be gladdened by humour,—all who are pleased with judicious and well directed satire,—all who are charmed with the ludicrous looks of popular folly, and all who can be moved with the pathos of human suffering, are admirers of Hogarth.' But, to our thinking, Hogarth had a calling even more elevated than the Scottish poet has given him in this eloquent summing-up of his attributes ; he is one of our greatest teachers—a TEACHER to whom is due the *highest* possible honour ; and the more we feel the importance of the teacher, the more we value those who teach well. 'In grappling with folly and in combating with crimes, he was compelled to reveal the nature of that he proposed to satirise ; he was obliged to set up sin in its high place before he could crown it with infamy.' The times were full of internal, as well as foreign disturbance, and Hogarth's studio was no hermitage to exclude passing events or their promoters. He lived with the living moving *present*,—his engravings being his pleasures ; portraits, as they are now to many a high-hearted man of talent, his means of subsistence : heavy weights of mortality that fetter and clog the ascending spirit.

His controversies and encounters with the worthless Wilkes,—his defence of his own theories,*—his determined dislike to the establishment of a Royal Academy—his various other controversies—rendered his exciting course very different from that of the lonely artists of the present day, who are but too fond of living in closed studios, 'pouring,' as Hogarth would have said,—'pouring wine from one vessel into another,'—pondering over tales and poems for inspiration, and transcribing the worn-out models of many seasons into attitudes of bounding and varied life ! Is it not wonderful

* A man who formed such strong opinions, and expressed them so boldly as Hogarth did, could scarcely escape enmity. But the virulence with which he was attacked on the subject of his famous *line of beauty* can scarcely be imagined at the present time. The truth was denied, or if admitted, it was declared to have been stolen from a previous author (Lomazzo) ; but it was in general assailed by lampoon and caricature. He was nicknamed 'Painter Pug,' represented as an ill-grained cur at work ; or as a clumsy booby author, vainly endeavouring to prop his theory by a bent stick termed 'the line of beauty' which threatened to snap beneath so much heaviness ; while others ridiculed the 'dauber' who wanted to prove 'that crookedness was beautiful.' Among the many assailants, we have seen but one vindicator who chose to depict Hogarth as treating the whole affair with proper contempt.

as sad, that the artist will not feel his power, will not take his own place, assume his high standing as of old, and demand the duty of respect from the world by the just exercise of his glorious privilege? 'Entertainment and information are not all the mind requires at the hand of an artist; we wish to be elevated by contemplating what is noble,—to be warmed by the presence of the heroic, and charmed and made happy by the light of purity and loveliness. We desire to share in the lofty movements of fine minds—to have communion with their image of what is godlike, and to take a part in the rapture of their love, and in the ecstasies of all their musings. This is the chief end of high poetry, of high painting, and high sculpture; and the Man misunderstands the true spirit of those Arts who seeks to deprive them of a portion of their divinity, and argues that entertainment and information constitute their highest aim.'* We have quoted this passage because it expresses our notions of the power of Art more happily than we are able to express it; but we must add that the *teaching* as well as the *poetic* painter has much to complain of from society; it is impossible to mingle among the 'higher classes' without being struck by their indifference to every phase of British Art,—except portraiture. 'Have you been to the Exhibition? Are there many nice miniatures? Are the portraits good? Lady D.'s lace is perfect: Mrs. A.'s velvet is inimitable;' such observations strike the ear with painful discord, when the mind is filled with memories of those who are brave or independent enough to 'look forward' with creative genius. There are many noble exceptions among our aristocracy; but with far too great a number Art is a mere fashion.

As a people, neither our eyes nor our ears are yet opened to its instructive and elevating faculty. We mistake the outlay of money for an expenditure of sympathy.

Hogarth's portraits were almost too faithful to please his sitters: he was too truthful to flatter, even on canvas; and the wonder is, that he achieved any popularity in this fantastic branch of his Art.† Allan Cunningham has

* Allan Cunningham.

† Of his labours in the highest walk of painting much cannot be said. The scriptural pieces are failures, yet they are redeemed by traces of thought and originality, which evidence the work of a man who had but mistaken his path. He was employed to paint three large

said of him, that he regarded neither the historian's page nor the poet's song. He was contented with the occurrences of the passing day, with the folly, or the sin of the hour: yet to the garb and fashion of the moment, he adds story and sentiment for all time. It is quite delicious to read the excuses Allan makes for the foibles of the man whose virtues had touched his own generous heart; he confesses with great *naïveté* that he looked coldly—'too coldly perhaps'—on foreign Art, and perhaps too fondly on his own productions; and then adds that, 'where vanity soonest misleads the judgment, he thought wisely; he contemplated his own works, not as things excellent in themselves, but as the rudiments of future excellence, and looked forward with the hope that some happier Hogarth would raise, on the foundation he had laid, a perfect and lasting superstructure.'

We must humbly differ from the Poet in this matter; we believe if the characteristic cap were removed from that sturdy brow, we should find an admirable development of the organ of self-esteem. He thought as little of a future and 'happier Hogarth,' as he did of the old masters. He was Monarch of the Present—and he knew it!

The age we live in talks much about renovation, but it is not a conservative age; on the contrary, it would pull down Temple Bar, if it dared, to widen the passage from the Strand into Fleet Street; and it demolishes houses, shrines of *noble memories*, with a total absence of respect for what it ought to honour. We never hear of an old house without a feeling that it is either going to be destroyed or modernised, and this inevitably leads to a desire to visit it immediately. Having determined on a drive to Chiswick to make acquaintance with the dwelling of Hogarth, and look upon his tomb—we became restless until it was accomplished

We had seen, by the courtesy of Mr. Allison, the pianoforte manufacturer in Dean Street, the residence of Sir James Thornhill, whose daughter Hogarth married; the proprietor bestows most praiseworthy care on the

scriptural subjects, still remaining in St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, for which he received 500*l.*; and the list of his other works might be much added to. At Bourne, near Canterbury, is a large picture of a marriage; and Mr. Haggard, of the Bank, possesses a choice group of figures which have not been engraved. It is not long since Messrs. Smith, of Lisle Street, recovered a series of his pictures; the original sketches of those destroyed in the fire at Fonthill were among them.

house, which was formerly one of considerable extent and importance. Mr. Allison says there can be little doubt that the grounds extended into Wardour Street. Once, while removing a chimney-piece in the drawing-room a number of cards tumbled out—slips of playing cards, with the names of some of the most distinguished persons of Hogarth's time written on the backs; the residences were also given, proving that the 'gentry' then dwelt where now the poorer classes congregate. But the most interesting part of the house is the staircase, with its painted ceiling; the wall of the former is divided into three compartments, each representing a sort of ball-room back-ground, with groups of figures, life-size, looking down from a balcony; they are well-preserved, and one of the ladies is thought to be a very faithful portrait of Mrs. Hogarth. Hogarth must have spent some time in that house;—but we were resolved, despite the repute of its being old and ugly, to visit his dwelling-place at Chiswick; and though we made the pilgrimage by a longer *route* than was necessary, we did not regret skirting the beautiful plantations of the Duke of Devonshire, nor enjoying the fragrance of the green meadows, which never seem so green to us, as in the vale of the Thames. The house is a tall, narrow, abrupt-looking place, close to the road-side wall of its inclosed garden; numbers of cottage dwellings for the poor have sprung up around it, but in Hogarth's day it must have been very isolated; not leading to the water as we had imagined, but having a dull and prison-like aspect; if indeed any place can have that aspect where trees grow, and grass is chequered by their ever-varying shadows. The house was occupied from 1814 to 1832 by Cary, the translator of Dante; and it would be worth a pilgrimage if considered only as the residence of this truly excellent and highly-gifted clergyman.*

We have received from his son an interesting note relative to its features at the period when it came into his father's possession. 'The house,' he says, 'stands in one corner of a high-walled garden of about three quarters of an acre; that part of the garden which faced the house was divided

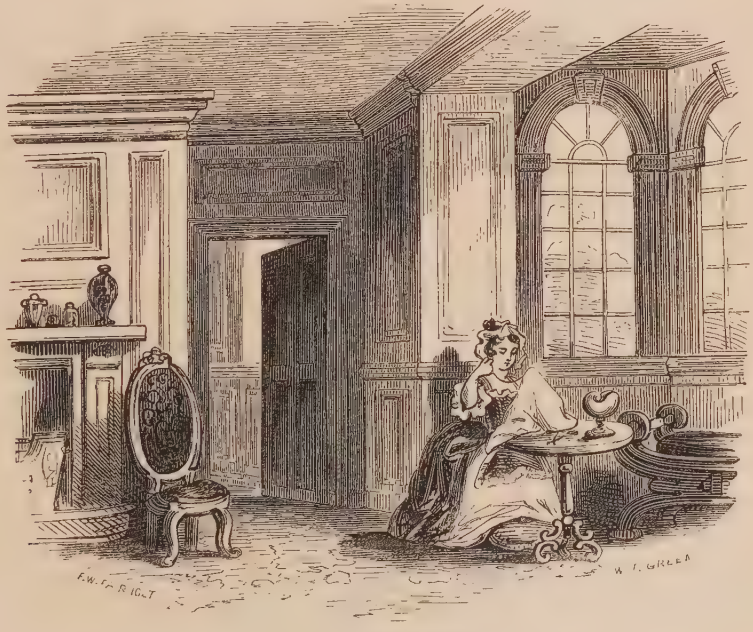
* In the year 1823, Ugo Foscolo, the great poet of modern Italy (who died in exile in England) said to Mr. S. C. Hall, that in his opinion Cary's Translation of Dante was the best translation that had ever been made by any author in any language.

into long, narrow, formal flower-beds. Five large trees whose ages bespoke their acquaintance with Hogarth, showed his love of the beautiful as well as the useful; a mulberry, walnut, apricot, double-blossomed cherry and a hawthorn; the last of these was a great favourite with my father from its beauty and the attraction it was to the nightingales which never failed to visit it in the spring; the gardeners were their mortal enemies, and, alas! have at length prevailed. A few years ago, when I went to visit the old place, only one of the trees remained, (the mulberry seen in our sketch); in a nook at one side of the garden was a nut-walk, with a high wall and a row of filbert trees that arched triumphantly over it; at one end of this

Hogarth's House.

walk was a stone slab, on which Hogarth used to play at nine-pins; at the other end were the two little tombstones to the memory of a bird and a dog.' The house is as you see it here, the rooms with low ceilings and all sorts of odd shapes,—up and down, in and out,—yet withal pleasant and

comfortable, and rendered more so by the gentle courtesy of their mistress and her kindly servant; the very dogs seemed to partake of the human nature of their protector, and attended us wherever we went, with more than ordinary civility. Hogarth might have been tempted to immortalise one of them for its extreme ugliness and the waggish spirit with which it pulled at its companion's ears, who in vain attempted to tug at the bits of stumps that stuck out at each sides of its tormentor's head. Mr. Fairholt was permitted to sketch the drawing-room; the open door leads to the chamber from whence, it is said, Miss Thornhill eloped with Hogarth.



A Room in Hogarth's House.

Mr. Cary, in the note to which we have already alluded, says, 'There can hardly be a doubt that the house belonged to Sir James Thornhill, and that Hogarth inherited it from him. Mrs. Hogarth lived there after her husband's death, and left it by will to a lady from whose executor my

father bought it in the year 1814. The room from which Miss Thornhill is said to have eloped is the inner room, on the first floor; this room was used by my father as his study. Over the dining-room fire-place was a spirited pencil sketch of five heads, and under them written "five jolly fellows," by Hogarth,—during an absence the servants of a tenant carefully washed all out.'

We can easily imagine how the union between Hogarth and his daughter, commenced after such a fashion, outraged not only the courtliness, but the higher and better feelings of Sir James Thornhill. Hogarth's innate consciousness of power may at that time have appeared to him vulgar effrontery; and it is not to be wondered at, that, until convinced of his talent, he refused him all assistance. There is something so false and wrong in the concealment that precedes an elopement, and the elopement of an only child from an aged father, that we marvel how any one can treat lightly the outraged feelings of a confiding parent. Earnest tender love, so deeply rooted in a father's heart, may pardon, but cannot reach forgetfulness as quickly as it is the custom of play-writers and novelists to tell us it may do.

Sir James Thornhill was greatly the fashion: he was the successor of Verrio, and the rival of La Guerre, in the decorations of our palaces and public buildings. His demands for the painting of Greenwich Hall were contested; and though La Fosse received two thousand pounds for his works at Montague House, besides other allowances, Sir James, despite his dignity as Member of Parliament for his native town of Weymouth, could obtain but forty shillings a square yard for painting the cupola of St. Paul's! Thus the patronage afforded 'native talent' kept him poor; and though it must have been necessary (one of the cruel necessities induced by love of display in England), to have an establishment suited to his public position in London, nothing could be more unpretending than his *ménage* at Chiswick. Mrs. Hogarth, advised by her mother, skilfully managed to let her father see one of her husband's best productions under advantageous circumstances. Sir James acknowledged its merit at once, exclaiming 'Very well! Very well! The man who can make works like this can maintain a wife without a portion;' and soon after became, not only reconciled, but generous to the young people. Hogarth had tasted the

bitterness of labour: he had even worked for booksellers, and painted portraits!—so that this summer brightness must have been full of enjoyment. He appreciated it thoroughly, and was ever the earnest admirer and the ready defender of Sir James Thornhill; thus the old knight secured a friend in his son; and it was pleasanter to think of the hours of reconciliation and happiness they might have passed within the walls of that enclosed garden, beneath the crumbling trellice, or the shadow of the old mulberry-tree, than of the fortuneless artist wooing the confiding daughter from her home and her filial duties.

We were invited to inspect Hogarth's painting-room—a mere loft, of most limited dimensions, over the stable, which the imagination could easily furnish with the necessary easel, or still less cumbrous graver's implements. It is situated at the farthest part of the garden from the house; a small door in the garden wall leads into a little enclosure, one side of which is occupied by the stable. The painting-room is over the stable, and is reached by a stair; it has but one window, which looks towards the road.

Hogarth's Painting Room.

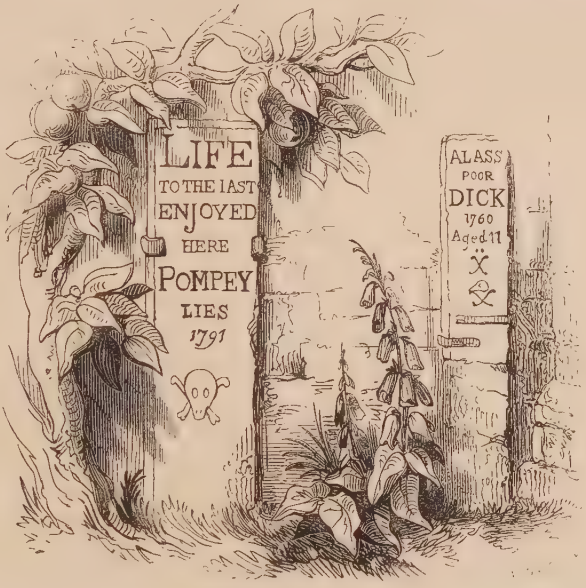
It must have been sufficiently commodious for Hogarth's purposes; but possesses not the conveniences of modern painting-rooms. The house

at Chiswick could only have been a place for recreation and repose when relaxation was cared for, and where sketches were prepared to ripen into publication.

There are traditions about Chiswick, of Hogarth having while studying and taking notes, frequented a little inn by the roadside, and almost within sight of his dwelling. It has been modernised throughout—and supplies no subject for the pencil—yet it retains some indications, not without interest, of a remote date. The Painter must have been familiar with every class of character; and Chiswick was then enough of a country village to supply him amply with material. But, although a keen satirist, it is certain that he had as much tenderness for the lower orders of creation as a young loving girl. In a corner of this quaint old garden, two tiny monuments are affixed to the wall, one chiselled perhaps by Hogarth's own hand, to the memory of his canary bird! * The *thinking* character of the painter's mind is evidenced in this as in everything he did—the engraving on the tomb suggesting reflection. Charles Lamb said of him truly, that the quantity of *thought* which he crowded into every picture, would alone '*unvulgarise*' every subject he might choose; and the refined Coleridge exclaims, 'Hogarth! in whom the satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet.' There is something inexpressibly tender and touching in this memento of his affection for a little singing bird: the feeling must have been entirely his own, for he had no child to suggest the tribute to a feathered favourite. The tomb was afterwards accompanied with one to Mrs. Hogarth's dog. They are narrow, upright pieces of white stone, laid against the brick-wall, but they are records of gentle and generous sympathies not to be overlooked. That Hogarth was more than on friendly terms with the canine race, the introduction of his

* It is by no means improbable. The looseness of spelling in the first word meets with similarities in his engravings. The skull and cross bones beneath are merely cut in single lines and are those of a bird; it is a small strip of stone which time has fractured, and is held to the wall by iron clamps. Pompey enjoys a more imposing tablet; he may have been the favourite of Mrs. Hogarth, and the stone have been erected by the relative to whom she bequeathed the property, and who resided here with her. Hogarth's favourite dog, who figures in his master's works, and appears seated beside his portrait in the National Gallery, was named Crab, and his countenance attests his worthiness to enjoy that cognomen. Pompey must have been the lady's pet, and flourished in the dignity of a more aristocratic title.

own dog into his portrait clearly tells, and doubtless his bird often brought with its music visions of the country into the heat and dust of Leicester Square—soothing away much of his impatience. Men who have to fight the up-hill battle of life must have energy and determination ; and Hogarth



Tombs of Dog and Bird.

was too out-spoken and self-confident not to have made many enemies. In after years his success (limited though it was, in a pecuniary point of view, for he died without leaving enough to support his widow respectably) produced its ordinary results—envy and enmity : and insults were heaped upon him. He was not tardy of reply, but Wilkes and Churchill were in strong health, when nature was giving way with the great painter : an advantage they did not fail to use with their accustomed malignity. The profligate Churchill, turning the poet's nature into gall, infested the death-bed of Hogarth with unfeeling sarcasm, anticipating the grave and exulting over a dying man.*

* The quarrel arose from Hogarth's satire on the politics of the day in his first plate of *the Times*, which offended Wilkes, whose party was attacked. He at once threw to the winds all

Hogarth, warned by the autumn winds, and suffering from the restlessness of approaching dissolution, left Chiswick on the 25th of October, 1764, and returned to his residence in Leicester Square. He was cheerful—in full possession of his mental faculties—but lacked the vigour to exert them. The very next day, having received an agreeable letter from Doctor Franklin, he wrote a rough copy of his answer, but exhausted with the effort, retired to bed. Seized by a sudden sickness, he arose—rung the bell with alarming violence—and within two hours expired!

Of all the villages in the neighbourhood of London, rising from the banks of the Thames, (and how numerous and beautiful they are!) few are so well known as that of Chiswick.* The horticultural fêtes are anticipated with anxiety similar to that our grandmothers felt for the fêtes of Ranelagh; the *toilettes* of the ladies rival the flowers, and the only foe to the fascinating fair ones is the weather; but all that the crowd care about in Chiswick is confined to the 'Duke's grounds' and the Society's Gardens. The Duke's beautiful little villa, erected by the last Earl of Burlington,† is indeed a shrine

his former friendship, and attacked Hogarth in the *North Briton.* Hogarth's reply was the published portrait of Wilkes holding a cap of liberty; his face too clearly depicting the physical and mental obliquity of 'the patriot.' From the coarse and immoral satirist Churchill, an attack, such as he commenced, could inflict no lasting harm. Hogarth took up a plate which was to be used for his own portrait, now in the National Gallery, and expunging that, placed an imaginary portrait of Churchill, as a bear in canonicals, hugging a porter-pot and a huge club, the knots of which are so many lies. On a small picture in one corner he has also represented himself as a bear-leader, compelling Churchill and Wilkes, as a bear and monkey, to dance to his whipping. 'On the whole,' says Cunningham, 'this quarrel showed more venom than wit. Never did two angry men of their abilities throw mud with less dexterity.' The impurity of the lives of Wilkes and Churchill contrasted most unfavourably for them with the honest manliness of Hogarth's, in its public and private character. Nor did the mode of satire they adopted do aught but degrade themselves.

* Chiswick is not mentioned in Domesday Book, but Lysons has found it named in the reign of Henry III. Antiquities of the Roman era have been found at Turnham Green; and Stukeley's notice of the Roman road here has been confirmed by Faulkner, who has engraved a plan of its course in this neighbourhood. The two manors of this parish were in the possession of the Dean of St. Paul's as early as the time of William the Conqueror; and a grant for fishing here was given to the 'Men of Sutton and Chiswick' by the Prior of Merton, who enjoyed exclusive privileges in the Thames.

† This was the Earl, whose taste in building, Hogarth has satirised in one of his earliest works—'Burlington Gate.' He was a great patron of Kent, who was the builder of his house at Chiswick, and whose quackery and fame in some degree eclipsed Hogarth's father-in-law,

worthy of deep homage; within its walls both Charles James Fox and George Canning breathed their last; and if, for a moment, we recall the times of Civil War, when each honest English heart fought bravely and openly for what was believed 'the right,' we may picture the struggle between Prince Rupert and the Earl of Essex, terminating with doubtful success, for eight hundred high-born cavaliers were left dead on the plain that lies within sight of the gardens so richly perfumed by flowers, and echoing not to the searching trumpet or rolling drum, but to the music of Strauss and Jullien.

The Duke of Devonshire's grounds, containing about ninety acres, are filled with mementos, pleasant to the eye and suggestive to the imagination; but we must seek and find a more solemn scene, where the churchyard of Chiswick incloses the ashes of some whose names are written upon the pages of History. Though the church* is, in a degree, surrounded by houses,

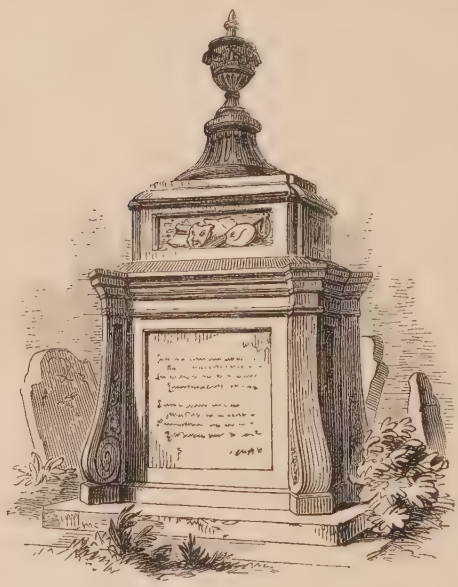
Thornhill: Hogarth therefore ridiculed Kent's pretensions in the plate we speak of. Chiswick House is partly copied from a design by Palladio (the Villa of Marquis Capra, near Vicenza,) and originally consisted of the central portion only, of which Lord Hervey remarked, that 'the house was too small to inhabit, and too large to hang to a watch.' Wyatt has since added to the buildings. The Duke of Devonshire at present has here a fine collection of paintings.

* The church is dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron of mariners and fishermen. It has very few antique features to boast of, with the exception of the tower, which an inscription within tells us was 'founded' by Mr. William Bordale, vicar of the church, who died in 1425, and refers to 'the brass of his tombstone in this church.' The slab in the middle aisle, upon which it was fixed, may be seen, but the brass is not visible. Faulkner, in his History of Chiswick (1845), 'says it is now in the hands of the church-wardens,' and he engraves a fac-simile of it. When we visited the church no one seemed to know anything about it. Faulkner's cut gives an important and ornamental character to the brass; why should it not be placed against the wall, and beside the inscription? it would be at once appropriate and ornamental. It is a duty the parishioners owe to a benefactor.

Kent, the architect, whom Hogarth satirised, lies in the chancel. Also Sir John Chardin, the celebrated traveller, who died in 1712, and who is commemorated in Westminster Abbey; and a younger and more recent traveller, who perished in the service of science, Mr. Forbes of the Linnæan Society, a naturalist, who died in Eastern Africa at the early age of twenty-two, while prosecuting his researches. The churchyard contains a tablet to the memory of Ugo Foscolo, the Italian poet, who died in 1827, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two; a man of uncompromising spirit, and the stern opponent of Napoleon, at a time when Italy was prostrate at his feet. With great ability and perseverance, and indomitable honesty of purpose; want of order and worldly prudence, added to a fretful temper, involved him in hopeless embarrassment, and shortened his life.

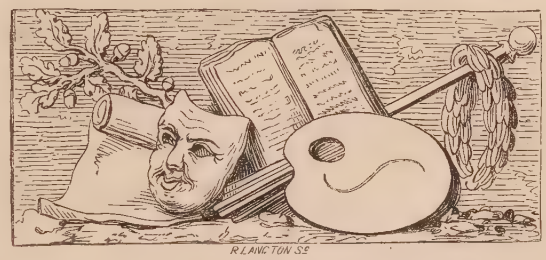
there is much of the repose of 'a country churchyard' about it; the Thames belts it with its silver girdle, and, when we visited its sanctuary, the setting sun cast a mellow light upon the windows of the church, touching a headstone or an urn, while the shadows trembled on the undulating graves. Like all churchyards it is crowded, and, however reverently we bent our footsteps, it was impossible to avoid treading on the soft grass of the humble grave, or the grey stone that marks the resting-place of one of 'the better order.'

How like the world was that silent churchyard! High and low, rich and poor, mingled together, however desirous to keep apart. The dust of the imperious Duchess of Cleveland found here a grave; while here, too, as if to contrast the pure with the impure, repose the ashes of Mary, daughter of Oliver Cromwell; Holland, the actor, the friend of David Garrick, here cast aside his 'motley.' Can we wonder at the actor's love of applause?—posterity knows him not; present fame alone is his—the lark's song leaves no record in the air!—Lord Macartney, the famous ambassador to China—a country of which our knowledge was then almost as dim as that we have of the moon—the ambassador rests here, while a Chinese junk is absolutely moored in the very river that murmurs beside his grave. Surely the old place is worthy of a pilgrimage. Louthbourg, the painter, found a resting-place in its churchyard. Ralph, the historian and political writer, whose histories and politics are now as little read as the Dunciad which held them up to ridicule, is buried here; and confined as is the space, it is rich in epitaphs,—three from the pen of David Garrick, two from that of Arthur Murphy, may here be perused.



Hogarth's Tomb.

Hogarth's monument has been very faithfully copied by Mr. Fairholt.* It is remarkable among the many plainer 'stones' with which the churchyard is crowded, but it is by no means distinguished for that artistic character which it might have received as covering the remains of so great an artist. A small slab, in relief, takes from it, however, the charge of insipidity; it contains a comic mask, an oak-branch, pencils and mahl-stick, a book and a scroll, and the palette, marked with the 'line of beauty.' †



Bas-Relief on Hogarth's Tomb.

It has been remarked, that 'while he faithfully followed Nature through

* Hogarth was buried in a simple grave by his widow, who through life regarded him with love and pride. The monument was erected, and the expense defrayed, by a subscription among his friends, at the instance of Garrick. It is now kept up by voluntary subscriptions of the parishioners. Our cut represents the north side, upon which Garrick's lines are engraved. On the east side is a simple inscription recording his death, and that of his wife, in November, 1789. On the south side is one to the memory of his sister Anne, who died 1771; and of Mary Lewis, spinster, who died 1808, a worthy and affectionate relative, in whose arms the painter died. The widow of Sir James Thornhill is also buried in the same grave, and commemorated on the west side. The arms of Hogarth (azure, the sun in splendour) combined with those of Thornhill, appear on the tomb, and may be seen in our initial letter. The kindliness of heart, which endeared the painter to his family and relatives, enshrined him in their memories, 'and in death they were not divided.' Cunningham says, 'he was of a temper, cheerful, joyous and companionable; no one questioned his domestic serenity; he was uniformly kind to his sisters and to his cousin Mary Lewis; and what I hold, though last, not least, is that his domestics had remained many years in his service, and that he painted all their portraits and hung them up in his house.'

† Sir Richard Phillips, in his 'Walk from London to Kew,' speaks from his early memory of Hogarth's widow:—'I saw with my mind's eye the widow Hogarth, and her maiden relative Richardson, walking up the aisle, dressed in their silken sacks, their raised head-dresses, their black calashes, their laced ruffles, and their high crooked canes, preceded by their aged servant, Samuel; who, after he had wheeled his mistress to church, in her Bath-chair, carried the prayer-books up the aisle, and opened and shut the pew.' She lived in Chiswick, in the house we have engraved, until her death in 1789, and then left it to her female relative.

all her varieties, and exposed, with inimitable skill, the infinite follies and vices of the world, he was in himself an example of many virtues.' And the following poetical tribute by David Garrick is inscribed on the tomb :—

'Farewell! great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of Art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If Genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here!'

Doctor Johnson also composed an epitaph, which Cunningham considers 'more to the purpose, but still unworthy.'

'The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew the essential forms of grace;
Here closed in death the attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face.'

The tributes—in poetry and prose—are just; examine the works of this great painter-teacher as closely and suspiciously as we may, we can discover nothing that will induce a momentary doubt of his integrity of purpose in all he did; his shafts were aimed at Vice,—in no solitary instance was he ever guilty of arraigning or assailing Virtue. Compare him with the most famous of the Dutch masters, and he rises into glory; coarseness and vulgarity in them had no point out of which could come instruction. But Hogarth's subjects were never without a lesson, and, inasmuch as he resorted for them to the open volume of humanity, like those of the most immortal of our writers, his works are 'not for an age but for all time.'

THE GRAVE OF IZAAK WALTON.

ONG ere we determined to make pilgrimage to the last resting-place of the high-priest of angling, we had become, through the medium of his book, an appreciator of his gentle craft. We have companioned the volume so much that we can hardly believe we have not known its author in the flesh. Under his influence our sympathies have expanded, our knowledge of the true and beautiful has increased. He has guided us through many a mountain pass, and beside many a mountain stream we should never have known but for him! What peaceful hours and days we have spent beside the Lea; and when, evening after evening, we lingered amid the fastnesses of Derbyshire, when the sun's rays touched the hills with the last farewell of light, and the moonbeams came trickling down upon the waters, and the stillness was so intense, that the whispering voice of the trout stream seemed to prate loudly of the mysteries of the far-off moors from whence it came,—it was pleasant to picture the *wraith* of the good old angler, bending over the DOVE, then melting away into the mists which hang about the cliffs of that delicious river. We have sat beneath the shadow of the 'great hawthorn' until the stars crept up the blue vault of heaven, or darted into sudden brightness in their own appointed spheres; we have worshipped in the Temple of the Dale

consecrated by the friendship of 'Walton and Cotton,' and ever and anon the sayings of 'old Izaak' would come upon our memory, sweet and soothing as the evening air. We have read by moonlight his description of the river * which flowed at our feet. We have, in the spirit of humility, trod in the venerable angler's footsteps; we thought only of him in the streets of his native town of Stafford, where he was born in the year 1595, and sought with reverent zeal for his whereabouts in the great city of London. We have sauntered by the Lea, and fancied we saw the print of his footsteps in the mossy banks. We have been sitting beside a dear friend, when he has taken up old Izaak's book, and, according to his receipt, set about manufacturing that marvellous '*green drake*,' which he warrants to take a great grayling, in a sharp stream, at 'eight, nine, ten, or eleven of the clock at night;' when he has procured with much trouble, and at great cost, 'the dubbing of bear's dun with a little brown camlet very well mixed,' and has so placed it, that 'the fly'—*when finished*—'might be more yellow on the belly and towards the tail underneath, than in any other part.' We have even seen him with hands torn after an abortive attempt to purloin 'two or three hairs of a black cat's beard,' to be fixed on the top of his hook as directed, 'standing almost upright, and staring one from another,' and we have seen him make a very triumph, in the wings, which were 'long and large, of the dark grey feather of a mallard.'

We have known a more enthusiastic disciple than he to whom we allude get into sad disgrace by rifling sundry stuffed birds of their brightest feathers, particularly those whom Izaak writes down as 'parakets,' and which, he says, 'came from far distant lands;' hunt cottage after cottage for a 'yellow dun cat,' and pay largely at the Surrey Zoological Gardens for permission to pull the hair from a white weazel's tail, which operation the 'white weazel' resisted, leaving the marks of her teeth on his fingers. For all these trials

* 'This river, called the Dove,' quoth Izaak, 'because of the swiftness of its current, and that swiftness occasioned by the declivity of its course, and by being so straitened in that course betwixt the rocks by which, and those very high ones, it is hereabout, for four or five miles, confined into a very narrow stream. A river,' he continues, 'that, from a contemptible fountain, which I can cover with my hat, by the confluence of other rivers, rivulets, brooks, and rills, is swelled before it falls into the Trent (a little before Egginton, where it loses its name), to such a breadth and depth as to be in most places navigable, were not the passage frequently interrupted with fords and wears, and has as fertile banks as any river in England, none excepted.'

and misfortunes he is indebted to Izaak Walton. But what of the pleasures? What of the soothings after days and weeks of anxiety and mental labour, when he has wandered with the book in his basket, to be brought forth beside the murmuring stream where the waters creep through the sedges and green flags, making an Undine-like music, where the willows sweep the ripple, and the under current of the stream agitates the folding and unfolding leaves of the plants that dwell in the mysterious depths of shadowy pools! How has he forgotten the world and its anxieties in the pages of sympathy and gentleness stamped by the sanctity of the old angler's name, when, seated on the trunk of some fallen tree, once the standard-bearer of multitudinous leaves, he watched the float with a dreamy sort of anxiety as to the probable time it might support its equilibrium on the waters! Truly our Izaak must have been not only the blandest but the most gentlemanly of anglers. There is a high-bred tone in his rusticity, as well as a quaker-like precision in all he does, which tells of the business habits of a citizen grafted on gentle blood; and then how harmoniously he tunes his words and thoughts to sacred things, how he tells these to his friends, that they also may enjoy his contented and thankful spirit. How charmingly he turns a sentence into the riches of truth:—'Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Let me tell you there be many that have forty times our estates that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and laughed and angled again, and slept securely, and rose next day and cast away care—which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. The *cares that are the keys* that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly.' The brother-in-law of Bishop Kenn, it is only just to apply to Izaak what Johnson said of Congreve;—'He lived only for himself and his friends, and amongst his friends he was able to name almost every man of his time whom wit or elegance had raised to reputation.' He had the happiness of bringing up his only son to the church, and his only daughter was married to a dignified clergyman, Dr. Hawkins, of Winchester. History and tradition are alike barren of incident respecting this man of gentlest nature, but he

is one who is not injured by their silence; he 'wrote his epitaph before he died.' All who love the repose of nature do homage to its high-priest. Were a statue erected to his memory we would not have him as a mere common-place angler with rod and line and fish-basket, but as the philosopher of his art, with the feeling and sentiment of one who joyed in and studied nature, loving her companionship better than townly things, and making this sport of angling rather his excuse for being so much with her than an occupation for the mere pulling of fish out of deep or shallow waters.

It would seem as though the ladies of old found nothing unfeminine in this sport of angling, for the lady-prioress of the Nunnery of Sopewell, near St. Alban's,—Dame Juliana Barnes, set forth a tract, entitled 'The Treatise of Fysshinge, with *an angle*, enprented at Westmestre by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1496.' This quaint old treatise proves that it is rather the unrestricted and abundant commune with nature, that the high-souled angler loves, than the mere taking of 'fysshe.' And we must say, without a determined desire to withdraw our young ladies from restricted enjoyment of 'field sports,' that there is something more delicate and feminine in a ramble along the banks of the Lea or the Dove with rod and line, or the rest of a few hours in a boat on the Thames,—the quiet waters of Teddington, or Twickenham, or Shepperton, or at 'the pitch' of Pentyhook, or beside the banks of Runnymede with its grand associations—than 'riding boldly to see the hounds throw off,' and cantering through 'the meet,' with an unblushing cheek, to be stared at by every man, good or bad, who can buy or hire a 'bit of blood' for the occasion. There is no question but a lady looks well on horseback, and no doubt that horse exercise is healthful—but we do not like to see a fair young girl exposed in a hunting-field, as a mark for the shafts of coarse wit, or still more degrading admiration. Now with a rod and line, a lady enjoys the freshness of the open air, and the most delicious scenery. She makes acquaintance with the beauty and *delicacy* of the endless tribe of 'river plants' and insects, which add so much to the variety and interest of her ramble. She sees a different phase of animate and inanimate existence from that which belongs to the park, the lawn, or the meadow; it is as a new poem set to 'the music of the waters.' We say but little about the actual fishing

—which we confess we do not understand, and our estimate of which must be given at second-hand—but, at all events, it supplies a good *excuse* to spend time beside rivers, and to note the marvellous beauty, and wonderful variety of the gems which decorate and enliven the earth, upon which our pilgrim-days are numbered as upon a calendar.

Washington Irving bears witness to the charm of Izaak Walton's theory and practice; and relates in one of his pleasant papers, how he, fascinated by what he calls 'the seductive pages of old Izaak,' set out, after a winter's preparation, to put in practice all he said, and endeavour to do all he did.

'Our first essay,' he says, 'was along a mountain brook among the highlands of the Hudson, a most unfortunate place for the execution of those piscatory tactics, which had been invented along the velvet margins of quiet English rivulets. I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour, before I had completely "satisfied the sentiment" and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, "that angling is something like poetry, a man must be born to it." I hooked myself instead of the fish, tangled my line in every tree, lost my bait and broke my rod, until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees *reading old Izaak: satisfied that it was his vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling.*'

That is the point at which we would arrive: the angling is but the *method* of the sport; love of the country,—of nature, green, outspread, varied nature, with its sounds and freshness, its harmonies and pastimes, its herbs and flowers, its bees and birds and butterflies, its waters and clouds, and sunshine and showers, its waysides and hedge-rows, its trees, its forest silence, its babbling brooklets,—these were the things in which Old Izaak delighted.

'By silent rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.'

It requires not so much the mere abstract love of angling, as we have said, as an appreciation of the general charms of nature, to render any person of true taste delighted with 'the Compleat Angler.'

We appreciate the simplicity of the 'love my memory' motto, which is

eloquent of the tender heart of this worshipper of nature, and can truly enter into the spirit of his biographer,* when he declares that 'whoever drinks deep of the true spirit of our glorious Izaak will be at a loss whether most to admire the extreme clearness of his head, or the extreme goodness of his heart.'

But it is not only as a brother of the angle, and a lover of Nature, that we admire Izaak Walton. He has a claim upon our sympathy as a man of letters, and we may wish his pen had been the inheritance of many biographers, who spin out a great many words about a small matter, while he 'ensamples' the enrichment of a page with great things in few words. To be sure, he was fortunate in his subjects: the lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Dr. Sanderson were fruitful of subject-matter for biography of the best kind, and the period was so full of interest and movement, that the sweetness, simplicity, and tenderness of 'honest Izaak' could not have appeared to greater advantage than it does in the biographies of these old English worthies. We have read them over and over again,—that of George Herbert especially—beside the fishing-streams where Izaak wandered, and always with increased delight.

It is impossible not to enjoy the delicious simplicity of the author, who tells us that after writing the life of Dr. Donne, and Sir Henry Wotton, he 'lay quiet' twenty years, without a thought of either troubling himself or others by any new engagement of this kind, for he '*thought he knew his own* unfitness;' and then he relates the *why* he wrote, with such quaint simplicity, that it is quite delicious to drink in its charming freshness, *a freshness* which '*age cannot wither.*'

Sir John Hawkins, in his life of Walton, says very plainly, but very truly, of the venerable angler, that he 'was not distinguished by his rank, or eminent for his learning, or remarkable for the performance of any public service; but, as he ever affected a retired life, so was he noted only for an ingenious, humble, good man;' in spite of the qualifying word 'only' used by Sir John, he adds, with true judgment, on the value of such personal attractions,—'however, to so eminent a degree did he possess the qualities above ascribed to him, as to afford a very justifiable reason for endeavouring to impress upon the minds of mankind, by a collection of

* Mr. Major; who published one of the most beautiful editions of 'The Angler.'

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

many scattered passages concerning him, a due sense of their value and importance.'

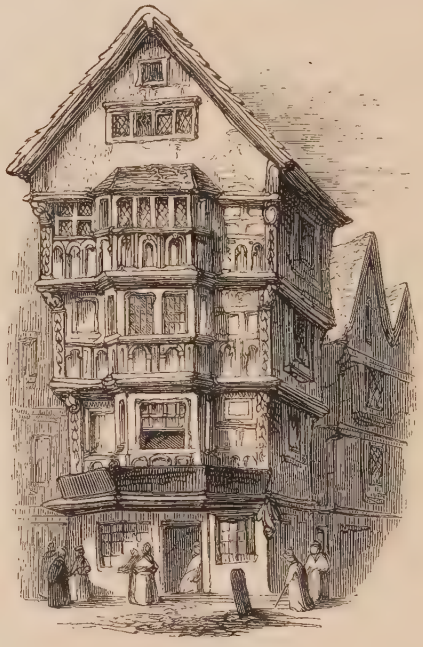
The life of the good old man does indeed 'point a moral,' and impress us with the value of the kindly, manly, and honourable plainness which characterised him through life. Qualities of an unpretending kind, which slowly but surely worked their way on his fellow-men's love and respect, and obtained for him the personal friendship of the great and the good, so that the humble London tradesman was a welcome visitor to some of the greatest and best men of his age; and Wood tells us that after he had given up business and quitted London, 'he lived mostly in the families of the eminent clergy of that time.'*

He was born, as we have already noticed, at Stafford, in the month of August, 1593; but the particulars of his early life and education have not been detailed. Indeed the minutiæ of biography belongs almost exclusively to our own age, and accustomed as we are to note and detail the minor movements of modern great men, when our researches induce us to investigate those of our forefathers, we are frequently disappointed at the paucity of narration we find. What would we not give for a Boswell to follow the footsteps of many a man, great as or greater than his favourite Johnson,—whose life and actions are told by a few meagre lines of type, only sufficient to stimulate a curiosity which can never be satisfied.

Izaak Walton's first settlement in London was in the trade of a Sempster, and his shop was duly placed in a good situation for such a calling, in the Royal Burse, in Cornhill, built by Sir Thomas Gresham; the original Royal Exchange, and the favourite resort of the City madams, and all others who were desirous of fashionable novelties, and foreign trifles, which were much sought after by the wealthy or the extravagant of those days. Whatever the profit of his situation here might be, he must have been 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confined' as effectually as any imprisoned proprietor of a counter in a modern bazaar. Sir John Hawkins says 'he could scarcely be said to have had elbow room; for the shops over the Burse were but seven feet and a half long, and five feet wide,† yet here did he carry on his trade till some time before the year 1624; when he dwelt on

* Wood. Athen. Oxon. Vol. i., p. 305. † Ward's Life of Sir Thomas Gresham.

the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow.'* Sir John gives this information from the original deed in his possession, which bears the date of 1624, and in which Walton is said to have



Chancery Lane.

followed the trade of a linen-draper. He adds 'it further appears by that deed, that the house was in the joint occupation of Izaak Walton, and John Mason, hosier,' from whence we may conclude that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton.

The frugality which led to such an arrangement was perfectly in

* The engraving shows the aspect of Chancery Lane on the western side ; the house at the corner being that which bore the sign of the Harrow. The locality is peculiarly sacred to Walton, who after his marriage lived a few doors higher up the lane, and must continually have passed the fine old timber building delineated, and which has been frequently described as his residence.

accordance with the taste and habit of the times, and many a wealthy man 'did business' in dark and obscure tenements, which now-a-days would not be considered fit habitation for their horses. In narrow and confined streets, badly cleaned and ventilated, the great trading of old London was carried out; it is no wonder then that we find the Citizens glad of all opportunities to escape into Moorfields for an airy walk, or to cross the Thames to the Surrey side, and take their cakes and ale in 'a garden house,' or their more boisterous frolic at the bear gardens. The densely packed streets of old London, crowded within the city walls, at least had the one advantage of giving something like a country aspect to the immediate vicinity, and Islington, Hogsden, Hackney, and all such surrounding places, were really isolated country villages, only to be reached by field-walks. Old John Gerard dates the preface to his herbal 'from my house in Hatton Garden, in the suburbs of London.' Holborn was a country lane with hedges on each side, and St. Giles's a village embosomed with trees, literally 'in the fields.' The enormous progress of modern building precludes us from forming an adequate idea of London in Walton's time, either of its internal discomfort, or its exterior facilities for a country walk; but we can fully appreciate the delight with which he must have shouldered his rod, and walked across the fields towards Tottenham 'to drink a morning's draught at the Thatch'd House in Hodsden,' and so towards the Lea; or, peradventure, betake himself to a nearer fishing station on the New River, 'especially in such days and times,' as he talks of in the preface to his Angler, 'when I have laid aside business, and gone a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe,' two enthusiastic friends and brothers of the angle, whose loss he deplores with touching simplicity:—'but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours.'

After his marriage, he occupied a house in Chancery Lane, and is described in the lease as a 'sempster or milliner.' His wife was Anne, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister of Thomas, afterwards Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. She was one of those excellent women, of religious and prudent conduct, with good endowments; and was peculiarly suited to a man like Walton, who in his turn revered her as she deserved, and speaks of her on her tomb* as a woman of

* In Worcester Cathedral. She died in April, 1662, aged 52.

'remarkable prudence, and piety; her great and general knowledge being adorned with such true humility, and blessed with so much Christian meekness, as made her worthy of a more memorable monument.' We are fully aware that all mortuary memorials are not to be implicitly relied on; but here we have the language of the heart, given in simple phraseology, and we need not doubt its truth, corroborated as it is by other circumstances.

The moderate desires and earnest aspirations after retired ease which Walton possessed, accompanied with a wish for the quiet friendship and ease 'which angling brings,' were no doubt shared by his wife; and they both relinquished London, with its business cares, and retired on a bare competency, living easily in the society of his friends; sojourning, as Wood tells, 'sometimes in his native town of Stafford, and at other times, taking journeys to friends' houses; living, however, mostly in eminent clerical families, of whom he was much beloved.'

While residing in London he formed an intimate acquaintance with Dr. John Donne, dean of St. Paul's, who was vicar of the parish of St. Dunstan's in the West, in which Walton resided; and in 1631 Sir Henry Wotton applied to Walton to collect materials for a life of the doctor which he had undertaken to write. But death prevented Sir Henry from completing the task, which was at last undertaken and perfected by Walton himself; a work which was gratefully noticed by the doctor's son, as well as by others whose opinion must have greatly pleased the worthy angler. Bishop King formed so good an opinion of his labours, that he induced him to undertake the life of Sir Henry Wotton also, which was finished about 1644.

His most popular work, and that which will make his memory ever dear 'to brethren of the rod and line,' was published in 1653. It was entitled 'The complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation,' and was a small duodecimo, very neatly and tastefully brought out, with exceedingly good engravings of fish by Lombart, an artist mentioned by Evelyn. 'And let no man imagine that a work on such a subject must necessarily be un-entertaining, or trifling, or even un-instructive, for the contrary will most evidently appear from a perusal of this excellent piece; the style, the ease and unaffected humour of the dialogue, the lovely scenes which

it delineates, the enchanting pastoral poetry which it contains, or the fine morality it so sweetly inculcates, has hardly its fellow in any of the modern languages.'* Its success was equal to its merits; he saw five editions through the press in his life-time, and received his due of celebrity.

His other literary labours were, as we have intimated, biographical, and consist of the lives of Richard Hooker, author of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' and the poet, George Herbert, which were both written in the house of Walton's friend and patron, Dr. George Morley, Bishop of Winchester; the first life being undertaken at the request of Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; a proof of the respect and position he had gained amongst the highest members of the clerical body. So indefatigable was our author that he undertook in the eighty-third year of his age to write the life of Dr. Robert Sanderson, bishop of Lincoln: a work he carried out successfully at a period of life which, as he phrases it, 'might have procured him a writ of ease,' but he found truth in the words of the bard of Avon:—

'The labour we delight in physics pain.'

His subjects were chosen from the greatest and best of our English divines; men whose works are a bequest of value to all posterity, whose lives were patterns of Christian conduct, who were as a shining light to their fellow-men to all time, and he felt pleased and honoured in being their biographer.

Walton's acquaintance with Cotton, which began soon after the publication of the Angler, ripened into the most intimate friendship, and both himself and his son were frequent visitors at Beresford Hall, the home of Cotton, in the Peak of Derbyshire, and in the close vicinity of the river Dove, a river which divides the counties of Derby and Stafford, and a famous stream for fish. At Beresford Hall there is still a room shown as Walton's chamber, and the neighbourhood has other indications of the intimacy which subsisted between them.

This great intimacy between two such men has always appeared to us a little extraordinary. Walton was an unsophisticated man, whose thoughts

* Sir John Hawkins.

and writings are a model of purity. Cotton was a man of the world, some of whose writings are totally unfitted for modern reading, and who on more than one occasion bewailed the fate which obliged him to live on his own patrimony in the country, instead of enjoying the dissipation of town life in

Beresford Hall.

the reign of the second Charles; and who speaks of the lovely district in which he resided as—

> 'Environ'd round with nature's shames and ills,
> Black heaths, wild rocks, black crags, and naked hills.'

Perhaps the secret of the intimacy may be in the 'antagonism' of two such minds. The one glad to be relieved from its wearisome regrets, and taught to enjoy nature in its purity; the other glad to be such a teacher to one who had much that was good in him; and so the two men 'angled on' in strict intimacy, and the *blasé* man of the world was charmed and improved by the precept and practice of the good old Izaak, and after the fashion of the day was adopted as 'his Son,' and spoke of him as his 'best and truest friend,' giving this testimony to Walton in the second part of 'the Angler,' where he declares 'my friend Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men; which is one of the best arguments, or at least of

the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me, one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me.' *

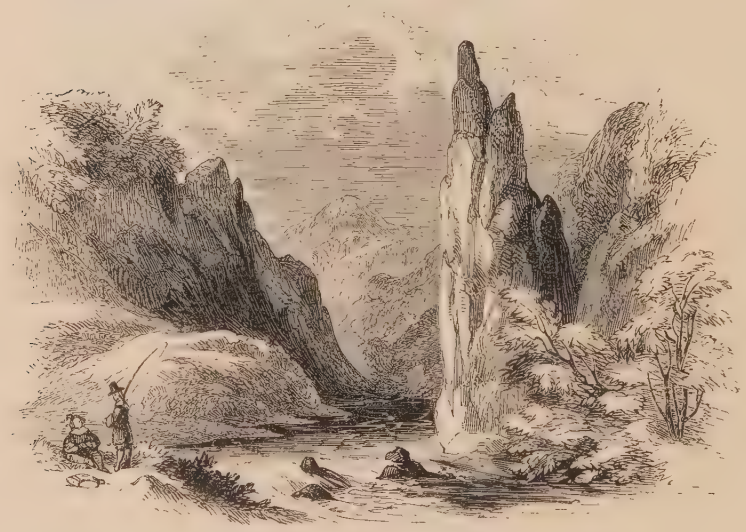
Cotton appears to have always been an enthusiastic angler, and his proximity to the Dove, one of the most romantic and beautiful of English rivers, gave him full opportunity for the practice of the art. He seems to have fully appreciated its beauties, and in his 'Stanzas Irreguliers to Mr. Izaak Walton,' exclaims :—

'O my beloved nymph, fair Dove !
Princess of rivers ! how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam !
And in it all thy wanton fry
Playing at liberty :
And with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learnt, industriously to try.'

The exquisite beauty of the river must have been equally understood and valued by so pure an admirer of the beauties of nature as Walton. The two friends have consecrated by their notice one of the most exquisite localities on its banks—'the Pike Pool,' a romantic seclusion, abounding

* Charles Cotton came of a good family : his ancestry was connected with the peerage ; his father married the daughter and heiress of Edward Beresford, of Beresford and Enson in Staffordshire, and of Bentley in the county of Derby ; through his wife he thus became possessed of Beresford Hall, to which he ultimately removed. He appears to have been a man of much abilities, but they were wasted and dissipated, together with his fortune, in unfortunate law-suits, which brought on domestic differences, and he ultimately became a debauched and neglected man. His son Charles was placed at the University of Cambridge, but always wanted the wise guidance of a father ; thus he never betook himself in earnest to the pursuit of any lucrative profession, and his studies were of a most desultory character. At the age of twenty-six he married Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorp, in the county of Nottingham. He however neither had patrimony, nor any means of supporting a family ; but his father's death soon after put him in possession of the family estate, which however was laden with encumbrances : to relieve it he seems to have employed his pen, and was in truth 'a writer for the press,' sending forth books on all kinds of subjects ; the best, and that by which he is only now remembered, being the second part of the 'Complete Angler.' Toward the end of his life he married the Countess Dowager of Ardglas, but the match does not appear to have freed him from the difficulties with which he was surrounded. He died in 1687, leaving one son and four daughters.

in fish, and taking its name from the solitary peaked rock which is seen in our view, and which is thus quaintly described by Cotton :—'It is a rock in the fashion of a spire-steeple, and almost as big. It stands in the midst of the river Dove, and not far from Mr. Cotton's house, below which place this delicate river takes a swift career betwixt many mighty rocks, much higher and bigger than St. Paul's church before it was burnt. And this Dove, being opposed by one of the highest of them, has, at last, forced itself a way



Pike Pool.

through it, and after a mile's concealment, appears again with more glory and beauty than before that opposition ; running through the most pleasant vallies and most fruitful meadows that this nation can justly boast of.'

The charms of this delightful spot must have been thoroughly enjoyed by the two friends, and Cotton relates that 'Mr. Izaak Walton was so pleased with it, as to draw it in landscape in black and white, in a blank book I have at home.' This 'deepest pool in all the river, where you are almost sure of a good fish,' is still the favourite resort of anglers ; while to those who are not brethren of the craft, the exquisite beauty of the locality

has made it equally sought by pic-nic parties, who are frequently seen enjoying the greensward for the views, their pleasures sometimes enhanced by the music which reverberates from the rocks.

As a memorial of the friendship which existed between Walton and Cotton, and in order to make their fishing-days more comfortable, the latter erected on the banks of the Dove the picturesque fishing-house here delineated. This little building is noticed fully in the second part of the

Fishing-house

'Angler,' where Piscator, speaking of the Dove, says, 'I have lately built a little fishing-house upon its margin, dedicated to anglers, over the door of which you will see the two first letters of my father Walton's name, and mine, twisted in Cypher.'* In the sixth chapter he describes it more vividly, where Piscator (himself) is supposed to lead his friend Viator thither. After a sufficient walk the former exclaims: 'Look you, sir, now you are at the brink of the hill, how do you like my river, the vale it winds

* This compound Cypher has appeared in the title-pages of most editions of the Angler.

through like a snake, and the situation of my little fishing-house?' Viator answers:—'Trust me, 'tis all very fine, and the house seems at this distance a neat building.' To which Piscator answers: 'Good enough for that purpose; and here is a bowling-green too; so, though I am myself no very good bowler, I am not totally devoted to my own pleasure, but that I have also some regard to other men's. And now, sir, you are come to the door, pray walk in, and there we will sit, and talk as long as you please.' But Viator pauses on the threshold and exclaims: 'Stay! what's here over the door? *Piscatoribus Sacrum.* Why then I perceive I have some title here; for I am one of them, though one of the worst, and here below it is the Cypher too you spoke of, and it is prettily contrived.' This little temple of friendship still stands; it is of stone; but the decorations within have entirely disappeared. The interior was thus described by Sir J. Hawkins in 1759: 'The room on the inside is a cube of about fifteen feet; it is paved with black and white marble. In the middle is a square black marble table supported by two stone feet. The room is wainscotted, with curious mouldings that divide the panels up to the ceiling: in the larger panels are represented in painting some of the most pleasant of the adjacent scenes, with persons fishing; and in the smaller, the various sorts of tackle and implements used in angling. In the further corner, on the left, is a fire-place, with a chimney; and, on the right, a large beaufet, with folding-doors, whereon are the portraits of Mr. Cotton, with a boy servant, and Walton in the dress of the time: underneath is a cupboard, on the door whereof the figures of a trout and also of a grayling are well pourtrayed.'

When the weather was too warm for in-door delectation, the friends dined in a shady spot beneath trees, and in the close vicinity to the fishing-house. It was a little dell beside the stream, which Walton called his 'open-air dining-room.'

The friendship continued unabated for life between the two anglers; both were devoted to the angle, and both enthusiastically sung the praise of fishing. There is no more beautiful passage in our native literature than that in which good old Izaak sums up all his advantages at the close of his book, with fervent thankfulness to God for all things in a true spirit of Christian philosophy, which appeals irresistibly to the heart by its pure simplicity. Every stream, every field, every flower, brought the good man

to thankfulness. How heartily does he exclaim :—'What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with. And this and many other blessings we enjoy daily ; and for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises, but let not us : because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made the sun and us, and still protects us, and gives

Walton's Dining Room.

us flowers and showers, and stomachs and meat, and content—*and leisure to go a fishing !*'

The life of Izaak was one especially to be envied,—almost proving

> 'The glories of our birth and state,
> Are shadows—not substantial things ;'

for here we see a humble man content with a moderate competency, enjoying an amount of innocent relaxation, with constant thankfulness to the giver of all good ; whose leisure was employed in narrating the lives of estimable men for the benefit of their fellow-men ; and always inculcating just ideas, in whatever he pursued. Beloved by all who knew him, and an accepted guest among the best men of the day, whose positions were so much above his own, he achieved a quiet glory and a happiness, that few men of greater *éclat* can ever hope to obtain. His temperate life gave

him robust health. In his eighty-third year, he declared his intention of beginning a pilgrimage of more than a hundred miles 'into a country the most difficult and hazardous for an aged man to travel in,' to visit his friend Cotton, and again enjoy angling in the Dove; and on the ninetieth anniversary of his birth-day he speaks of himself as of perfect health and memory. It was at this advanced age that he edited and published Chalkhill's beautiful poem of 'Thealma and Clearchus, a pastoral, by a friend of Edmund Spenser;' which shows that the good old man still retained his clear judgment and love of Nature.

He died soon after this publication. Ending his days at the house of his son-in-law, Dr. William Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester, toward whom he expresses much affection in his Will, that document again proving the clearness of his mind, and the kindly nature of his remembrances to all.

As we have said, we had long ago marked the resting-place of this, one of nature's highpriests, as a 'shrine' we must visit; and as railroads enable us to count by time and not distance, we journeyed to Winchester on the early morning of a warm July day:—in truth it was warmer than warm; the very engine seemed to pant on its hot path more than was its custom, and the carriages felt like the ovens of the Egyptians. We soon arrived at our destination, and with great satisfaction quitted the fiery train for an open carriage. WINCHESTER *is hallowed ground*; its antiquity is so well authenticated, that what in many places is simple tradition, is history here: and we remember that here dwelt the noble Alfred, *the* King, who shines forth a 'bright, particular star' in all our chronicles, so that the 'before' and 'after' monarchs fade into

'the baseless fabric of a vision.

Time and war have done their work upon the once embattled walls; steeples and towers have fallen to decay; those that remain are but as the finger-posts of antiquity; and the stiff, quaint, lonely-looking houses of a cathedral town, have replaced the halls and bowers of knights and ladies. The city seemed to us so lonely, that we wondered why the shops were decked, or for whom the confectioners filled their windows. We entered one crouching little shop which looked like an elevated cellar, close to the beautiful old cross, upon the steps of which three or four old men

were seated, and enjoyed our biscuit and soda-water—so refreshing in the heat—watching for a passer-by, but no one passed, and the old men became to us types of those whom Haghe and Nash, and good and kindly Samuel Prout loved to place at particular points to 'heighten effects:' they harmonised with 'the cross,' and belonged to it; and we could almost fancy old Izaak partaking of some 'fyttinge and sober refreshmente' in the little quaint shop, shaded from the sun by the abutting story of the first floor.

However, we did not profess to do pilgrimage to Winchester, but to Walton, and therefore pursued—a ramble in which HE had surely delighted often—the low meadows through which the Itchen pursues its creeping way, with the lofty mount of St. Catharine on the left; and losing sight, after a walk of a few minutes, of Winchester, as completely as if it had been swallowed by an earthquake, we felt as if miles away from city dwellings: the river winding and twisting in a very intricate, but deliberate manner, in no degree impatient of the restraint of its plashy banks, which the cattle enjoyed to their heart's content. There was a dense heat, a dreamy sort of haze over the landscape, which made us lag along the pathway. We saw the antique farm of *De la Berton*, which is now called 'Barton,' belonging of old to St. Swithin's Priory, where lambs and kids 'and such small deer' were cared for and fatted for the *Saints' feasts*:—

'At Saints' feasts monks feed;'

and so it certainly was, and is to this day. We rambled on, in all the laziness of leisure, talking of the ways and thoughts and habits of old times, and wondering if we really were so much wiser and better than our ancestors. We speculated upon the possibility of climbing St. Catharine's Hill, and one of our companions, who is as fond of 'excavating' as a mole or a railway contractor, propounded the second 'possibility' of finding within its caverns coins and armour and all manner of archeological treasures; and while disputing possibilities against impossibilities, fanning ourselves with willow boughs, and sometimes watching the millions of insects that curtained the lagging waters, and envying the cattle standing knee deep in the river, bathing their noses in the water, or moving them restlessly over its surface—we were startled by the most terrific thunder peal we ever remember to have heard: it seemed to sweep along the

canopy of heaven from south to north, clattering and ringing, fearful, yet so exceedingly grand, that we exulted in the dignity and majesty of sound. Away it went, dying in the distance, while St. Catharine's Hill gave forth the feeblest of all echoes—a mountain whisper, as if within its foundations dwelt some sympathising spirit who repeated the turmoil of the outward world in a subdued murmur. We looked back to where the city stood, and never remember to have seen such an effect; the clouds were of the darkest lead colour; edged with deep copper lines, piled one over the other more like gigantic masonry than the vapoury things of earth; ever and anon, they cracked to let loose the flashing lightning, sometimes with a sharp discharge, sometimes it came forth silently, a float of white light, glaring and ghastly against the sky. The change seemed to us so instantaneous that we hardly recognised the landscape: the bright green of St. Catharine's Hill had become blue as indigo, and the very cattle grew dark beneath the influence of the inky sky. We feared we should hardly reach the Hospice of St. Cross in time to escape the shower; it was the place of all others in which we knew 'old Izaak' would delight, where he could repose after some hours' fishing; finding, it might be, some ancient brothers of the angle amongst those old men who would talk of their sports with jest and glee 'to the gentle angler' over the foaming tankard, when the beer (so it is said) was not quite as harmless as it is at present. The rain spared us; we could see it pouring in the distance so as effectually to shut out the landscape we had left; but when we entered the arched gateway the opposite view was smiling beneath the blue sky of the afternoon, soft fleecy clouds breaking up and away at either side, so that the blue expanded while we gazed. Two travellers were demanding the bequeathed dole of the porter, a measure of beer and a slice of bread—which he gave. The bread was one fourth of the round of an ancient quartern loaf, cut delicately thin, but the wayfarers took it thankfully and pursued their journey.

'There is not,' says Milner, 'within the island any remnant of ancient piety and charity of the same kind so little changed in its institution and appearance as the hospital of St. Cross. The lofty tower with the grated door and porter's lodge beneath it, the retired ambulatory, the separate cells, the common refectory, the venerable church, the black flowing dress and

silver cross worn by the members, the conventional appellation of 'brother' with which they salute each other ; in short the silence, the order, and the neatness which here reign, serve to recall the idea of a monastery to those who have seen one, and will give no imperfect idea of such an establishment to those who have not.' The 'hospital' was founded by Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen, in 1136, whose institution provides with every necessary thirteen poor men unable to maintain themselves, and the foundation required that one hundred others should be daily fed at the hall.

Mr. Savage,* in his little guide book, tells us 'that the institution was much injured and diverted from its purpose ; but in the fourteenth century it was, with infinite pains, brought back to its original perfection by the great Wykham. William of Wykham of historic and honourable memory —the princely Cardinal Beaufort—added thereto thirty-five additional poor men as residents, and three women as hospital nuns to attend upon the sick. He was indeed the *second founder* of St. Cross, and desired that his charity should be applied chiefly to the relief of decayed gentlemen. He therefore styled the hospital, which he nearly rebuilt, 'The *Almshouse of Noble poverty.*' But alas ! all this is changed : of the fine old place, the walls indeed are there, but the 'HUNDRED MEN'S HALL' is desolate ; the lofty and imposing Beaufort tower frowns upon the semblance of 'dole,' that has replaced the actual charity of olden time ; and for 'noble poverty' we must read the pensioned-off servitors of the nobleman who has 'the places in his gift.'

Having spent an hour at St. Cross, during which time the ruffled clouds had disappeared, and the now far distant thunder seemed but an accompaniment to the song of the thrush and the impassioned whistle of the blackbird, we returned to the fair and ancient city, and found the verger, who attended our pilgrimage through the cathedral, one sufficiently versed in its antiquities to appreciate them as they deserved, and not prone either to hurry or to insist upon our sacrificing our tastes to his ; yet it was evident that we fell in his esteem by inquiring too soon for the last resting-place of the gentle angler. He had a great deal to tell, and it

* We availed ourselves of the information of a very pretty little handbook of Winchester and its neighbourhood, compiled and arranged with much truth and taste, by Mr. William Savage of Winchester.

was only natural he should desire to tell it in a straightforward way; and truly there was so much to excite the strongest interest in the past, and so much to admire in the present state of that noble cathedral, that, satisfied we should come in due time to the small chapel in the south transept where the dust of Izaak Walton mingles with that of the hierarchy of England, we suffered ourselves to be 'conducted,' and revelled amidst the antiquities

Walton's Tomb.

of Winchester. The very want of uniformity in this noble pile increases its interest. This 'out of keeping' is accounted for by its having been above four centuries in building, from the Conquest to the Reformation; and certainly nowhere can the antiquary enjoy a richer treat, while the architect may find innumerable studies within these walls. The rise, progress, and perfection of the Gothic style, every stage of that interesting species of building, and every ornament made use of in it, can be found in some part

or other of Winchester Cathedral. The great porch has suffered fearful desecration. There is no reason in so rich a country as England why the restoration of every thing beautiful should not be in a system.

The nave is magnificent, and the eastern window pours into it a flood of many-tinted light, which produces some of the finest effects we ever remember to have seen. The arms of Cardinal Beaufort, the tomb and chantry of William of Wykham, that mighty prelate who deserved the eulogium that for once tells truth, 'Unbounded in his Hospitality,' a 'sage Politician and Counsellor of State,' the founder of colleges, 'the first at Oxford, the second at Winchester,' a 'Princely Prelate' in every sense of the word. It is something to remember having stood beside his tomb, and the mutilated one of his predecessor Edgington, graved with the command 'You who pass by his tomb remember him in your prayers,' is a type of the times. Then in another chapel on the tomb of William De Basing, 'who was formerly prior of this church,' is displayed one of the strong features of Romanism, for the inscription adds that whosoever shall pray for his soul 'shall obtain three years and fifty days indulgence.' The tomb of Cardinal Beaufort led us to doubt the testimony of Shakspeare, for if the likeness be correct there is something far too saintly in the expression of the face to lead to the belief that he could 'die and make no sign.' The chantry of Cardinal Beaufort is perhaps the most beautiful one in England —the fanwork of the ceiling, the canopies, with their studded pendants, the crocketed pinnacles. The tomb itself is of grey marble, upon which the figure in coloured alabaster reposes, cloak and hat, and ten knotted tapers. But to us the most interesting, the most suggestive contents of this noble cathedral, are six mortuary chests containing the 'dust and ashes' of many royal and noble Christians, of those who were first to 'come out of darkness into light.' These chests are placed on the top of the stone partitions on each side of the sanctuary, which were erected by Bishop Fox in 1525. Within these chests are mingled the dust of Egbert and Kenulph, of the Danish Canute, and his lovely queen Emma the fair maid of Normandy, of the tyrant Rufus, of the first Christian king of the West Saxons, and of Edmund who swayed the royal sceptre while his father Alfred still lived.

It was impossible not to repeople this magnificent building with its creators, to recall the sovereigns, and pontiffs, and priests, arrayed in all the pomp

and glory of ecclesiastical splendour, the lights, the perfumes, the processions, the 'pealing anthems,' the solemn chaunts, the passing and repassing of the richly-robed priests, the swaying too and fro of the multitudinous worshippers, the royal processions, the scenes and ceremonies when knights from the Holy Land knelt at some favourite shrine, and laid their banners, their jewels, and their gold, at the door of the sanctuary.

But we must seek the grave of our gentle angler, and now that we have done ample justice, rendered sufficient homage to the grandeur and majesty of the sacred pile, the verger is well pleased to take us there.

Izaak Walton is buried in a small enclosed chapel in the south transept of the cathedral, named after the Prior Silkstede, who did so much in past times to decorate and renovate the sacred pile. The chapel is enclosed with richly-carved screens, above which appear the clustered massive columns of the Norman capitals ; and arches of the roof. The chapel contains some presses, which hold the surplices of the singing-boys who use the enclosure as a vestry. It is altogether a quiet little nook ; by no means out of character as a resting-place for the aged angler ; and here beneath a large black marble slap, he sleeps ; this inscription covering the surface :—

HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF

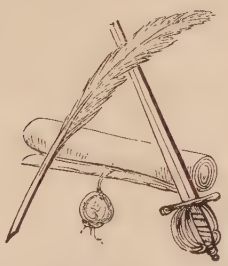
MR. IZAAK WALTON,

WHO DYED THE 15TH OF DECEMBER,
1683.

Alas ! he's gone before,
Gone to return no more ;
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire,
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past ;
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done,
Crown'd with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his.

VOTIS MODESTIS SIC FLERUNT LIBERI.

THE GRAVE OF WILLIAM PENN.



DISTINGUISHED American observed to us, not long ago, that 'of all lawgivers, there are none whose names shine so brightly on the page of history as do those of GEORGE WASHINGTON and WILLIAM PENN,' both of whom he claimed for his country. The former was, indeed, truly a great man; perhaps of all Patriots who ever lived he is the one most 'without spot or blemish'—pure, faithful, unselfish, devoted: yet, all things considered, it may be that William Penn is entitled to even higher admiration: the one, nurtured in liberty, became its high priest; the other, cradled in luxury, lived to endure a long and fierce struggle with oppression; and yet, amid sore temptations and seductive flatteries, he passed with the innate consciousness of genius, and a human desire of approbation, conquering not only others but himself, and finally doing justice among the 'Red-men' of a new country whom all his predecessors had sought to pillage and destroy. The sense of RIGHT must indeed have been of surpassing strength in the nature of William Penn. In an age fertile of slander against every act of virtue, and of calumny as regarded all good men, the marvel is, how his reputation has descended to us so unscathed; living, as he did, with those who make us blush for England, and often in contact with the low-minded and the false, who were ever on the watch to do him wrong, still the evil imputed to him is little, if it be any, more than tradition; while his goodness is to this day as a

beacon, casting its clear light over the waves of the Atlantic, and his name a watchword of honour, and a synonyme for probity and philanthropy.

It is a joy and a comfort to turn over the pages of this great man's life; to view him as a statesman, acting upon Christian principles in direct opposition to the ordinary policy of the world; and it was to us a source of high enjoyments to reflect upon his eventful career, while spending, during the past summer, some sunny days wandering amid scenes in Buckinghamshire,—in places which bear his honoured name. In Penn Wood there are trees yet in the vigour of a green old age, beneath the shadow of which the peaceful lawgiver of Pennsylvania might have pondered on the true and rational liberty he would have gladly died to establish.*

There is one spot—the most hallowed of them all—of which we shall write presently: a simple, quiet, resting-place, for those who have gone to sleep in peace; but, ere we pause at this Shrine, we must recall the lawgiver, amid the billows of life, buffeting the waves which in the end floated him into a haven of rest.

The family of William Penn were of Buckinghamshire, and from them sprang the Penns of Penn's Lodge, on the edge of Bradon Forest; from the Penns of Penn's Lodge *our* William Penn came in direct descent. His father was, by profession, far other than a man of peace. He was one of England's rough bulwarks, braving

'The battle and the breeze;'

obtained professional distinction while almost a boy; commanded (in 1665) the fleet which Cromwell sent against Hispaniola; and, after the Restoration, behaved so gallantly in a sea-fight against the Dutch, that he was knighted, and 'received,' runs the chronicle, 'with all the marks of private friendship at court.' Charles II.'s 'private' friendship could have been of small value to Admiral Penn; indeed, he seemed to have cared little which was in the ascendant—King or Commonwealth; but his sailor-nature *did* care for the glory of England, and he improved her navy in several important departments. Admiral Sir William Penn married

* Further traces of this family are to be found in Penlands, Penn-street, Penhouse, all in the same county. The name given in after years to the American colony—Pennsylvania—is but a remembrance of the locality.

Margaret, the daughter of John Jasper, of Rotterdam, and in due time the fair Dutchwoman's son became the 'PROPRIETOR' of Pennsylvania.* William was born in the parish of St. Catherine's, Tower Hill, on the 14th day of October, 1644 ;† doubtless his mother left her home at Wanstead, in Essex, to be confined in London, although the neighbourhood of the Tower could not have been a very quiet retreat. The beat of the drum and the blast of the trumpet must have often disturbed the couch of the young mother. The fashionable world of those days knew nothing of the 'west

Wanstead in Essex.

end,' except from the salubrity of its fields and mulberry gardens, and the locality of Tower Hill was well adapted to suit the taste and calling of the Admiral, who had there chosen his 'town house.'

In due time the mother and child returned to Wanstead ; and the

* This phrase is copied from the tomb of one of his grandsons, in the Church of the Village of Penn.

† This district has entirely changed its aspect ; twenty years ago it was densely and not very reputably populated. The Collegiate Church and Alms Houses stood in the midst of dirty streets, down which few strangers ventured : the Hospital of St. Catherine was removed to the Regent's Park ; and the parish cleared away to an enormous extent to form on its site the Docks which bear the same name.

Archbishop of York having a little time previously founded a grammar-school at Chigwell,* the embryo lawgiver was sent there at a very early age, where he was sufficiently near the family residence to give his mother the opportunity of frequently seeing her beloved son.

The localities thus connected with the early life of Penn are on the borders of Epping Forest, and although but a few miles from London, lie in a district but little visited. Wanstead is a picturesque spot, and the village green with its thickly planted over-arching trees, and large red-brick houses, give it even now an air of old-fashioned dignity. We were pleased with

Exterior of Chigwell School.

the aspect of the place, and left it with regret to journey on to Chigwell. The latter is an old and silent village ; the church, with its row of arching yews ; the large inn opposite, with its deep gables and bowed windows, and the entire character of the village carried the mind insensibly back. The

* The free schools at Chigwell were founded in the year 1629, by Archbishop Harsnet ; one for teaching children reading, writing, and arithmetic, the other for their instruction in the Greek and Latin tongues. There is a fine brass to the founder in the church here ; he commenced life as master of the grammar school in his native town of Colchester, and became successively Bishop of Chichester and Norwich, and ultimately Archbishop of York. He died in 1631.

school is an ivy-covered building ; and the room in which the after governor of Pennsylvania was educated bears traces of considerable antiquity.

The temperament of William Penn was sensitive and enthusiastic ; and must have caused his parents much anxiety. It is certain, that while at Chigwell, his mind became seriously impressed on the great subject of religion. The Admiral, we may suppose, if he knew of this impression, would not have regarded it favourably ; and if it were known to him, it made him hasten his son's departure from Chigwell, for the following year

Interior of Chigwell School.

we find him at school near his birthplace on Tower Hill, and most likely at a *day* school, for his father, to augment his scholarship, kept a private tutor for him at his own home. Sir William had high hopes for this darling child. His talents were of a lofty order, his accomplishments were many, and he won all hearts by his captivating manners. When fifteen, he entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner. There without neglecting his studies, he took great delight in manly sports and in the society of his companions, numbering among his friends Robert Spenser and John

Locke ; but though the seed may remain long in the earth and give no sign of life, if the soil be but favourable, it will spring up as surely as it has been sown—to 'bring forth fruit in due season.'

About this time a certain Thomas Loe was drawn into what his college considered the heresy of Quakerism, and, like all sincere men who believe they have discovered truth, he sought to win others over to his new faith, or rather to a purifying of the old. Accordingly, the meetings and devotional exercises of him and his friends gave offence to the heads of the college, who fined all of them for nonconformity. This opposition strengthened their determination to persevere ; and those who had been simply devotional, rushed into fanaticism. While these youths were fusing in the fire of increased zeal, a command from Charles II., to Oxford, directed that the surplice should be worn according to the custom of ancient times. His Majesty loved to see religion in full dress—outward pomp seemed to him a good excuse for absence of the vital principle—but William Penn, his friend Robert Spencer, and others who believed that the robe would impair the spirituality, fell upon the students who appeared *en robe* and tore the dresses to pieces—for which they were all expelled. There was much more of the father's spirit, than of the mother's gentleness, in this outbreak ; but his father was not moved to approbation thereby ; on the contrary, he was sorely grieved ; the Admiral was terror-stricken at his son's becoming 'religious ;' he knew that Quakers were men who professed to hold all worldly distinctions in contempt—whose political principles were hardly defined, but who refused to remain uncovered in the presence even of Royalty—whose plain speech, and uncompromising faith, left no loop-holes for 'excuses' or 'expedients'—whose nay was nay—whose yea was yea—without '*compromise ;*' and, above all, who were men of peace. It was not to be expected that a hero such as Admiral Penn could have endured the idea of his son—endowed with all the accomplishments that charm society, and the high qualities which engrave their possessor's name on the page of history—subsiding into Quakerism in the days of his youth ; hiding his fortunes beneath a broad-brimmed hat ; and abandoning for ever the graces of society—the established learning of the schools ; and what was far more dear to the Admiral, the sword—then the badge and birthright of the English gentleman.

Even in this more tolerant age, when no sorrow or misfortune visits our country without testing and proving the social value of the Quakers, as most faithful labourers in the cause of charity and most loyal and peaceful subjects—even we can fancy the rage of some old Admiral—the very Hotspur of the ocean—if his son were found guilty of going over to sectarianism; quitting his church being in his eyes almost as criminal as deserting his gun. Admiral Penn was so annoyed at William's conduct that he turned him out of doors, well-beloved as he was. There is no record of William Penn's conduct at this time; probably he had not been sufficiently schooled into forbearance to endure patiently; and yet when his father's wrath subsided, his mother's tears and entreaties prevailed: overcome by his own affectionate nature on the one hand, and her expostulations on the other, the father forgave the son, who was again sheltered beneath his roof; but not long destined to remain there.

The unenviable distinction which France enjoys of being the country where no serious thought can arrive at maturity, tempted Sir William to send his son to Paris. Foreign travel was then considered indispensable to the gentleman, and he, doubtless, thought that the gaieties of Paris would do more towards emancipating young Penn from the thraldom of sectarianism than the reproof of the college, or his repented-of severity. It is believed that for a time his father's wishes were gratified; but only one anecdote is preserved of his conduct there, and that tells greatly to his honour. He was attacked one night by a person who drew his sword upon him in consequence of a supposed affront. A conflict ensued, proving that the youth had not in all things conformed to the habit of those whose influence was so dreaded by his father. William disarmed his antagonist, but spared his life, when, according to the record of all those who relate the fact, he could have taken it; thus exhibiting, says Gerard Crosse, a testimony not only of his courage but of his forbearance.

But if touched by the dissipations of Paris, he was not tainted by them.*

* It has been said, indeed, that at this period of his life he dallied with the enervating pleasures of the time; we have not only no evidence of this, but the supposition is inconsistent with his indignant exclamation, when before the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Robinson, who charged him with having 'been as bad as other folks,' 'abroad and at home too,' which elicited from William Penn the following:—'I make this bold challenge to all

In 1662 and 1663, we find him residing with a Protestant minister of Calvinistic faith, the very learned M. Amyrault of Saumur, whose character and works recommended him to the notice of Cardinal Richelieu, who imparted to him his design of uniting the two churches.

The privilege of receiving instruction from such a man was appreciated as it deserved by William Penn; the teaching of the schools is widely different from the knowledge communicated by the wise and true to a docile and eager pupil, in the comparative silence and solitude of a private family. At Saumur, Penn pondered over 'the Fathers,' became more deeply interested in theology, and laboured diligently to acquire a perfect knowledge of the French language; from thence he proceeded to Turin, where he received a letter from his father informing him of his taking sea against the Dutch, and commanding his immediate return to England. The Admiral was perhaps too busied to inquire much as to the state of his son's mind;—satisfied, as many are, with the ease and grace to which foreign travel seldom fails to mould the young, he commended his improvement, and Lincoln's Inn had the honour of receiving William Penn as a student for a year, when the 'great plague' set him free from the dry, but—as regarded his future—useful study of the law.

The sacred fire, kindled in his bosom, though it smouldered for a time, was never extinguished. The awful visitation that had driven him from Lincoln's Inn was well calculated to revive his more serious thoughts and lead them from the present to the future. The fatal pestilence had not subdued the restless spirit of religious controversy; men cried more loudly than ever 'I am of Paul,' 'and I of Apollos.' But, for a time, he spoke less and pondered more; he had completed his twenty-first year, and with his manly robe, assumed a grave and manly bearing. His father returned from the expedition flushed with glory and triumph; but his proud pulses beat less quickly when he noted the gravity of his son, and his evident leaning towards serious matters. Again he determined to change the

men, women, and children, upon earth, justly to accuse me with ever having seen me *drunk*, heard me *swear*, utter a *curse*, or speak one *obscene word* (much less that I ever made it my practice); I speak this to God's Glory, that has ever preserved me from the power of these pollutions, and that from a child, begot an hatred in me towards them;' concluding his outbreak thus—'Thy words shall be thy burden, and I trample thy *slander* as *dirt* under my feet.'

scene, and drafted him to the viceregal court of Ireland, then glowing with the brightness and animation of the accomplished Duke of Ormond. The means were too violent for the end: the young man grew disgusted with the court and courtly doings. The Admiral, fertile in expedients, then turned over to him the management of his Irish estates in the county of Cork.*

The task was after his son's own heart, and he performed it to admiration; this occupation most likely sowed the seed of his wisdom in territorial management, and, as there were no gaieties to annoy or perplex him, he might have continued long to delight his father in this capacity, but for the accident of his hearing William Loe, the layman of Oxford, preach at a Quakers' meeting in Cork from the text,—'There is a faith which overcomes the world, and there is a faith which is overcome by the world.' This convinced him of the necessity for religious vitality; and at length he was, according to the custom of those 'rare old times,' apprehended at a Quakers' meeting in Cork, and thereupon committed to prison; but thanks to Lord Orrery, his term in 'the dark prison-house' was not long. His nature was strengthened in his new faith, as all noble natures are, by the invigorating power of persecution; for

> '—who would force the soul, tilts with a straw
> Against a champion cased in adamant.'

From this time all wavering and indecision passed away, and he was considered a confirmed Quaker. Sir William, refusing to believe that every means he had taken to dispel, had but established, his son's faith, commanded his return; it would seem that at first William Penn desired to meet his father's wishes, were it possible to do so. His adherence to what was called the ceremony of the 'hat,' and his communion only with those of the same faith, convinced the Admiral that he embraced the 'heresy' more fondly than ever. The stormy and sorely-tried father used every means in his power to induce his son even to appear to the world what he was not. The great point of dispute, the wearing or not wearing the

* 'He had large estates in Ireland, one of which, comprehending Shannigarry Castle, lay in the barony of Imokelly, and the others in the baronies of Ibaune and Barryroe, all of them in the county of Cork.'—*Clarkson.*

hat in the presence of Royalty, may seem to us a light matter; but it was not so to the 'Friends,' and is not so to this day.* And so the father again turned the son from beneath the shelter of his roof, a homeless and moneyless wanderer; his situation would have been most pitiable, but for his mother's watchful tenderness and affection.

The young Quaker now put forth his faith in printed books, and was not slow in disputation; evincing, occasionally, rather more of the fiery zeal of Peter than the discretion of Paul; combating the attacks of certain Presbyterians with marvellous intrepidity, and attacking in his turn, which attacks ended in his being committed to the Tower. His imprisonment was rigid, but he wrote continuously; and in one tract, 'Innocency with her open Face,' explained away the anti-Christian charges made against his faith. After seven months' incarceration he was liberated; it is believed, by the intercession of the Duke of York, to whom, from this or some other cause, he was personally attached. Certainly, in nothing did his purpose waver, for he left the gloom of the prison to attend the death-bed of Thomas Loe, his friend and guide. And then the heart of his father yearned towards him; the Admiral could not but respect his son's earnestness and consistency of purpose; the chords of both were the same, but they were tuned in different keys, and for different ends. He relented gradually, giving permission to the *mother* again to receive her son, and sanctioning his resuming the management of his Irish property.

He performed to admiration the duties with which he was entrusted; and on his return to England was received with open arms by a father no longer stern or unforgiving; his mother had the joy of seeing them once more united. Nor does it appear that his son's after disputations, or preachings, or imprisonments, caused any new breach between them,

* Clarkson has very clearly summed up the reasons of the early Quakers for discarding *Hat-worship*, as they termed it. Taking it for granted that the ceremonious removal of the hat was intended to be indicative of honour, respect, submission, or some similar feeling of the mind, they contended, that, used as it then was, it was no more a criterion of these than mourning garments were criterions of sorrow; hence, they argued, the falsity of the custom. If used as indicative of respect, they contended, that it was more generally applied to the purposes of flattery, and equally objectionable. But the strongest reason of the three, was that which declared, that the removal of the hat in the worship of God precluded the possibility of giving any of his creatures an equal amount of honour.

though we find the young 'friend' preaching in Gracechurch Street, and expressing his opinions so freely upon various matters — especially the famous Conventicle Act passed in 1670, prohibiting dissenters from worshipping God in their own way — that he was, with another of the society, one William Mead, seized upon by constables, conveyed at once to Newgate,* where they were left until the following session, and then had

Old Newgate Prison.

the good fortune to be tried by one of the most steadfast and honest juries ever impanelled even in England.† The indignities endured both by

* Newgate had been a prison since 1218, and was used for persons of distinction even before the Tower. It was a most miserable dungeon, originally termed Chamberlain's Gate; and when re-constructed by Whittington was called New Gate, it being then one of the gates of the city. It was destroyed in the Great Fire.

† The trial of Penn is an extraordinary picture of the legal tyranny of the times. It took place at the Old Bailey in September, 1670. The indictment was for preaching in

prisoners and jury can hardly be credited; but ultimately the Quakers were liberated upon the payment of a fine, which was privately discharged by Sir William Penn.

When William Penn was freed from the Tower, he had passed from its walls to the deathbed of his spiritual father, William Loe, and he hastened from the loathsome cells of Newgate to the deathbed of his earthly father, whose career was terminating at an age when men calculate on length of days to enjoy the repose which is so needful as the evening of life approaches. At the age of forty-nine, his warring but chastened spirit passed to the God who gave both peace and Christian wisdom to his latter days. It throws, however, a good deal of light on the 'king-loving' habit which was made a cruel reproach to William Penn's after course, by those who could not separate the *man* from the monarch—to remember, that in his last illness, indeed, towards its termination, Admiral Penn, foreseeing that, while the existing laws of the country remained, his son would have many trials and much suffering to undergo, sent one of his friends to the Duke of York to entreat him, as a deathbed request, that he would endeavour to protect his son as far as he consistently could, and to ask the king to do the same in case of future persecution. The answer was such as the Admiral deserved, and for once the *Stuart*-promise was faithfully kept. Be it also remembered, the Duke of York had previously befriended the young Quaker, who was personally attached to him; and all know that every member of the house of Stuart possessed an extraordinary power of attaching to them those they desired to bring under their influence.

Gracechurch Street. Penn's conduct was most heroic. He argued manfully and well against the persecution to which he and others were subjected, and appealed to the jury so powerfully, exhorting them to preserve their integrity of action uninfluenced by the lawyers, that they would only bring in their verdict 'Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street.' And, although sent back to re-consider this verdict frequently, 'until,' as the Recorder told them, 'they brought such a one as the court would accept,' they continued firm for two days and nights. The court indulged in brutal language toward them, and the infamous Recorder lamented the want of the Inquisition in England, declaring England 'would never be well' till something equal in 'policy and prudence' to it was established. When finally pressed to deliver a verdict,—guilty, or not guilty,—they, to a man, returned an answer in the negative; for which they were each fined forty marks and sent to Newgate, as also were Penn and Mead for refusing to pay the fines.

Now that he was his own master, with a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a-year, it would be impossible, within our limits, to trace his career abroad and at home, remarkable as it was for spiritual zeal, activity of body and mind, close penmanship in his closet, and so many perils and imprisonments, that he might compete with holy Paul in the eloquent list of perils and trials. At one time, he publishes 'The People's Ancient and Just Liberties Asserted;' then he disputes with Jeremy Ives touching Baptist matters, at Wycomb; then he lets fly a barbed arrow against Popery: is again taken up, and sent first to the Tower, and then to Newgate, for preaching; yet imprisonment no way damped his zeal, but seemed only to give him time for letters, essays, pamphlets, addresses.* He was never more fluent—never more industrious than when in bonds; his spirit of endurance, his hope, his enterprise, were astonishing. He no sooner quitted Newgate than he travelled into Germany and Holland, seeking and making converts. Returning, when in the twenty-eighth year of his age, he sought and found a loving and lovely wife, Gulielma Maria Springett, daughter of Sir William Springett, of Darling, in Sussex. For a brief

The Monument to Admiral Penn.†

* In a catalogue of 'Friends Books' (J. Soule, 1708) we find a list of his written productions from 1668 to 1700, in number no fewer than *one hundred and nine.*

† Sir William Penn was buried in Redcliffe Church, Bristol, and a monument was erected there to his memory by his wife, which narrates his early promotions in the Navy until the time when 'he withdrew and made for his end; and with a gentle and even gale in much peace arrived and anchored in his last and best port, at Wanstead in the County of Essex, the 16th of September, 1670; being then but forty-nine years and four months old.'

time he enjoyed the quiet of domestic happiness at Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire ; but he would not, perhaps could not, give up for domestic tranquillity the life of excitement wherein he had cast his lot ; and in those days there was always something fresh to stir up the spirit of an independent mind. Charles II. had issued a declaration of indulgence to tender consciences in matters of religion, in consequence of which five hundred Quakers were released from prison; but William Penn again went forth on a self-imposed mission, accompanied by his lovely wife, and behold,

Swarthmoor Hall.

amid the rant and turmoil of Bristol fair, they encountered George Fox, the great fountain of Quakerism, who had just then landed in Bristol, after a sojourn in America. Though subsequently much engaged in very stormy controversy, there can be little doubt that this meeting determined William Penn to investigate human nature in the New World. We may diverge a little from our subject to introduce two engravings, interesting as associated with this period of the history of William Penn. With Fox he travelled much ; and in the Journal of that celebrated man he is frequently referred to. They visited each other's houses ; and while we know that

Fox resided at Worminghurst, we have the traditional certainty of his visiting Fox, at his house, Swarthmoor Hall, on the borders of Lancashire. This mansion was his by marriage with the widow of Judge Fell; and in the memoirs of Margaret Fox, she records his first visit there in her husband's lifetime, in 1652, who, from being opposed to Quakerism, became a convert on hearing Fox, and she says—'He let us have a meeting in his house the next first day after, which was the first public meeting that was at Swarthmoor; our meetings being kept at Swarthmoor about thirty-eight years, until a new Meeting-house was built by George Fox's order and cost, near Swarthmoor Hall.'

In 1676 Penn became 'manager of Property concerns' in New Jersey;

Swarthmoor Meeting-House.

invited settlers, sent them out in three vessels, and occupied himself in the formation of a constitution, consisting of terms of agreement and concession. Perfect religious liberty was of course established, and William Penn left on record that 'he hoped he had laid the foundation for those in after ages of their liberty both as men and Christians, and by an adherence to which they could never be brought into bondage but by their own consent.'

How evident it is that such-like exercises qualified him for his after-charge of 'his property' of Pennsylvania! In these days it is little more than a pleasure trip, to those who like, or do not absolutely dislike, the sea, to cross the Atlantic; but in the time of William Penn it was a serious undertaking; yet nothing obstructed his progress; when once he fixed

within his mind, that it was *right* to act, the act was 'a-foot.' It would be the PILGRIMAGE of a life to follow his steps; we have taken but a condensed view of his movements, yet what space it has occupied; and still his journeyings are only commenced! What meetings and preachings in Holland and Germany—what disputations abroad and in England—what petitions on behalf of the peaceful, but most persecuted Quakers—what answers to libels, and what loving epistles to God's people! Stimulated by the hot blood of his father, which at times boiled within his veins, he for a time forgot his consistency and made common cause with Algernon Sidney in his contested election at Guildford; but his 'plainness' did not move the people 'more than eloquence,' for Sidney lost his election, and Penn was forced from the hustings. And all this time his mighty head was projecting, and his mighty heart beating with plans for the good of New Jersey: mingling the divine and secular in a way which cannot be comprehended by those who have not known what it is to contend with the restlessness and suggestions of an enterprising and fervent spirit. His heart was rent asunder by the persecutions endured by his people—especially in the 'rough' city of Bristol—and anxious as he then was for the grants, which he in aftertime obtained, the fear of 'great ones' never prevented his raising hand and voice against tyranny.

At length one of his great objects was attained; the Charter, granting him the tract of land which he himself had marked out, bears date the 4th of March, 1681. Let none suppose this was a free gift from the Majesty of England to the Quaker,—not at all;—he had petitioned for land in 'the far West,' where brethren might dwell together in unity, in love, and in security, chiefly as the liquidation of a debt which the government owed his father.* And when his petition was granted, then commenced the career by which his name is chiefly known and honoured; his sayings and doings, his writings, his wearyings and journeyings, are only parts of the political and religious contention which disjointed England in those days, and show forth the restless and truth-seeking spirit of one whose aim was to keep

* 'His father had advanced large sums of money from time to time for the good of the Naval service, and his pay had been also in arrears. For these two claims, including the interest upon the money due, government were in debt to him no less a sum than 16,000*l.*' —*Clarkson.*

alive the purer and simpler forms of religion, while contending manfully for its liberty. Happily, the spirit of persecution—at least of legalised persecution—has been extinguished in our age ; and now, instead of sitting in terror under our own 'vine and fig tree'—

> 'We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
> How Providence educeth, from the spring
> Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
> Which neither force shall check, nor time abate.'

But the grand feature—the climax—the crowning of the capital—is PENN at PENNSYLVANIA ; the just man, rising above all temptations. Let quibbles be raised, and old rumours revived,—the fact of Penn's legislation prove the greatness of his mind and the purity of his intentions. He had the strong feelings, passions, and thoughts inseparable from a large brain ; and the wonder of all who look upon him dispassionately, must be, not that some evil has been asserted of one who accomplished what he desired, and commanded the respect of the voluptuous, as well as the affection of the good, but that so little has been found or written to his discredit.

Gathering 'a favoured people' together from wherever he had preached 'the word,' we find that at a very early period he freighted two ships with Irish Quakers.

Mercurial as the Irish are, there is no country where Quakers are more beloved and trusted to this day, than in Ireland ; and well they may be so ! At all times the Quakers stand forth between 'the people' and destruction ; no matter whether the peasantry are assailed by pestilence or by famine, the firm, calm, unpresuming, but steadfast Quaker,* comes forward with his store of wealth, and energy, and industry, and charity (pure charity, in its most comprehensive sense), and *mind*, ready to save, and employ, and instruct. We have met with some who remember having heard from their parents, that their grandsires remembered the wailing of the poor when the 'great law-maker,' William Penn, induced so many of the 'neighbours' to go to the New World. The 'conditions,' as it pleased him to call his code

* It is worthy of record, that, during the rebellion of 1798, there was but one instance of a Quaker being put to death by the rebels ; and that act was perpetrated in ignorance of the calling of the victim.

of laws, — laws made as much for the advantage of a people given carelessly into his hand by a power which evidently thought little of the 'Peltries,' or 'hunting-ground,' of the Red-men—as for the good of those who sought a home in an unknown land, in full reliance upon their leader, —the 'conditions' are all stated in Clarkson's life of Penn.*

The closeness and simplicity and wisdom of his legislation are admirable commentaries on the multitude and mystery of involvements which sepulchre our laws. It is evident that in all he did he sought not only that his own people should be well treated, but that they should treat others well. He put far away all attempts at religious persecution; and strove rather to make men upright and just in their old faith, than to tempt them into a new one.

The embarkation of this Quaker colony must, if we recal it by help of imagination, have formed a strange contrast to the going out of an 'emigrant ship' in our own day. The well-clad, well-organised, steadfast, earnest, subdued, yet hopeful people, taking leave of those whom they loved, yet left, subduing, as is their custom, all outward indications of anguish, and seeming ashamed of the emotion which sent tears to their eyes, and tremors to their lips! Two of the good ships—well ordered, well appointed, well provisioned—sailed from London; another from Bristol. How different from those wretched hulks which are now sent staggering across the seas, to convey a diseased, half-naked, and enfeebled multitude to the promised land!

Penn's letter to the Indians, transmitted by one of the earlier ships, is a master-piece of what worldlings call policy, but which is simply justice and right feeling. This letter preceded his visit, and was well calculated to excite the confidence and curiosity of the Red-men, who must have felt deeply anxious to see the 'Pale-face' who addressed them, and was disposed to treat them, as brethren.

The death of his mother at this time spread a gloom over his loving spirit, and delayed his departure; but the interests of the New World summoned him from the Old. His letter to his wife and children, written

* Philadelphia, the name which Penn gave to his new city, is a compound from the Greek, signifying brotherly love. The 'conditions' were also published in French, German, and Dutch, in 1682, and were extensively circulated over the Continent, inviting adventurers of all nations, creeds, and tongues, to join him in his enterprise at the city of 'Brotherly Love.'

on their separation, is such a record of pure love and true wisdom, that we should like to see it published as a tract, to find place among the treasures of every young married woman, and be unto her and her children a guide through life. He dates this letter from Worminghurst, where his family resided some considerable time.

He at length sailed for the new colony, in the ship 'Welcome,' and was there greeted by his future subjects, consisting of English, Irish, Dutch, and Swedes, then in number about 3000. He had people of many creeds and many lands to deal with, as well as an unseen and almost unknown nation, but he commenced with so noble an act of justice, in *paying* the Indians for the lands already *given* him in payment by the king of England, that 'Pale-faces' and 'Red-skins' were alike convinced of his certain honesty of purpose. There are few persons whose pulsations are so numbed that they will not beat the quicker when they hear of a generous action; the soul is revived, even in a worldly bosom, by the throbs of immortality which tell us there are great and righteous deeds prompted by God himself. With what an upright gait and open brow must William Penn have met the tribes at COAQUANNOC—the Indian name for the place where Philadelphia now stands—foremost of a handful of Quakers, without weapon, undefended, except by that true protector which the Almighty has stamped on every honest brow.

Here the peace-loving law-maker, awaited the pouring out of the dusky tribes.

Amid the woods, as far as eye could reach, dark masses of wild uncouth creatures, some with paint and feathers, and rude, but deadly weapons, advanced slowly and in good order; grave, stern chiefs, and strong-armed 'braves' gathering to meet a few unarmed strangers, their future FRIENDS, not MASTERS! There was neither spear nor pistol, sword nor rifle, scourge nor fetter, open or concealed, among these white men; the trysting-place was an elm-tree of prodigious growth at Shackamaxon, the present Kensington of Philadelphia.* Towards this tree the leaders of

* Penn, in his letter to the Earl of Sunderland, thus describes the great event which gives this spot celebrity: he says—'In selling me this land they thus ordered themselves: the old in a half-moon, upon the ground; the middle-aged in a like figure at a distance behind them; and the young fry in the same manner behind them.' 'We have thus,' says Watson, in his

both tribes drew near, approaching each other under its widely spreading branches; front to front, eye to eye, neither having a dishonest or dishonourable thought towards his fellow man—comprehending each other by means of that great interpreter—Truth! How vexatious, that history should be so mute as to this most glorious meeting, and that there is little but tradition,—that faintest echo of the mighty past,—to tell of the speeches made by the Indians, and replied to by William Penn, after his first

Penn's Treaty Ground.

address had been delivered. The Quaker used no subterfuge, employed no stratagem, to draw them into confidence; imposed not upon their senses by

Annals of Philadelphia, a graphic picture of Penn's treaty, as painted by himself; and to my mind the sloping green bank presented a ready ampitheatre for the display of the successive semicircles of Indians.' The large elm under which Penn concluded his treaty is seen to the right in the foreground of the above cut; it was blown down on the 3rd of March, 1810. In its form it was remarkably wide-spread, but not lofty: its main branch, inclining towards the river, measured 150 feet in length; its girth around the trunk was twenty-four feet; and its age, as it was counted by the inspection of its circles of annual growth, was 283 years; it stood on the edge of the bank, which sloped to the river. The avenue of trees seen in the view, and Fairman Maurian opposite, was constructed in 1702. Penn greatly desired to purchase it as a country residence for himself, but failed to do so.

a display of crown, sceptre, mace, sword, halbert, or any of the visible signs of stately dominion or warlike power, to which, like all wild men, they were inclined to render homage ;—and this is a thing to look at with pride and thankfulness, when man in a righteous purpose, and with simplicity, and steadfast intent, becomes so completely one of Heaven's delegates, that he is looked up to, and respected by his fellow mortals, who are not so richly endowed by GOD. It must have been a sight of exceeding glory when Penn, whose only personal distinction was a netted sash of sky-blue silk, cast his eyes over the mighty and strange multitude, who observed him with an undefined interest, while his followers displayed to the tribes various articles of merchandise, and he advanced, steadily, towards the great *Sachem*, chief of them all, who, as Penn drew near, placed a horned chaplet on his head, which gave his people intimation that the sacredness of peace was over all. With one consent the tribes threw down their bows and arrows, crouched around their chiefs, forming a huge half-moon on the ground, while their great chief told William Penn, by his interpreter, that the 'nations were ready to hear him.'*

This scene has never been either recorded or painted as it might be. The great fact that he there spoke fearlessly and honestly, what they heard and believed—pledging themselves, when he had concluded, according to their country's manner, to live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure—is more suggestive than any record in modern history.

After arranging all matters as to the future city, well might William Penn write home,—'In fine, here is what Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would be well contented with, and service enough for God, for the fields are here white with harvest. Oh, how sweet is the quiet of these parts! freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries, and perplexities of woeful Europe!'

* Watson, in his *Annals of Philadelphia*, tells us—'After the death of the great lawgiver of Pennsylvania, his family appear to have much degenerated. One member became remarkable for dissolute and ungovernable habits, and ultimately the property passed into other hands. The settlers, however, still retained a sense of respect for his descendants, and upon a visit of one of them in the early part of the eighteenth century, who had been a shopkeeper, they received him with so much general rejoicing and public honours, that the poor man, totally unused to it, was frightened out of all propriety.'

But much as the lawgiver* eulogised the 'quiet' of his new colony, he was not content to remain there. His mind was anxious; his affections were divided between the two hemispheres; his ardent, restless nature longed to act wherever action was needed. If the English government had hoped to get rid of him when they sold him the land for an inheritance, they were mistaken; several of those he loved were in sorrow and imprisonment; the Stuarts gave liberty of conscience one day and withdrew it the next; he therefore returned to England. Charles II. was trembling on

Slate-roof House, Philadelphia.

the verge of the grave, which soon closed over him, leaving nothing for immortality but the fame of weakness even in vice. William Penn records James telling him, soon after his accession, that now he meant to 'go to mass above board:' upon which the Quaker replied quaintly and promptly, 'that he hoped his Majesty would grant to others the liberty he so loved

* Slate-roof House, the city residence of William Penn and family while in Philadelphia, on his second visit in 1700, is remarkable as the birthplace of the only one of the race of Penn born in the country. Here John Penn, 'the American,' was born one month after the arrival of the family. After Penn's decease, the house was retained as the governor's residence; and John Adams and other members of the Congress had their lodgings in 'the Slate House.'

hinself, and let all go where they pleased.' His renewed intimacy with James strengthened the old reproach of 'time-serving,' and 'trimming,' and William Penn was frequently called Jesuitical. Those who so reproached him had forgotten the long friendship which had subsisted between the King and himself, and the fact that never had his influence in high places been used except for right and righteous purposes. Whatever was said against him either then or now lacks proof, and is no more history than the bubble on the surface of the stream is the stream itself. He resided then in a house at Charing Cross, most probably one ready furnished, as it has not been pointed at as a residence. His journeyings to and fro were resumed, and as he was known to be affectionately attached to James, (who certainly showed him great favour,) when William came to the throne he was persecuted nearly as much as in the old times. Pennsylvania, too, became disturbed, not by the discontent of the Red-men, but by discontent with another governor. The wife of his bosom died in her fiftieth year, and soon after his son, in the prime of youth and hope, was taken from him. He married, however, again, feeling it hard to superintend a household without the overlooking care of a steadfast woman. From those of his own people who could not comprehend his liberal views he experienced great opposition and reproof, some of them thinking he entered too much into the world of politics.

'Time and the hour run through the longest day.'

Penn outlived evil report and persecution. After a lapse of seventeen years he again sailed with his family to Pennsylvania; again was received by 'white and red' as their father and their friend; dispelled many differences, healed many sores, saw the city he had planned rising rapidly on every side. These seventeen years seemed to have done the work of seventy, and the prosperity of Pennsylvania was secured. He had shown the possibility of a nation maintaining its own internal policy amid a mixture of different nations and opposite civil and religious opinions, and of maintaining its foreign relations also, without the aid of a soldier or a man-at-arms. The CONSTABLE'S STAFF was the only symbol of authority in Pennsylvania for the greater part of a century!

He had still abundant vexations to endure. His circumstances had become

embarrassed. He returned with his family to England, an aged man, though more aged by the unceasing anxiety and activity of his life, than by years.

There are traditions of his dwelling at Kensington and Knightsbridge; but it is known that he possessed himself of a handsome mansion at Rushcombe near Twyford, in Berkshire.* Here a stroke of apoplexy numbed his active brain, and rendered him unfit for business. That such 'strokes' were repeated, until he finally sank beneath them, is also certain; but those who visited him between the periods of their infliction, bore testimony to his faith, and hope, and trust in the Lord, and of his unfailing loving-kindness and gentleness to those around him. Thus, through much faintness and weakness, he had but little actual suffering, though there was a gradual pacing towards eternity, during six years; and on the 30th day of July, 1718, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he put off the mortal coil which he had worn, even to the wearing out, and joined in Heaven those he had loved on earth. There was an immediate and mighty gathering of his friends and admirers, who attended his remains to the burying-ground of Jordans. It must have been a thrilling sight; the silent and solemn people wending their way through the embowered lanes leading from Rushcombe into Buckinghamshire, that hallowed land of Hampden, consecrated by so many memories, of which Penn, if not chiefest, is now among the chief! The dense unweeping sorrow of a Quaker funeral once witnessed can never be forgotten.†

* Rushcombe is a quiet little village on the borders of Berkshire; it lies in a valley, and the gentle rising hills afar off add to the placid beauty of the scene. Some very old cottages and farms constitute the homes of its inhabitants, which remain much as they must have been when Penn was here resident. The house in which he died was destroyed nearly twenty years ago; and an old countryman, who noticed our scrutiny of the village and entered freely into the interest of our visit, described it as a large and quaint old mansion which stood opposite the church.

† In Thomas Story's Journal, he narrates the circumstances of Penn's death and funeral with touching simplicity:—'On the 31st of fifth month, 1718, I received a letter from Hannah Penn, of the decease of her husband, our ancient and honourable friend, William Penn, who departed this life on the 30th, between two and three in morning, of a short sickness.' He then notes his visit on the 1st of the succeeding month to Rushcombe, where 'I staid till the 5th (of August), and that day accompanied the corpse to the grave, at Jordans meeting-place, in the County of Bucks, where we had a large Meeting of Friends and others from many places; and as the Lord had made choice of him in the days of his youth for great and good services, and had been with him in many dangers and difficulties of

The sun had begun to make long shadows on the grass, and the bright stems of the birch threw up, as it were, the foliage of heavier trees. before we came in sight of the quaint solitary place of silence and of graves The narrow road leading to the Quakers' Meeting-house was not often disturbed by the echo of carriage-wheels, and before we alighted an aged woman had looked out with a perplexed yet kindly countenance, and then gone back and sent forth her little grand-daughter who met us with a self-possessed and quiet air, which showed that if not 'a friend,' she had

The Grave of William Penn.

dwelt among friends. The Meeting-house is, of course, perfectly unadorned —plain benches, and a plain table, such as you sometimes see in 'furniture-prints' of Queen Anne's time. This table the little maid placed outside, to enable Mr. Fairholt to sketch the grave-yard, and that we might write our names in a book, where a few English and a number of Americans had

various kinds, so he did not leave him in his last moments, but honoured the occasion with his blessed presence, and gave a happy season of his goodness to the general satisfaction of all, the Meeting being well spoken of by strangers afterwards.

written before us ;—it would be defamation to call it 'an album,'—it contained simply, as it ought, the names of those, who, like ourselves, wished to be instructed and elevated by a sight of the grave of William Penn.

The burying-ground might be termed a little meadow, for the long green grass waved over, while it in a great degree concealed the several undulations which showed where many sleep ; but when observed more closely, chequered though it was by increasing shadows, the very undulations gave an appearance of green waves to the verdure as it swept above the slightly raised mounds ; there was something to us sacred beyond all telling in this green place of nameless graves, as if having done with the world, the world had nothing more to do with those whose stations were filled up, whose names were forgotten !—It was more solemn, told more truly of actual death, than the monuments beneath the fretted roofs of Westminster or St. Paul's, labouring, often unworthily, 'to point a moral or adorn a tale,' to keep a memory green, which else had mouldered !

The young girl knew the 'lawgiver's' grave among the many, as well as if it had been crushed by a tower of monumental marble.

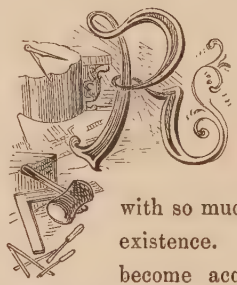
She pointed it out, between the graves of his two wives. Some pilgrim to the shrine had planted a little branch, a mere twig, which had sprouted and sent forth leaves, just at the head of the mound of earth,—an effort at distinction that seemed somewhat to displease the old woman, who had come forth looking well satisfied at what she called the 'quiet place' being so noticed. 'All who came,' she said, 'knew the grave of William Penn ; there was no need of any distinction ; *there it was*, every one knew it ; yes, many came,—especially Americans.—Ladies now and then plucked a little root of the grass, and took it away as a treasure ; and no wonder, every one said he was a man of peace,—a GOOD MAN !'

We walked along the road that leads to the upland, and leaning against a style, saw the shadows of the tall trees grow longer and longer, as if drawing themselves closer to the hallowed earth. The meeting-house had a solemn aspect ; so lonely, so embowered, so closed up,—as if it would rather keep within itself, and to itself, than be a part of the busy world of busy men.

How still and beautiful a scene ! How grand in its simplicity ; how

unostentatiously religious,—those green mounds, upon which the setting sun was now casting its good-night in golden benisons, seemed to us more spirit-moving than all the vaunted monuments of antiquity we had ever seen. How we wished that all lawgivers had been like him, who rested within the sanctuary of that green grass grave. We thought how he had the success of a conqueror in establishing and defending his colony ; without ever, as was said of him, drawing a sword ; the goodness of the most benevolent ruler in treating his subjects like his own children ; the tenderness of an universal Father, who opened his arms, without distinction of sect or party, to the worthy of all mankind ;—the man who really wishes to establish a mission of peace, and love, and justice to the ends of the earth, should first pray beside the grave of William Penn.

THE MONUMENT OF WREN.



ARE old London! It would be difficult for us to describe the affection we entertain for this noble city—venerable for its antiquity, and reverend for its associations with our greatest men—although it combines so much that occasions us distress of mind, with so much that is dear and honoured to our every feeling of existence. We should never have loved it so well if we had not become acquainted with the histories of some of its public buildings, its houses, its holy temples, one by one, almost stone by stone; and yet how little we know of what we might know, and of what we hope yet to learn. We marvel more and more how we could ever have passed a peculiar-looking house without inquiring 'Who lived there?' Certainly, we move through life very listlessly; we go along its highways and into its by-lanes, without being stirred by the immortality around us; we close our eyes against the evidences of change which are the accompaniments of life; and we plod on, of the earth—earthy, with little more than a fluttering effort to raise our minds by the contemplation of the acts of those glorious spirits who elevated England to the rank she holds among nations.

We had been wandering through the human labyrinths of London—cogitating, rather than observing—musing, instead of rousing ourselves to enter into the feelings and occupations of those with whom we live, when suddenly we stood opposite the gate of the Church of St. Bride, Fleet Street. We never can pass any one of Sir Christopher Wren's churches without

endeavouring to obtain a sight of the beautiful spire by which he loved to decorate his sacred buildings ; accordingly, we stepped down the paved court, and strained back the head to gratify desire. As we turned the corner to proceed, St. Paul's, looming through the atmosphere of mingled smoke and fog, again recalled to mind the character of its mighty architect —that polished, high-minded, true-hearted, modest man, who loved his art with a depth and purity unknown in our times, and with the steady enthusiasm of his noble nature, not for the gold it brought, but because of its own high merits, and the power it gave him to elevate his country in the eyes of the whole world.

Born in 1632, Christopher Wren was nurtured in the highest principles of the Reformed Church ; his father, at whose rectory he drew breath, at East Knoyle, in Wiltshire, was also Dean of Windsor ; and his uncle, successively Bishop of Hereford, Norwich, and Ely, is celebrated in the Ecclesiastical history of England as having devoted himself to the royal cause, and remaining so firmly attached to the fortunes of the deposed King as to endure an imprisonment of nearly twenty years without being brought to trial. During a portion of this dismal time for all who held the true royalist faith, Mr. Christopher Wren, even then distinguished as a youth of equal modesty and talent, was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Claypole's, who was sure to distinguish and promote excellence. Here he occasionally met the stern Protector, who called to him one day, in his usually abrupt and determined manner, to go immediately and ' tell his uncle that he might come out of the Tower if he liked.' The youth bowed his thanks. Knowing the equally determined nature of his uncle's spirit, he proceeded with an anxious heart to the Tower. The shadows of the massive building lay heavily upon the waters, and, as the heavier gates groaned beneath the creaking chains and rusty bolts, he hoped that one he loved so well would come forth to the light and liberty so very, very dear to a young aspiring mind. So strongly did the value of this inestimable blessing seem to him, as he entered the dark and narrow room appropriated to his relative, that he could hardly forbear throwing himself upon his neck, and wishing him joy of the liberty he at first doubted whether he would or would not accept. The stern contempt which the prelate at once expressed towards the Protector's message—the air of offended dignity with which he regarded

his nephew for being its bearer—the exalted nature that breathed in every word he uttered, proving his sincerity, and his determination to accept no favour from those he despised—were never forgotten by the future architect; and unable to repress or direct the feelings he had roused, he listened with silent respect to his high-souled relative. 'Go back!' he exclaimed, 'to the man who holds the power of England within his blood-stained palm, and tell him that I will none of *his* permission to depart, but will tarry the LORD'S leisure, and owe my deliverance to HIM alone!'

This noble disregard of things temporal, when contrasted with things eternal, was strongly characteristic of both the uncle and the nephew. Many of our paltry pilers of brick and mortar—builders of mere paper-houses—creatures with not half as much architectural knowledge as the bee or the beaver—would think themselves insulted if required to superintend a square or a street in the suburbs of London at the remunerating rate that was paid the mighty architect of Saint Paul's. But long before he was distinguished as an architect, or thought of architecture, perhaps, but as a branch of the sciences to which his young mind rendered such ready homage, every man of knowledge in England considered the youth a prodigy. Like his remarkable contemporary, Pascal, his genius displayed itself at a very early age. At thirteen he dedicated the invention of an astronomical instrument to his father in a Latin ode; and, though labouring under extreme delicacy of health, he was able to enter Wadham College, Oxford, at the age of fourteen; here he secured the friendship of Bishop Wilkins, who introduced him to Prince Charles, the Elector Palatine, as a prodigy; and Oughtred, in his preface to his 'Clavis Mathematica,' mentions his extraordinary promise as a youth of sixteen.

About this time, Dr. Willis, an eminent mathematician, collected together a knot of scientific men, chiefly from Gresham College, who gave the idea after the lapse of a few years of the formation of the Royal Society; and Dr. Willis was another of his friends. Wren devoted much attention to the microscope, which caused both him and his cousin to be sneered at by the author of the 'Oceana,' as those 'who had an excellent faculty for magnifying an atom, and diminishing a commonwealth.' He then turned his attention to some astronomical theories, and many claim for him the invention of the barometer, though there exists little doubt that the

discovery belonged to Torricelli. The exquisite Evelyn, so associated with all that is honourable to England, so dear to all who love the registers of old times, makes frequent mention of Wren, designating him as 'that rare and early prodigy of science,' 'that miracle of youth,' 'that prodigious young scholar.' Well, indeed, did he deserve this praise. At fifteen, Sir Charles Scarborough, an eminent physician of his time, employed him as a demonstrating assistant; and it was the future architect of St. Paul's who first injected several liquids into the veins of living animals. But, turn where we will to the records of this great man's life, we find all illumined

Court Yard of Gresham College.

by his fame. Having abandoned his classic retirement, he filled the chair of astronomy at Gresham College,* and the next year solved Pascal's

* Gresham College, as its name implies, is a foundation which owes its origin to the builder of the Royal Exchange; and in his will he bequeathed all his interest in that building, and also his dwelling-house, to the Corporation of London and the Mercers' Company, on condition that they provided seven professors to lecture publicly and gratuitously on the seven liberal sciences. At the death of his wife the professors entered on their duties, and had apartments assigned them in Sir Thomas Gresham's house, situated in Bishopsgate Street (upon the site of the present Excise office), and which was in consequence now termed Gresham College. It numbered many eminent men among its professors, and flourished until the commencement of the civil wars, when it was occupied as a military garrison, and all the professors, save one, compelled to leave it. The restoration revived it, and the foundation connected itself with

celebrated problem, that was issued in all magnificence as a challenge to the learned of England, and then posed the mathematicians of France by one that was never answered. So he continued his course, mingling the mild lustre of the morning and evening star with the splendour of the comet; the perfection of human talent and human virtue; alienating himself from the party quarrels of the day, yet feeding the sacred flame of loyalty within his heart.

After a period of much turmoil, during the most interesting epoch of England's history, Charles II. was received back into the bosoms of his loving subjects, and Wren was chosen to fill the highest chair (the Savilian) at Oxford. Then the Royal Society, aided by the learning of England, was established firmly, Doctor Wren being one of its most efficient members, and yet we find him toying with all sciences—observing Saturn—mapping the Pleiades—calculating eclipses—writing on the longitude—most probably inventing mezzotinto engraving, and permitting the credit thereof (for which he never cared, except for truth's sake) to rest with his friend Prince Rupert. He also sacrificed, occasionally, to the Muses, but this most likely was in his love-making hours: *that* the wisest men must go through despite all other sciences.

But this human weakness was no stain upon his stainless career—as completely *sans réproche* as that of Bayard himself. At length, he went to Paris to study architecture and the mechanical inventions, and there saw the Louvre in progress.

Soon after the Restoration, our Charles, whose foreign sojourn had given him some taste in architecture, took it into his head to contemplate repairing St. Paul's, which was absolutely necessary from the dilapidations it had suffered during the Commonwealth, when Cromwell converted the Choir into a horse barracks.

Wren was named in the royal commission to superintend the repairs, but it was decreed by a greater power that no one desecrated stone should

the newly-formed Royal Society. In the early part of the eighteenth century, dissensions arose between the professors and trustees, and the building was deserted and allowed to go to decay, until an act was obtained for its sale and the ground on which it stood. There is a curious bird's-eye view of the building in 1740, and that portion of it which shows the inner quadrangle has been delineated in the preceding page.

remain above another. The mighty fire came in its terror upon the city, sweeping it away like chaff before the wind, and rendering old St. Paul's* a tottering ruin ; and there, amid the destruction, upon the burning cinders, fearless, amid the embers that crumbled about him—calm, amid the desola-

Old St. Paul's Cathedral.

tion that surrounded him on every side—heedless of the smoke and *débris* of what should be seen no more, was the fearless architect, concentrating a mind of inconceivable strength, knowledge, solidity, purity, vastness, and

* Old St. Paul's was the idol of the Londoners. They seem to have looked upon it as the very perfection of its class, and were redolent of its praises. One of its great holds in popular affection consisted in the belief of its legendary history. It was supposed to stand upon the site of the Roman temple to Diana, and believed to be the spot where Christianity first found a home among us. All the older antiquaries fall in with this popular belief; and the legends they tell may be comprehended by a reference to the pages of Camden. Its great antiquity, and its constant connexion with the historic and ecclesiastical history of our country, gave it however a strong interest. Its interior was enriched with the tombs of the great and the learned, some few relics of which are preserved in the crypts of the present building.

vigour, upon one point—the restoration of London! Up to this period he had been one of whom no evil was ever whispered, but at once the under-current of self-interest, that muddy, babbling, polluted stream, was let loose upon him; yet he stood between the glory of London and the mean and paltry economy that would have neglected the clearance made by the fire, and patched and cramped St. Paul's emancipated from its disjointed thraldom by what to individuals was a great calamity. If the plans of this astonishing projector had been worked out altogether, as he intended, we should have had a city as remarkable for the dignity of uniformity as for extent.* He proposed a street ninety feet wide to proceed from

The long-drawn aisles were in the sixteenth century used as the meeting-place and lounge of the citizens. So began desecration, and the cathedral became a place for idlers and a noisy rendezvous not always respectable. In a short time dilapidation and decay began to appear, and during the reign of James I. strong measures were necessary to be adopted to preserve the building at all. Our cut shows its palmy state when the steeple was entire. It was destroyed by fire in 1561, some say by lightning, others by the neglect of plumbers, who left their fires burning in their absence. It was new roofed after this; but was neglected until the reign of Charles I., who did that which had been urged during his father's reign unfruitfully, and set the example of restoration by building at his own expense a noble portico. Others followed the royal example and subscribed towards the work nobly, and in 1643 the renovation was completed at a cost of about one hundred thousand pounds. The Civil War came, and with it a desecration worse than any previous one to which the noble building had been subjected. Horses were stabled within its walls, and it received so much injury, that on the restoration of Charles, that of the cathedral became again necessary. It was slowly proceeded with when the Great Fire left it a mere mass of ruins, to be succeeded by Wren's far grander and more uniform conception.

* Wren's mode of operation is detailed by his son in his 'Parentalia.' He says, that after his appointment as surveyor-general and principal architect for rebuilding the city, he immediately 'took an exact survey of the whole area and confines of the burning, having traced over with great trouble and hazard the great plain of ashes and ruins; and designed a plan or model of a new city, in which the deformity and inconveniences of the old town were remedied, by the enlarging the streets and lanes, and carrying them as near parallel to one another as might be; avoiding, if compatible with greater conveniences, all acute angles; by seating all the parochial churches conspicuous and insular; by forming the most public places into large piazzas, the centre of six or eight ways; by uniting the halls of the twelve chief companies into one regular square annexed to Guildhall; by making a quay on the whole bank of the river from Blackfriars to the Tower.' In his clear-sighted plans and useful improvements he designed 'the streets to be of three magnitudes; the three principal leading straight through the City and one or two cross streets to be at least ninety feet wide; others sixty feet; and lanes about thirty feet, excluding all narrow dark alleys without thoroughfares or courts.' An examination of his plan (engraved in p. 354) will make these improvements apparent, and show

St. Dunstan's Church to Tower Hill, there to terminate in a piazza; this, besides its magnificence, would have ensured a world of air and health to the citizens; he intended this to open into a circular piazza on its way, the centre of eight streets, leaving Ludgate prison on the left side, where, instead of the gate, he designed a triumphal arch to the renovator of London, Charles II. The street was then to divide into two other streets as large, and before they, spreading at acute angles, could have been clear, one of the other, he intended them to form a triangular piazza, the basis of which would be filled by the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's. How glorious this picture! The magnificent structure would not have been cribbed up by close-fitting gaudy shops; and the proposed piazza would have given a majesty to the immediate neighbourhood in keeping with the cathedral; though, perhaps, piazzas can never be generally adopted in England with advantage. If they shelter from rain they darken the houses; and an Englishman connects some Italian idea with them; something of 'lurking' and hiding, and 'secret stabbing;' and indeed the more broad and wide and expanded streets are, the better: still *there* they would have formed a noble base to

how much London has lost by not adopting Wren's views; they were opposed by the vested interests of the citizens, which then, as now, deprecated all changes even for evident advantages. They had insurmountable prejudices in favour of rebuilding in old localities and in old styles, and hence he lost the opportunity of his wish to render London 'the most magnificent as well as commodious city for health and trade of any upon earth.' A glance at his plan will show how well he had laid out main streets, and studied the proper position of public buildings, with an eye as well to utility as to architectural effect. A shows the position of St. Paul's, which would have been the first grand object that claimed attention when the western side of the city was entered; at B is Doctors' Commons, in close and proper proximity. The letter C refers to the piazzas with which Wren intended to ornament London, where the principal streets met. At D we have the principal buildings sacred to trade and commerce; E is the Post Office; F, the Excise office; G, Insurance office; H, the Mint; while at I are the Goldsmiths' shops. K shows the position of Guildhall; L that of the Custom House. At M are the public markets; N, the Strand entrance to the City; O, is Smithfield; P, the Temple; Q a Quay along the entire bank of the Thames; R is the *débouchement* of the Fleet river at Bridewell; S, Queenhithe; T, Dowgate; U, London Bridge; and V Billingsgate. W shows the position of the Tower; X, that of Moorfields; and Y, the circuit of the City Walls. The small black blocks, which are isolated, represent churches which he had intended to place in prominent positions in the main thoroughfares, but always free of the houses. It is only necessary further to remark, that that portion of our plan which is covered by lines of tint, represents that part of London which was destroyed by the Great Fire.

the mighty pyramid. It was a fine idea of his also to make his highway to

Wren's Plan for re-building London.

the Tower, adorned with parochial churches; setting before the people

continually their Christian temples in the best situations, thus reminding them of their highest duties.

We can, without difficulty, imagine the magnificent appearance of our river, if he had been permitted to carry his quay along the whole bank of the Thames, from Blackfriars to the Tower, a canal being cut at Bridewell, with sluices at Holborn Bridge and at the mouth, and stores for coal at either side. What metropolitan magnificence would have arisen, had he erected twelve halls for the twelve chief companies, united into a regular square, annexed to Guildhall? He desired to banish trades that use great fires and create noisome smells, and all burying-grounds, out of the city. Our modern cemeteries are but the working out of one of his projects! Yet, necessary and useful as they are, we should be sorry to be buried in one of those dead highways; we would rather repose quietly in a sheltered nook of an old churchyard, where the shadows of the trees we saw planted should fall upon our green-grass grave, while the voices of those we have loved, and who have loved us, echo above it.

It is evident to all who contemplate the plan of Sir Christopher Wren's renovation, that St. Paul's was the sun of his system; he would have ranged his planets and their satellites around it. His mind was as harmonious as the movements of the heavenly bodies; and the more we thought upon, the more we felt the sublimity of his conceptions.* It is with a feeling of extreme diffidence that we object to his fondness for arcades, which, except as a sort of amphitheatre for St. Paul's churchyard, are, for the reasons we have mentioned, unsuited to our climate. But we cannot feel the objection which some have stated to his plan, on the ground of sameness and uniformity. Darmstadt, Carlsruhe, and Manheim, those uniform Continental cities, are dull enough, not from their uniformity, but from the absence of that moving world which is the variety of London.

Sir Richard Steele justly observed with reference both to Wren and the great fire, that 'That which produced so much individual misery afforded

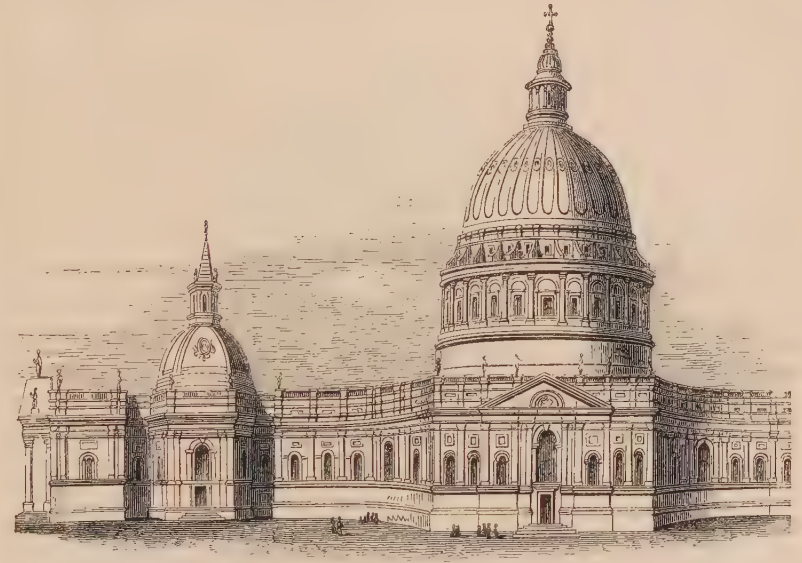
* The dome of St. Paul's rises above his grave, a noble monument; but there ought to be another. There has been published a tribute to his memory—a pictured representation of the workings of his mind, beautifully grouped, by Mr. Cockerell. This fine representation of British architecture sets forth no less than sixty-two of Sir Christopher's buildings, the principal number being churches.

the greatest occasion that ever builder had to render his name immortal and his person venerable.' But though nothing could exceed the fortitude displayed by those who had seen their city swept, first by the plague, and then by fire; and though 'the people' would have embraced his plans, yet the selfishness of some individuals, the conflicting interests of others, the intrigues of certain parties in both court and state, dispersed the architect's noble efforts as regarded the city; and when he was, after innumerable vexations and provocations from the prejudiced and the ignorant, really permitted to set about his great work of St. Paul's, he did so with superhuman patience and perseverance.

Nurtured in the purest Protestantism, his first plan of the cathedral did not include the length of the aisle necessary for the processions and pageantry of the Roman Catholic worship, but unnecessary in our Reformed cathedral service.* The Duke of York, afterwards the tyrannical and bigoted James, insisted on the lengthened aisles and the addition of side oratories, thus preparing the cathedral for a religion, the subsequent attempt to re-establish which cost him his crown. This infringement on Wren's plans and principles caused him to shed bitter tears; but his Royal Highness, who would have hardly ventured to interfere with the design of a sculptor, altered the plan of the architect; and Wren began his work of immortality—laying the first stone of London's landmark on the 21st of June, 1675. And in the year 1710 the good old man, having attained the seventy-eighth year of his age, having spent thirty-five years of his life in

* The unfortunate circumstance of the Duke of York's tendency to the Roman Catholic faith deprived England of possessing the only Protestant cathedral in the world. Wren's notions of church-building for the reformed faith were well expressed in his report to the King, where he declares that our own ritual and its form should guide the architect solely in his designs for the buildings sacredly devoted to such service. 'The Romanists,' he says, 'indeed, may build larger churches; it is enough if they hear the murmur of the mass, and see the elevation of the host; but ours are to be fitted for auditories.' Impressed with this view, he omitted the long aisles and side chapels necessary to the Romish ritual and its processions, and made the body of the building a compact centre as a grand substructure to the dome, and forming an enormous receptacle for a large auditory. But the Duke, who had, no doubt, long cherished the idea of restoring Popery, insisted on the long aisles and side chapels being inserted. Wren was therefore obliged to alter his design entirely to one less original and beautiful, to gratify the wish of one who sat upon our throne but two short years and was banished for ever.

the actual and daily labour of this erection, having seen the terminations of three reigns, having experienced a revolution which drove the Stuarts from the throne, and witnessed the going out of the Orange dynasty and the coming in of the Hanoverian, *saw* his son lay the highest stone of the lantern on the cupola. The toils, and taunts, and vexations he had endured were forgotten at this triumphant moment. The shouts of a grateful people rent the air; he was surrounded still by long-tried friends, and his



Wren's original Design for St. Paul's.

character was as stainless as when he took his first lesson in the dignity of a fixed purpose from his uncle within the Tower walls.

And what now, gentle readers, suppose you, was the sum allotted to Sir Christopher Wren for building *your* St. Paul's—*our* St. Paul's?—what to remunerate him for the learning, the labour, the untiring attention he brought to his work of love? *Two hundred pounds a year!* And the commissioners had the pettiness to stop a portion of this until the work was completed; nor could he obtain his money without an application to Parliament. Well might that splendid vixen, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough,

remonstrate with her architect, when, as she said herself, 'It is well known that Sir Christopher Wren was content to be dragged up in a basket three or four times a-week to the top of St. Paul's, and at a great hazard, for 200*l.* a-year.' Poor Sarah! she took little into consideration his mind or talent, but thought mightily of his swinging in a basket for such a paltry sum! His payment, as architect of the City churches, was hardly better, being no more than 100*l.* a-year; though the parish of St. Stephen, Walbrook, voted his lady a present of *twenty pounds!* on the completion of that admirable building.

He was not suffered to continue uninterruptedly at his St. Paul's. Papers of the Privy Council speak of his being hurried to Knightsbridge to decide if the site of a projected brewhouse was far enough from town; then to report concerning buildings to be made in the rear of St. Giles's Church. Nobody but the hard-worked and ill-paid Sir Christopher could be found to make arrangements for the accommodation of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen and their officers, and also the livery of the twelve companies, in Bow Church! He was appointed jointly with Evelyn to conduct the sale of Chelsea College to Government; upon him devolved the task of detecting and abating all nuisances, irregular buildings, defects in drainage that might prove prejudicial to public health or the beauty of the Court end of the town. These and all other tasks concerning the laying out of roads imposed upon him too much personal exertion and extensive and intricate calculations.

He laboured diligently; the Monument, Temple Bar, Chelsea Hospital, many of the halls of the great companies, seventeen churches of the largest parishes in London, and thirty-four out of the remaining parishes on a large scale, were rebuilt *under the direction and from the designs of Wren, during the time that he was engaged upon St. Paul's.* And when Queen Anne passed an act of Parliament for the erection of fifty additional churches in London and Westminster, the omnipotent Wren was appointed one of the commissioners.

What other man has left such records of a life behind him? Michael Angelo, so gloriously associated with St. Peter's, had as strong a struggle against prejudice and meanness as our 'Hero Architect,' and their characters were cast in the same mould, alike high-souled—alike poor in this

world's riches—loving Art for its own sake—sacrificing their time, their knowledge, and themselves for their city's glory; but Angelo's hot southern nature lacked the fine tempering of Wren's, for he earnestly, at the expiration of seventeen years, implored Cardinal Carpi 'to liberate him from his vexatious employment.' Wren completed his task in thirty-five years, but St. Peter's occupied a space of one hundred and forty-five years, during the pontificate of nineteen popes.

His name has filled our imagination with images of his works. They

Boyer House.

rise before us, distracting our mind with their magnitude and number. Recollections of his life, too, crowd upon us, and we see him in a hundred situations of his varied career. With an effort we banish these visions, for we have a Pilgrimage to make.

At Camberwell there is a quaint old house called Boyer House or Manor House; and Evelyn records a visit to Sir Edmund Boyer at his 'melancholic house at Camerwell. He has,' he says, 'a pretty grove of oakes,

and hedges of yew in his garden, and a tall row of elms before the door.' This house is still standing in the London Road: and in that house, not 'melancholie' to our thinking, Sir Christopher Wren resided during a great portion of the time occupied in building St. Paul's. Most likely Wren rented the house from Sir Edmund. And, as Evelyn is believed to have introduced cedars into England, who knows but Sir Christopher obtained the very tree which we regret to see looking so really 'melancholie,' from the sweet author of the 'Sylva?' The house, as you may see, has a very different appearance from any other in this particular neighbourhood; and the wide-spreading branches of the cedar, now the wreck of what it was, invite attention. Tradition calls it 'Queen Elizabeth's tree;' but there is a certainty that her Majesty never saw it. The house has a sufficient claim to our attention without this distinction—Evelyn entered the gateway: Sir Christopher Wren resided within those walls.

There are no people in the world more misunderstood than the English. Our 'shyness' is termed 'coldness;' our timidity and reserve, heartlessness: no one ever knocked at the proper door of an English heart without having it opened. Here were we, personal strangers to the lady who resided in this venerable mansion; and yet a mere expression of a desire to see Wren's house, sufficed not only to secure us admission, but such kind attention as we can never forget. The steps ascended, the hall is entered by a glass door, and you immediately find yourself where taste and judgment have presided, and where care is still taken of the work of their hands. From the gloomy aspect without you are astonished at the cheerfulness within, for the hall is spacious and lightsome; and, though it has been deprived of many of its ancient honours, still the plainness of its panelling is in keeping with the character of the building, and though it has lost much—for its present occupant informed us that when she took it the owner of the mansion removed the 'carved imageries of fruit and flowers,' and various other beauties, that decorated an exquisitely perfumed room, still called the 'cedar parlour'—though much has unhappily been removed from this house of noble memories, nothing has been introduced in violation of the pure taste that presided over its adornment. The 'cedar parlour' is of a mellow and yet delicate colour, panelled with that expensive wood from the floor to the lofty ceiling. The adjoining room is finely proportioned;

but the room on the opposite side of the building is the one that particularly attracted the attention of our artist friend. The chimney-piece still boasts some undisturbed carving, and there is a door remarkable for its simplicity.

This probably was the architect's study; his own proper room. We would give much to know whose bust originally occupied the position which its present possessor has assigned to Sir Walter Scott. Perhaps Inigo Jones or Michael Angelo. And the window, which now only looks forth towards a chapel, then opened upon a trim parterre, guarded from all harsh winds by the 'hedges of yew,' and enjoying a sight of the 'pretty grove of oakes,' that commanded even Evelyn's commendation, despite the 'melancholie' of 'Camerwell.' Here the most wonderful of men reposed from his fatigues, and, relying with the high faith of a Christian spirit upon the God who works all things together for good to them that trust in Him, was never bowed down, never shaken, never turned from his loyalty to his Maker, to his ruler, to his art. Well might Steele aver that 'his personal modesty overthrew all his public actions; the modest man built the city, and the modest man's skill was unknown!'

Door at Boyer House.

Here, perhaps, originated the meeting which Herder asserts was the origin of the freemasonry of St. John. Here, with a few friends, to save his journey home to dinner, he arranged to dine somewhere in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's; and a club was thus formed, which by degrees introduced a formula of initiation and rules for the conduct of the members expressed by symbolic language, derived from the masonic profession. Knight thinks it rather corroborative of Herder's assertion, that, while the biographers of Wren mention the attendance of the lodge of Freemasons, of which he was the master, at the ceremony of placing the highest stone of

the lantern, no mention is made of their attendance at laying the foundation stone; and every lodge in Great Britain is an offshoot from the lodge of antiquity of which Sir Christopher was master! We can fancy these walls covered with his plans, and, as the twilight gathered round us, might almost hear the music of his clear, sweet, demonstrative voice replying kindly to those who questioned upon all points, by short but satisfactory answers. Perhaps when at breakfast in this very room, when told that the frightful hurricane of the previous night had damaged all the steeples in London, he observed, with his quiet faithful smile, 'Not St. Dunstan's, I am sure.' *

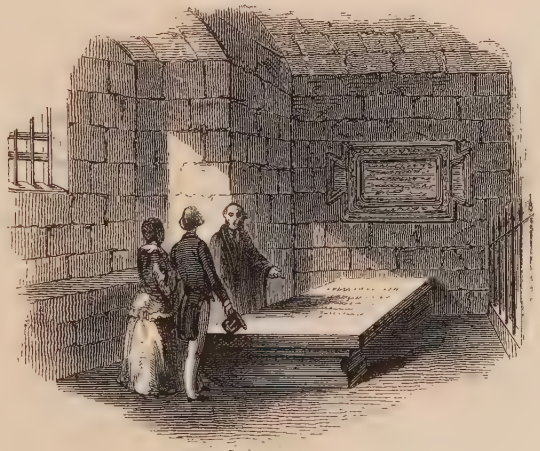
The admirable order of his mind gave him time for all things. He never abandoned his scientific pursuits; and here were written many of his interesting letters to the Royal Society. One in particular partakes so much of the simplicity of the man and the dignity of the philosopher, that it occurred to us while gazing on the beautiful proportions of the door. 'It is, he said, 'upon billiard and tennis balls, upon the *purling* of sticks and tops, upon a vial of water, a wedge of glass, that the great Des-Cartes has built the most refined and accurate theories that human wit ever reached to; and certainly nature, in the best of her works, is apparent enough in obvious things, *were they but curiously observed:* and the key that opens treasures is often plain and rusty.' 'But,' he adds, with the pen of experience and of prophecy, '*unless it be gilt, it makes no show at court.*'

As we walked round what is but a remnant of the garden that belonged to the house, and learned that it is now occupied as a school for the education of young ladies, we could not but think of the fine associations (those creators of noble thoughts) the young could not fail to imbibe in such a residence. We are sure the lady, who felt so thoroughly the purity, even more than the vastness, of Wren's character, will not fail to impress upon their minds the great lesson taught by his life; how much can be done by

* The St. Dunstan's alluded to is the Church in Tower Street, London, known as St. Dunstan's in *the East*. There is a tradition that the plan of this elegant tower and spire was furnished to Wren by his daughter, Jane Wren, who had seen and admired the famous one of St. Nicholas, at Newcastle. She died in 1702, aged twenty-six, and was buried under the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral. The storm which occasioned Wren's remark, raged in London through the night of the 26th of November, 1703, and some of the steeples and pinnacles in the City suffered serious injury.

the right employment and division of time, and how surely a noble object, when persevered in, will be, *must* be, accomplished. When we entered, we did envy her that house, but when we left it, we thought it could not, in the present day, be more worthily occupied.

We have deferred as long as we could the last public act of England towards Sir Christopher Wren, because we are ashamed to record it. His talents, his uprightness, his exertions, his deeds, were forgotten ; and almost beneath the very shadow of London's chief glory, when his head was crowned with those snows of age which kings might envy, in the eighty-sixth year of his earthly pilgrimage—when he had been half a century architect to the crown, George I., whose mind was just sufficiently large to



Tomb of Wren.

contain corruption and intrigue, dismissed him ! For once Horace Walpole forgot that the dismisser was a king, and the dismissed a subject. He speaks of Wren as 'having enriched the reign of several princes, and *disgraced the last of them*.' God bless his honesty ! We say this heartily, for he seldom affords us so great a luxury.

The retirement of this great man was as glorious as his career—the sunset of a long summer day of untiring, untired life, which he laid down,

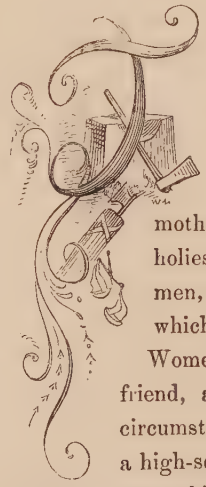
not as a burden, but a duty. We may surely accept his character as a man of science, upon the testimony of Newton, who in his 'Principia' joins his name with those of Wallis and Huygens, whom he styles *hujus ætatis geometrarum facile principes.*

Retiring from the immediate neighbourhood of London to Hampton Court, he spent the remaining five years of his life chiefly in the study of the Scriptures. Time, which had enfeebled his limbs, left his faculties unclouded nearly to the last day of his existence. His chief delight up to the very close of his life was to be carried once a year to visit his great work; and we have known a lady who had heard her grandfather describe having seen him assisted by two friends up the steps of the cathedral. He was a little child then, but he never forgot following the architect into the holy building, and wondered, when he heard the people, who uncovered as he passed, say, that that old man, whose every smile was a blessing, had built the great St. Paul's. After one of those visits, he rested at his lodging in St. James's Street, after his dinner, on the 25th of February, 1723. His servant thinking he dozed longer than usual in his chair, found, to use the emphatic words of Scripture, that he had 'fallen asleep.'

Of course he had a splendid funeral. His remains were deposited in the crypt under the south side of the choir of THE cathedral.*

* Wren's tomb, a simple ponderous slab, bears the following inscription:—'Here lieth Christopher Wren, Knt., who died, in the year of our Lord, M. DCC. XXIII., and of his Age XCI.' At the head of the tomb, on the wall above, is a more ambitious Latin epitaph, enclosed in an ornamental border after the fashion of a Roman tablet. It runs thus: 'Subtus conditur hujus Ecclesiæ et urbis conditor Christophorus Wren, qui vixit Annos ultra nonaginta non sibi sed bono publico: Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice. Obiit XXV. Feb. Ætatis XCI. Anno MDCCXXIII.' On the opposite wall, at the foot of the tomb, is the monument of Dean Holder, who married Wren's sister; and on one of the massive pillars is that of Jane Wren, his daughter, who officiated as organist in the Cathedral, and is here represented playing on her favourite instrument to listening angels.

THE GRAVE OF LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.



THE experience of every day confirms us more and more in the belief that women who make a great outcry about their *rights* have given but small attention to their *duties*. A woman's DUTIES are her RIGHTS ; and if we consider either her individual or her social position, —the duties which belong to her as daughter, wife, or mother, give her actual power, power of the highest and holiest kind,—power to form the minds and characters of men, and that without over-stepping the charmed circle within which Nature ordained her to move.

Women, blessed as was the LADY RACHEL RUSSELL, with a friend, a counsellor, and a lover, in a husband,—women, so circumstanced, can, perhaps, form no idea of the perpetual misery a high-souled woman endures, upon whom the knowledge of a husband's unworthiness comes after all efforts have been made to have faith in him. To see, one by one, the feigned or imagined virtues vanish ; to find that he who had wooed and wed for a purpose, at length scorns even to assume the qualities he never cared to possess ; to obtain from experience the terrible knowledge that the companion for life, in whom the hopes of the future were treasured, the husband of her choice, the father of her children—is worthless in the sight of God and man,—is a grief so full of anguish, that no wonder the weak-minded either sink into helpless slavery, and in time become 'like what they loathe,' or, forgetting the solemn

obligation of the vow (unconditional as it is), break into impotent rebellion and perish, the victims of opinions,—to alter which would be more fatal to the good order of society than their continuance, harsh as they are, and hardly as they bear upon the 'weaker vessel.'

But the right-minded, and above all the *Christian* woman should be most careful to avoid judging her own sex harshly. Silence towards an erring sister is more seemly than condemnation; and one of the most touching passages in the letters of the Lady Rachel Russell,—whose Life should be in the library of every daughter of England—is that in which she points to her *own unworthiness;* never implicating those whose follies and vanity led her 'to like well the esteemed diversions of the town.' The woman who is so happy as to find a wise and worthy friend in her husband, one whom it is impossible not to reverence and love, whom she may delight to honour, and whose faults are but as dust in the heavy balance of his virtues, will do well to keep steadily in view the duty of the covenant made at God's altar, rendering thanks that she cannot choose but 'love, honour, and obey' what is so worthy of easy and pleasant service. But if she does well in this matter, she will do better to show by her actions what is the duty of a good and loving wife, than by heavily railing at women less blest than herself, who, having none of her consolations, forget the duty they owe even to a bad husband, and with peevish discontent would invert God's order of things, and think they could more rightly perform man's duty than man himself. Such women ought to be especial objects of pity, for they are most unhappy. We never knew one of those who are for upsetting the Christian order of man's precedence, who was not a restless, discontented person, and even more to be pitied, because more unhappy, than the meek and suffering woman, who, bearing her cross, in humble imitation of HIM who, when 'reviled, reviled not again,' presses onward in her thorny path of duty, looking forward to the future, while enduring the present, and not unfrequently rewarded by winning back, even at the eleventh hour, the wandering heart. We owe much of the well-doing of society to those silent, patient, loving sisters, wives, and mothers, who, with no pretensions to lofty intellect, but with a desire to do right, and the rich treasure of a loving nature, are the guardian angels of many homes, which but for them would run as wildly to ruin as their masters. How frequently a timid shrinking

woman, whose nerves have been shattered by the loud voice and midnight orgies of a brutal husband, 'keeps the house together,' one can hardly tell how; by instinct rather than reason. And yet, how can those whose homes are the temples of domestic peace, where happiness disposes its richest triumphs, judge of the temptations of her who hears no music in a husband's step, and whose every spar of hope has been shipwrecked by the reckless and cruel nature of him who swore to shield her from all sorrow?

It is interesting to know what were the preparations which sanctified the name of Lady Rachel Russell, and gave to her so high and prominent a place in English history. Let us, first, pause a moment to say, that while it has been the custom to portray the virtues of the lower and middle class females of England, so as to excite sympathy and admiration, the female aristocracy of England have had no faithful portrait-painter, either with pen or pencil, of late years, to do them justice. The so-called '*fashionable*' novels have, with few exceptions, been written either by individuals of at least doubtful morality, acquainted only with the coarser features of rank, or by persons who knew nothing of its movements, except from public records; and who have fallen into the error of confounding the so-called man or woman of *fashion*—mere 'fashion,'—the actually vulgar notoriety-hunters—with the high-bred and high-born aristocracy, whose women are as remarkable for great beauty as they are for great talent and great virtue—describing the 'man about town' as the English gentleman, and the woman with the fag-end of an old, or the gaudy freshness of a new title, who exhibits her lolling sleepiness in 'the Ring' at Hyde Park, and scorns the name and duties of an English mother—as a type of those noble and high-bred ladies, who, rallying round the court of their Royal Mistress, devote as she does, their thoughts, their time, and their talents, to the cultivation of those very domestic duties which we are so often told belong to a *class* and not to our country.

Surely it is high time for some one with genius and knowledge so to picture the female aristocracy of England, as they might be pictured with truth and honesty—as exemplary wives, devoted mothers, and zealous friends; with hands open as day to melting charity; thoughtful of the dependants who surround their mansions; foremost to establish schools and support dispensaries; ever ready with the counsels that produce virtue. It

is far too much the vice of our age to give notoriety to corruption in high places, and to forget the large balance of good that is to be found among the great.

Happily the example of the Lady Rachel Russell is by no means rare among the high-born women of England.

We have walked more than once up and down the north side of Bloomsbury Square, where Southampton House once stood, and where Lady Rachel and her husband resided, and felt half inclined to quarrel with

Southampton House, Bloomsbury.

this noble lady's grandson, Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, for changing its name to Bedford House ; and still more grieved that Francis, Duke of Bedford, should have caused it to be taken down ; such buildings should be considered sacred ; they are monuments which no hands should touch to desecrate or to injure.

We can now but contemplate the site of the dwelling, where Lord William Russell lived with one in all respects so worthy of him ;* yet it is

* On Lady Russell's death, in 1723, it descended to her grandson, Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, and received the name of Bedford House. It was pulled down by Francis, Duke of Bedford, in 1800. Our view is copied from an old print in the illustrated Pennant, now in the British Museum.

some satisfaction to know that the Duke of York, his malignant foe, and the pusillanimous enemy of all civil and religious liberty, did not achieve his wicked will that this most injured nobleman should have been executed there—at his own threshold. But it is not upon 'houses built with hands' that the memory of Lord William and Lady Rachel Russell depends; their names have imperishable renown in their country's history—watchwords they are of liberty, of truth, of uprightness, of dignity, of all and everything that can add lustre to human nature!

Lady Rachel Russell, who in every situation of life is so eminent an example of what a woman can be, and ought to be, was the child of an illustrious father—Thomas Wriothesley, *the* Lord Southampton, who during the first dispute between Charles and his parliament, kept so honestly aloof from court, that he was considered as one of the Peers most attached to the people—yet was so struck by seeing the course of justice perverted on the trial of Lord Strafford (whom, be it remembered, he had never favoured), and noting how the current set against a monarchical goverment, that he felt himself impelled by his desire for the peace of England to attach himself to the Royalists. The violence of one party, and the mad obstinacy of the other, rendered his efforts at a reconciliation between the King and the parliament abortive; but when all was over, he did not desert even the remains of his royal misguided master. *He* was one of the four faithful servants who asked and obtained permission to pay the last sad duty to his master's remains, divested of all ordinary ceremonial. Lord Southampton had married before these troubles a Huguenot lady, Rachel de Ruvigny, who soon died, leaving two infant daughters, of whom Lady Rachel was the youngest. There is to be found in Lady Rachel's character the exalted and enduring piety which so eminently belonged to the Huguenots of those days; blended with the tolerant spirit of universal charity which distinguished her father. It seems also to us that though the crude imperfect style of her early letters, proves that her mere education, so called, was not strictly attended to, yet, during her father's retirement at Tichfield in Hampshire,* her mind and heart were both strengthened and refreshed.

* Tichfield House, Hampshire, was originally an old monastic foundation given by Henry VIII. to Lord Wriothesley, who built the mansion. At this house Charles I. was concealed after his flight from Hampton Court in 1647. It was then one of the seats of the Earl of

Nothing does this so effectually with women as early intercourse with high-minded and right-thinking men; the piety and purity, the unflinching integrity of the father, were unconsciously imbibed by the child—healthful and invigorating to her soul as was the fresh country air to her constitution.

She was betrothed, according to the custom of the times, in childhood, to Lord Vaughan, whom she married, but soon became a widow; and then, richly dowered, young and lovely, she chose wisely, in choosing from among her suitors, a younger brother of the right noble house of Russell. During their lives these two were seldom separated; and when we first turned over

Ruins of Tichfield House.

all that is published of her few letters to her husband, we were sensibly struck by their *home-heartedness;* their appreciation of happiness born of rational as well as passionate affection; bearing the fruitage of cheerfulness and joy, yet prepared—as people seldom are—alike to bask in the sunshine, or meet the storms, of life. Lady Rachel's tender and almost prophetic exhortations both to her husband and herself, to merit the continuance of God's goodness, as much as we can be said to merit anything, assure us

Southampton, where his mother lived with her family: here Charles was met by Colonel Hammond, who was fetched by Sir John Berkley, and Ashburnham, and from thence set out for the Isle of Wight. The view was taken in 1781, when great part of the mansion had decayed or been pulled down.

how perfectly she understood the great principle of the *balance of life*, which is exemplified as much in the peasant's cottage as in the prince's palace ; while his entire and absolute confidence in her character was only equalled by his affection and attachment to her society Thus were they *united* in the holiest and highest sense of the word ; united in principle, in intellect, in views, and in all noble dispositions ; pursuing, according to the different means appropriate to their sex and situation, one common end—sustaining and strengthening each other ; no harshness, no tyranny, no depreciation on the one hand, no affectation, no small arts, no deceit, no struggling for unwomanly power, on the other—each finding a candid and a brave judge in the understanding, and a warm and devoted advocate in the heart, of a dear companion.

It has been justly remarked, that there is as great a variety in the powers and compass of human hearts as of human intellects. Some are found hardly equal to the modified selfishness which produces attachment to their most immediate connections ; some have naturally strong feelings concentrated on a few objects, but which diffuse no warmth out of their own narrow focus ; while others again appear endowed with an almost boundless capacity for every virtuous affection, which contracts undiminished to all the minute duties of social life, and expands unexhausted to all the great interests of humanity. Such was the heart, the large, full heart of Lady Rachel Russell, in which her husband, her three children, her family, especially her sister (whom she so exquisitely terms 'a *delicious* friend'), her friends, her country, and above all, her religion, all found space.

How delightful it is to read the manner in which she requites the 'tender kindness' of her husband ; how her letters are filled with words of love and most delicate fondness ! Yet with all a woman's care for the small domestic things, of a *right* woman's carefulness, are ever to be seen the brave energy and thoughtfulness of her nature—the indelible marks of an animated interest in her lord's pursuits, a mind open to all great public objects. Dear as was his society to her, there was no pitiful, vexatious whining after it when his duties called him away, but every effort was used to strengthen him in his strength. Her account of the debate in the House of Commons on the King's message, in April, 1667, is clear and well given —a proof of the improvement of her style ; wherein are to be found

passages intimating her minute acquaintance with political affairs, and with Lord Russell's participation in them. Above all others, she was impressed with the most perfect trust in the goodness of God, bringing her faith into daily exercise—her sweet faith ; for surely Faith sweetened all her cups of bitterness from first to last.

The one thing generally known and universally appreciated is Lady Rachel's conduct on her husband's trial, for a pretended connection with the Rye House Plot.* Of the events which preceded and followed this most disgusting mockery of justice, she herself has left no record. Her confidence in her husband's purity of intention and action, of course, could not be shaken ; and her mind, instead of being overwhelmed, expanded into more than human majesty. The dastardly policy of the court would have rejoiced if Lord Russell had fled ; it would have been a relief from the degradation of his death. They could have vilified his character with show of reason, and this would have led to the more easily disposing of others, whose greater activity, as well as fewer scruples, made them, in fact, more dangerous enemies. It is on record that Lady Rachel was even sent to, to consult with Lord William's friends, whether or not he should 'withdraw himself.' But no : she loved his honour better than his life—loved that which *must* live, better than that which *must* die. No fears for the safety of her life of lives led this heroic woman to counsel what she did not consider would be consonant with her husband's innocence and honour. History, blushing at the perversion of justice, details what followed. During the fortnight—the bare fortnight which elapsed between Lord Russell's

* This conspiracy, which appears to have originated among some disaffected London tradesmen was to have been carried out at the house of one of them, Rumbold a maltster, who was to lodge the conspirators in his house called "The Rye," near Hoddesden, in Hertfordshire. The Rye House is an old brick building situated in a picturesque spot on the river Lea, and has upon its exterior some ornamental features, which show it to have been once a building of some importance. All that now remains is but a fragment of the original building, and the interior has been so entirely altered to suit it to the exigences of the parish workhouse, as to have no feature of interest remaining. It was afterwards an inn and fishing-house. The foundations are everywhere insecure, and the house is rapidly crumbling away. It cannot be expected to last many years longer. As a memento of one of the most interesting events in our history, it is well worthy of a visit before its fall. The names of Russell and Sidney for ever make it famous, and their judicial murders give a thrilling solemnity to its name.

commitment to the Tower and this base mockery of jury-trial—Lady Rachel was unceasingly occupied in procuring information as to what was likely to be urged against him, and in adopting every means of precaution. She found it difficult to believe with her lord, that, once within the poisoned

The Rye House.

coil of his enemies, his doom was fixed. A thrill of anguish ran through the court when in reply to the Chief Justice's intimation that Lord William might employ any of his servants to assist in writing anything he pleased, he simply said, 'My wife is here to do it.' And she, pure, holy, and strengthened for such a task by the direct power and grace of God, that

'sweet saint' arose from her lord's side, and seated herself with most wonderful calmness and self-possession, to take notes of the proceedings that were to issue in his life or death. No heroism ever surpassed this. How many there present must have recalled her father's services, her husband's unsuspected patriotism, the excellence of their lives, their domestic happiness. It shook the hearts of their bitter persecutors, for even the 'atrocious judge' assumed a milder tone, and said, 'If my lady will give herself the trouble.' How she could have supported herself—how she could have controlled her feelings—during the feeble and most iniquitous mass of compounded nothings that were urged against her noble lord, especially by the pitiful Lord Howard, we know not. She had also to bear up against the news of the suicide, in the Tower, of Lord Essex—her relation and friend. She heard this in the midst of the trial, tolling through the court like a death-knell, yet did she give no voice to the torture of her heart, nor distracted her husband's attention by a single murmur. Day and night did she labour, after his condemnation, for a mitigation of his sentence; but the unforgiving James gaped for blood; the facile Charles laughed at mercy; the venal Duchess of Portsmouth feared to risk her power over the King, even for the mighty bribe which Lord William's father, Lord Bedford, offered her; every plan was tried, save a desertion from those high principles which formed Lord William's sole crime in the eyes of his relentless enemy, the Duke of York. Now mark how she strengthened her husband's noble nature. While offering to accompany him into exile, never did she propose that he should purchase his life by a base compliance, or the abjuration of those glorious truths for which he endured persecution. How deeply he felt this, is proved by his mention of her in his interviews with Burnet, who tells us that Lord Russell expressed, even in his last hours, 'great joy' in her magnanimity. 'At eleven o'clock on Friday night,' he says, 'they parted; he kissed her four or five times, and *she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance at their parting.* "There was," he said, "a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and a great kindness to him." *But her carriage in this extremity went beyond all;* and it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such hands.' And truly can we believe it. Well might he trust HER upon whom in this world

he should look no more ; safely might he confide to *her* those dear pledges of unsurpassed love, who to the last moment, by a continuation of woman's sacrifice—a sacrifice of self-indulgence—a suppression of every selfish feeling—which nothing but the deepest tenderness could dictate to the most exalted mind—parted from his last embrace—looked her last look upon the honoured, the beloved, of her true heart, without permitting a single sob of anguish to disturb his serene composure. Away she went to the home which had known him for fourteen years but should know him no more. Away—away—to count the fleeting minutes that were to elapse before his children were fatherless and his wife a widow.

Her beloved sister, that 'delicious friend,' was dead—her infant children were incapable of thought or consolation—her half-sister, Lady Northumberland, was abroad—her cousin, Lady Shaftesbury, could only offer 'pity and prayers'—her father-in-law ?—they could but gaze upon each other. In those cruel moments she was left 'alone with God ;' this holy companionship enabled her to support her great agony, and feel, what many years after she avowed, that there was something so glorious in the object of her greatest sorrow, that in some degree prevented her from being overwhelmed.

She did not even for a moment, when all was over, sit down with sorrow, but roused by a knowledge of her duties to the dead, as well as the living, defended the memory of her husband, when his unsatiated enemies endeavoured to deny the authenticity of the paper he had delivered to the sheriffs on the scaffold—this, and the summoning of Tillotson and Burnet before the King and the Duke of York, who were taxed as the advisers of the declaration, drew forth Lady Rachel's memorable letter to Charles—a brave letter it was, the fearless expression of duty and innocence resolved to repel falsehood and assert truth. We may wonder how the Duke of York felt when it was read ; as for the vacillating Charles, he gave immediate permission that the mourning escutcheon for the murder he had been pleased to sanction should be placed over Lord Russell's house, and sent a kind word to Lady Russell, intimating that he did not mean to profit by the forfeiture of Lord William's personal property—poor fluttering shred of royal frippery ! Is it not *this* a great glory to woman ? Is not *this* her genuine power, the power of superior virtue ? Is not *this* her great, her

mighty strength, the strength born of a purified nature? What woman's influence could have holier exercise! Just consider the power she (long since dust and ashes) holds at this moment over every well-regulated female mind. Her name is as a talisman—the watchword of truth, and virtue, and vigilance—of domestic love, and lofty heroism. In *her* the *moral power* is most perfectly exemplified. She was not beautiful, nor 'witty' (for *that* her husband blessed God), nor learned. Now-a-days she would hardly have been called *educated*. And yet, surely, we behold a PERFECT WOMAN. Would any wish more love, more gentleness, more truth, more trust, more virtue, more heroism, more religion—and all without assumption or pretence? Does not this show that, however ornamented may be the structure, there can be no true glory for woman unless there be a righteous foundation? One of her friends laments her 'mighty grief;' how it has wasted her body, though she struggle with it 'ever so hardly.' Bishop Burnet congratulates her on having resolved to employ so much of her time in the education of her children, *that they should need no other governess*. It irks us to hear the excuses mothers sometimes make to rid themselves of their maternal duties, leaving their children to hired teachers and low-bred menials, gadding abroad after new friends, new pleasures, and new whims—their children will not bless them in their graves. How different was this from Lady Rachel, training her two daughers, from whom she was never separated; and strengthening her own mind, that she might strengthen that of her son. We remember one passage where she says—'I am very solicitous, I confess, to do my duty in such a manner to the children of one I owe as much to as can be due to man, that if my son lives he may not justly say hereafter, that if he had a mother less ignorant or less negligent, he had not then been to seek for what, perhaps, he may then have a mind to have.'

Her son's education was a matter of deep interest to her; and the skill with which she parried Lord Bedford (his grandfather's) cares, lest she should put him to 'learn in earnest' at too early an age, is, as every thing else, a proof of how her judgment regulated her affections. Her eldest daughter's marriage with Lord Cavendish drew her at last from her retirement, and her interest in all the world's doings was kept painfully alive by the trial of the seven Bishops, and the stirring events of the times. Time

passed on ; she received the assurance of profound respect from the Prince and Princess of Orange, and at last, when the Revolution settled into a new Monarchy, its first act was the reversal of Lord Russell's attainder ; his execution being termed a 'murder' by a vote of the House of Commons ! She lived to see it ! A less firm and comprehensive mind than hers might have been elated at the extraordinary respect paid to her not only by the court, but by the intellect of the country. Dr. Fitzwilliam

Chenies.

referred to her his conscientious resignation of preferment under the new government. Tillotson applied for her sanction to his acceptance of the dignity offered him by King William ; and even the stout, sturdy, man-woman, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, would not dare an important step without consulting with 'the Lady Russell, of Southampton House.' Lady Rachel's energy and influence were constantly exercised for the good of others. She never suffered her repeated trials to interfere with her friendly duties, nor did her feelings become blunted either by age or sorrow. Immediately after the death of her half-sister, Lady Montagu, and her nephew, Lord Gainsborough, she makes this touching observation

in one of her letters :—'Every new stroke to a weary and battered carcass makes me struggle the harder; and though I lost with my best friend *all the delights of living*, yet I find *I did not lose a quick sense of new grief*.'

The honours we are justly proud of, the dress and ornaments of virtue, were showered upon the two noble houses she best loved; Devonshire and Bedford were elevated to dukedoms, and most worthy mention was made of Lord William Russell in the royal letters patent. Lady Rachel's dread of blindness, with which she had struggled for years, had been removed; 'she had seen the government which had oppressed, proscribed; the power which she had found implacable, fallen in the dust; the religion, whose political predominance she dreaded, in circumstances to require that toleration it had been unwilling to allow; the man whose vindictive spirit had inflicted the greatest misfortune of her life, himself an exile, after having, with characteristic meanness, implored the assistance of him whom he had persecuted—the assistance of the father of the man he had murdered. She had seen the triumph of those principles for which her beloved lord had suffered, the blessed effects produced by a steady adherence to them, and his name for ever coupled with the honour and freedom of his country.' Tried both by adversity and prosperity, she remained unchanged. And so, she became old in years; yet her heart was green within her, and she slumbered not, but actively and enduringly busied herself about her orphan grandchildren, enjoying in the depths of her chastened spirit the respect and honour due to the experience and the wisdom of length of days. No trace of the prejudices, peculiarities, or selfishness of age lingered around her. She scrutinised none so severely as herself; and her personal inquisitions were directed not to the forms, but to the feelings of Christian piety—to the Christianity which, to quote her own 'delicious' words, could not be distinguished by 'outward fashion, or by the professing a body of notions differing from others in the world, but by the renewing of our minds, by peaceableness, charity, and heavenly love.'

A halo of glory encircles her name: every spot where she resided is to us consecrated. We have filled a large space with poor words concerning one, of whom it seems to us we have said nothing. Lady Rachel Russel

died on October the 5th, 1723, at Southampton House, her age being 86 years; and she was buried at Chenies, at Buckinghamshire,* with her most dear lord.

Chenies Church.

* Iselhampstead, or Iselhampstead-Chenys, is on the borders of the county. 'It is now,' says Lysons, 'generally called Chenys; its original name is almost lost, having been exchanged for that, which was first given to distinguish it from the neighbouring village of Iselhampstead-Latimers, this place having been for many years the manor and seat of the ancient family of Cheyne.' 'It was, originally, a royal palace, and was given by Edward III. to Thomas Cheyne, the first of the family who settled in this county, and who was his shield-bearer. It ultimately descended, by marriage, into the family of the Russells in 1560. Lord Russell, upon coming into possession of the estate, rebuilt the greater part of the manor-house, and made it his principal seat. 'The old house of Cheynes is so translated,' says Leland, 'by my Lord Russell, that hath his house in right of his wife, that little or nothing of it remayneth untranslated, and a great deal of the house is even newly set up and made of bricks and timber.' Queen Elizabeth was entertained here by Francis, Earl of Bedford, in 1570. When the Bedfords fixed their principal residence at Woburn they deserted this house, which was converted into a farm-house.

In the parish church are some memorials of the Cheynes, and in the adjoining chapel, built by the heiress of the Sapcotes, by whom the estate was conveyed to the Bedford family,—Anne, Countess of Bedford,—is the monument for herself and her husband, John, first Earl of Bedford. There are also monuments of Francis, Earl of Bedford, who died in 1585, and his

Chenies, the once happy home and the last resting-place of Lady Rachel Russell and her martyred lord, is situated in a secluded corner of Buckinghamshire ; the little village is environed by trees, and the quiet dells and waving corn-fields give a favourable picture of the fertile spots of our country. The old mansion is nearly deserted ; a greater part is used as a stable, and pigeons find a home in the upper stories. It is now inhabited by farmers, and used as the farm-house. Yet externally it retains the features of its original beauties. To some of the gables are still appended the carved corbels, which speak of the elaboration and beauty of the old house in its palmy days. The ivy-covered turrets and gables, and the lofty firs, complete a picture of much interest—even apart from the glorious history with which it is associated.

The church is immediately beside the house. It is a work of the sixteenth century, and the principal part is the large mausoleum and Chapel, built by the first Countess for the Bedford family. Within the church is much to interest ; the roof is of open timber-work, and very ornamental ; there are a beautifully-carved pulpit, and an early circular Norman font. In front of the communion-table are some interesting brasses of the Cheyne family, the original possessors of the estate. In the chapel adjoining are many magnificent tombs to the members of the Russell family. The principal one is shown in our engraving, and may be considered as an historical memento of the principal members of the family. In the centre are full-length figures of the first Duke and Duchess, leaning upon a column, supporting the ducal coronet. Above them is a medallion of Lord William Russell, the victim of Charles II.; at the sides are similar medallions of six other members, male and female, of the family, whose names are inscribed around each head ; above, cherubim are seen supporting the arms and crest of the house. This tomb is sumptuously executed in coloured marbles. Immediately in front is the grated entrance to the burial vault, where nearly sixty of the family lie. The Lady Rachel Russell has—strange and sad to say—no memento in

Countess ; Anne, Countess of Warwick, their daughter, and Lady Francis Bourchier, their grand-daughter ; Francis, Earl of Bedford, who died 1641, and of his Countess ; that of the first Duke of Bedford, and a medallion of William, Lord Russell, who was buried here August 2nd, 1683, as well as some modern monuments to others of the family.

this chapel; her monument is the History of her country. Yet surely in these days of testimonials to the dead and to the living, when statesmen

The Bedford Mausoleum.

and warriors are "perpetuated in stone," it is scarcely too much to ask that one great and good woman may be thus commemorated, and so her example be extended and her influence more widely spread.

And behold what lustre the exercise of 'DUTIES' bestows upon a WOMAN! The celebrity of her character has been purchased by the '*sacrifice of no feminine virtue, and her principles, conduct, and sentiments, equally well adapted to every condition of her sex, will in all be found the surest guides to peace, honour, and happiness.*'

EDGEWORTHSTOWN.*

How often do we feel while gazing on a face upon which Time's iron pen is rapidly, and severely, inscribing and deepening the lines of age—how often do we feel that it would be a priceless privilege to lengthen a beloved life by the sacrifice of many of the years that seem promised to ourselves.

This very feeling, agonising though it be in its hopelessness, is a merciful preparation, enabling us all the better to endure a bereavement when it comes; we note the decreasing strength,

* I feel it a duty and a privilege to give some reminiscence of the venerable lady, who long permitted me the honour of calling her my friend. The opportunities I enjoyed of knowing Miss Edgeworth in her own home, the generous confidence she reposed in me, and the correspondence I have held with her, will I trust justify me in the desire to do honour to the memory of one I have so reverenced, and loved. I have heard from Mrs. Edgeworth, the widow of Miss Edgeworth's father (and heard it with regret in which all will participate,) that Miss Edgeworth had left a letter, 'to be delivered after death,' in which she requested that, '*no life might be written of her, and that none of her letters might be printed.*' But Mrs. Edgeworth does not express a wish that my respectful attachment to Miss Edgeworth shall not be recorded, and I recur with much satisfaction to a letter I received some five years ago from Miss Edgeworth, commenting upon the observations on Edgeworthstown and its inmates, necessarily introduced into our published work on "Ireland," in which she says, there is 'not a passage nor a word I should desire to erase.' I have therefore the belief, that to record a memory of this invaluable woman, as a beautiful example of domestic virtue, combined with the highest intellectual endowments, while it may gratify many and be useful to some, can be distasteful to no surviving member of a family, whose renown is a part of history, and who could have furnished the world, but for this interdict, with the most

the fluttering breath, and the increasing feebleness ; and, it may be, perceive a small cloud over the mental powers—a forgetfulness of the present, while the memories of childhood continue fresh as ever ; we observe these warnings with fears keenly awakened ; but they *are* observed ; and observed with natural dread, although suggestive of gratitude for long years of past enjoyment, sending us back to the treasure-house of our still green memory for the wealth created by the care, the protection, the unfathomable love of a dear parent, or almost as dear a friend. And if perchance we rebel against God for that He is about to call Home the aged and true and faithful labourer in his vineyard, a still small whisper comes to us in our lonely watchings, in the quiet night season—reminding us that after a little more weariness we shall all be united, 'and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd ;' the bitterness of sorrow passes, even as the harrow over the furrow, and we repeat, until the sweetness of consolation comes with the words ; 'Lord, not my will, but thine be done !'

This preparation is elysium compared with the terror which fills the heart when a dearly beloved object is so unexpectedly stricken by the hand of death, that it is hardly possible to realise the event which you are *told* it was only natural to anticipate. Such is especially the case when the friend has not been seen for a long season.

Miss Edgeworth's letters came to us as usual, and betrayed no symptoms of decay ; sometimes breathing a calm and Christian resignation to the 'removals,' which seemed all too rapidly to call from her domestic circle, many of those she loved ; those sorrows she never dwelt upon, so that her correspondence was full to overflowing with life and hope, containing little hints as to the disposal of the future, mingled with glances at the past, in such loving harmony that we never thought of the years the writer had numbered—or if we did, it was with pride, anticipating how many more it would still be given her to enjoy. We saw no change in the well-known writing ; it was as straight and firm as ever ; we *heard* of no failing ; and in our letters we had hoped and planned for the future, and said that

valuable correspondence of modern times. My readers will, I trust, pardon me if I am not always enabled to detach myself entirely from the theme concerning which I write ; and that they will also permit me to follow, without studied order or arrangement, my thoughts and feelings just as they occur to me in treating this subject.—A. M. H.

now the winter was gone, and the long days of summer at hand, we should meet again!

How vain are all human arrangements; we had forgotten that age as certainly brings death, as that the sparks fly heavenward! The bitter grief which overwhelmed us when we heard of the death of one so honoured and so dear as Miss Edgeworth had been to us from our youth up, cannot be considered as intrusive in these pages; thousands felt as we did, without having enjoyed the happiness of knowing her, as we have done; to such we may feel sure these brief memories of a woman to whom the actual world owes so much, cannot fail to be interesting.

She was full of vitality; unresting without being at all restless; she was tranquil, except when called into active thought or movement by somebody's want or whim; she was not too wise to minister even to the latter, and contrived not only to do everything it was necessary to do, but to do it at the exact time when it was most needed. To borrow a phrase of Lady Rachel Russell's, she was the most '*delicious friend*' it was possible to have. She had abundance of sympathy, but it was tempered by a thoughtfulness that was sure to be of value to those who told her their wants and wishes; and her little *impromptu* lectures,—half earnest, half playful,—were positive blessings to those who knew the priceless integrity of her most truthful nature.

When stimulated by her example, which had been a light to us, as well as to thousands, and warmed by her enthusiasm, we ventured to creep into the path she had trodden so triumphantly before our birth, and sent her, with an author's pride, and a young author's trembling, the first edition of 'Sketches of Irish Character,' we received, within a week, an analysis of every 'Sketch,' accompanied by such full and hearty praise, mingled with invaluable criticism, urging us forward at the same time, and stimulating the desire we felt to make the Irish peasant more favourably known to England, while earnestly endeavouring to correct those faults in the Irish character, which we believed to be the result of unhappy circumstances, and careless, if not cruel, treatment.

This correspondence led to our personal acquaintance, and it is a melancholy pleasure to recal our first visit to her, at the house of her sister

in North Audley Street, and remember how speedily our confusion vanished, and we felt as if re-united to an old friend. In person she was very small,—smaller than Hannah More,—and with more than Hannah More's vivacity of manner; her face was pale and thin, her features irregular; they may have been considered plain, even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manner so entirely well bred,—partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness,—that you never thought of her, in reference either to plainness or beauty; she was all in all, occupied, without fatiguing the attention; charmed by her pleasant voice; while the earnestness and truth that beamed in her bright blue—*very blue*—eyes, made of value every word she uttered,—her words were always well chosen; her manner of expression was graceful and natural; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she knew how to *listen* as well as to *talk*, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to the society of which, at the time, she formed a part; while listening to her, she continually recalled to us the story of the fairy whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they opened.

Miss Edgeworth was remarkably neat and particular in her dress; her feet and hands were so very small as to be quite child-like. We once took a shoe of hers to Melnotte's, in Paris, she having commissioned us to procure her some shoes there, and the people insisted that we must require them '*pour une jeune demoiselle.*'

We call to mind her once fixing upon the evening of a St. Patrick's day to spend with us. Let us pause for a moment to recal to remembrance those who crowded together on that particular evening—to think of the many assembled to meet the Miss Edgeworth to whom they all felt they owed so much. But few years have passed; yet the 'many' can be addressed only as 'the dead,'

'Whom we know by the light they *gave.*'

We so well remember the child-like impatience of Lætitia Landon to see the author of 'Early Lessons,' and how the colour mounted to her cheek when Miss Edgeworth looked long and earnestly at her, and taking her cordially by the hand, said a few words, as kind as they were graceful. 'I have lost all my eloquence to-night,' observed the poetess to us. 'I

can only feel how superior that little woman is to every body else, and rejoice not to have been disappointed.' There was the brilliant and gentle Laman Blanchard,—the cautious yet fervent Allan Cunningham,—the burly and boisterous Ettrick Shepherd,* whose meretricious fêteing in London was a sad contrast to his after suffering; the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope;' Miss Jewsbury, who, however cramped by sectarianism, was gifted with a loyal and lofty nature, and a noble genius, which, had her life been prolonged, would have won for her enduring fame; the excellent Mrs. Hofland, a model of women and of wives.—All these, and others, even dearer to the affections, have since passed away!

Maria Edgeworth was the daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the representative of an ancient and honourable English family, settled in Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth; his mother was an English lady, daughter of Lovell, recorder of London. Maria was his eldest child, by his first wife, Miss Elers, of Black Bowton in Oxfordshire, and in Oxfordshire Miss Edgeworth was born. Mr. Edgeworth's residence abroad had enlarged a mind of great natural capacity; he did not feel disposed to let things go on in the wrong because they had been 'always so:' after his first wife's death, he brought his second wife (Honora Sneyd) and his daughter, Maria, then twelve years old, to Edgeworthstown, in the county Longford, and laboured with zeal, tempered by an extraordinary degree of patience, amongst a tenantry dreading change, and considering improvements as insults;† and this feeling at that time was by no means confined to the 'lower classes.'

* We remember Miss Edgeworth being much amused by the compliment the Ettrick Shepherd paid that evening to poor Miss Landon—'I hae written mony bitter things aboot ye, but I'll do sae nae mair—*I did nae think ye'd been sae bonny.*'

† Those who desire to ascertain the value and intelligence of this enterprising gentleman, who, in all good respects, was far beyond the age in which he lived, will be amply rewarded by the perusal of his Life, commenced by himself, and finished by his daughter. It is curious to note how many persons, unknown to themselves, have been working out ideas concerning education and other matters, which he originated, and which, in many instances, were at the time he promulgated them, rejected as visionary, or, at least, impracticable. The time was not come, but he foresaw it. He knew the future by his knowledge of the present and the past. His capacious mind was not content with mere speculative opinions, but when he had established a theory, he put it in practice; thus at an advanced age, which is supposed to require especial repose, he undertook the drainage of bogs, and was as anxiously engaged in

In the year 1842 it became a duty, as well as a pleasure, to pay our long-promised visit to Edgeworthstown.

From this mansion, it is almost needless to say, has issued so much practical good, not only to Ireland but to the whole civilised world, that it may be said to possess the greatest moral influence of any residence in the kingdom.

Edgeworthstown is in the county of Longford, some forty miles from Dublin, and at no great distance from the principal town of the county. It is, as will be seen, a plain edifice of no great antiquity, and built with reference less to style than to comfort.

Although emphatically an Irish writer, Maria Edgeworth cannot be described as an Irishwoman. One fact in her career may therefore receive a word of comment; and it may be written without offence to the many great and distinguished authors, natives of Ireland, who in song and story have made its 'wrongs' immortal—Miss Edgeworth, who was never a party writer, was never an absentee. From the time of her arrival in Ireland, to the day of her death at the age of eighty-three, she was a resident upon the lands inherited by her family, where the influence of her example and her practical instruction extended to all within her reach.

Miss Edgeworth had so often described to us the family residence, that we could have recognised it without a previous entry to the neat and pretty village which skirts the plantations—looking to peculiar advantage, in the sunshine and sweetness of a June sunset. All we saw bore, as we had anticipated, the aspect of cleanliness, comfort, good order, prosperity, and contentment. There was no mistaking the fact that we were in the

absolute labour, as if he had been only five-and-twenty. His mechanical inventions have been acknowledged with due honour. Misunderstood as he occasionally was, he outlived much prejudice, and his children lived to see his memory duly honoured. His marrying Elizabeth Sneyd, after the death, and at the request of his second wife, Honora Sneyd, was at that time much opposed to the custom of our Church and of society. His fourth wife, the present Mrs. Edgeworth, was the daughter of a clergyman of the Established Church,—a lady of the highest honour and firmest Christian principles. When very young she undertook the duty of mother to Mr. Edgeworth's twelve children, by three wives, and added six to the number, all of whom loved and honoured her; those who remain value her as she deserves.

immediate neighbourhood of a resident Irish family, with minds to devise,

and hands to effect, every possible improvement within their control. The

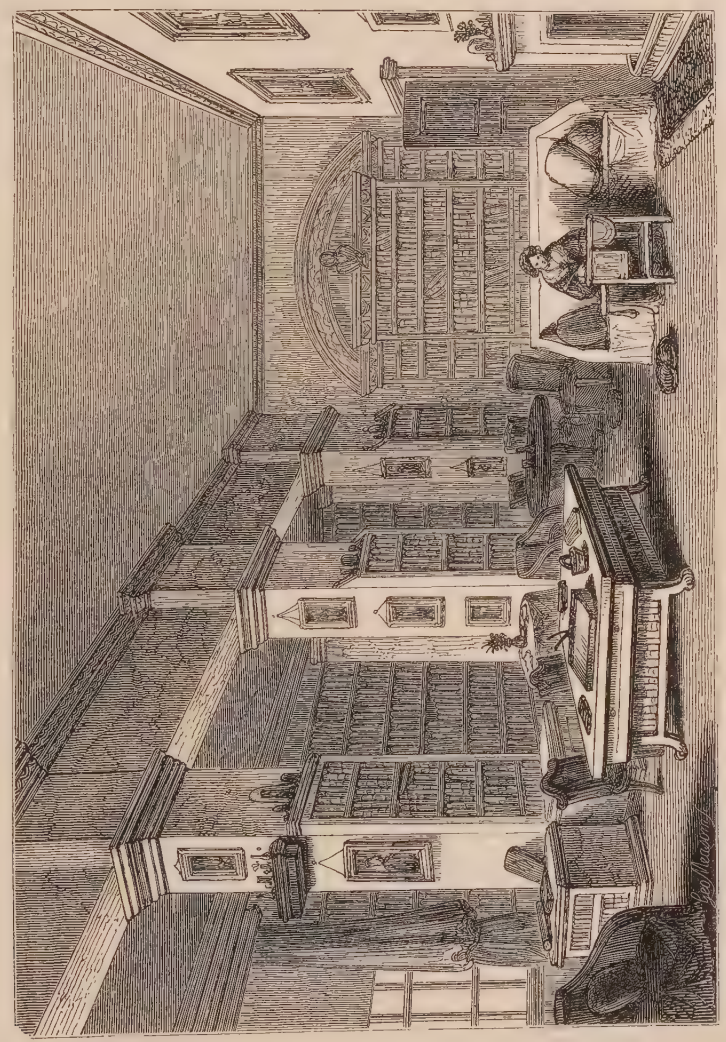
domain of Edgeworthstown is judiciously and abundantly planted ; and as we drove up the avenue at evening, it was cheering to see lights sparkle in the windows, to feel the cold nose of the house-dog thrust into our hands as earnest of welcome, and, above all, pleasant to receive the warm greeting of Mrs. Edgeworth, and a high privilege to meet Miss Edgeworth in the library, the very room in which had been written her invaluable works.

We had not met, except during a brief space, for some years, but she was really in nothing changed ; her voice, as light and happy, her laughter, as full of gentle and social mirth—her clear eyes, as bright and truthful—and her countenance as expressive of goodness and loving-kindness,—as they had ever been. She did not seem to us a day older than at our first meeting—indeed, it was impossible to consider her 'old' or 'aged' in any sense of the word ; she had used Time so well that he returned the compliment.

The entrance-hall at Edgeworthstown was an admirable preface to the house and family ; it was spacious, hung with portraits ; here, a case of stuffed birds ; there, another of curiosities ; specimens of various kinds, models of various things, all well arranged and well kept, all capable of affording amusement or instruction ; an excellent place it was for children to play in, for at every pause in their games their little minds would be led to question what they saw ; a charming waiting-room it might have been, were it not that at Edgeworthstown no one was ever kept waiting ; everything was as well timed as at a railway station.

The library at Edgeworthstown is by no means the stately solitary room that libraries generally are ; it is large, spacious, and lofty, well stored with books, and embellished with those most valuable of all classes of prints, the 'suggestive.' It is also picturesque, having been added to, and supported by pillars so as to increase its breadth, and the beautiful lawn seen through the windows, embellished and varied by clumps of trees, imparts much cheerfulness to the exterior. If you look at the oblong table in the centre, you will see the rallying point of the family, who were generally grouped around it, reading, writing, or working ; while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious upon one point,—that all in the house should do exactly as they liked, without reference to her,—sat in her own peculiar

corner on the sofa: her desk,—upon which was Sir Walter Scott's pen,



The Library at Edgeworthstown.

given to her by him, when in Ireland,—placed before her on a little

quaint, unassuming table, constructed and added to for convenience. Miss Edgeworth's abstractedness, and yet power of attention to what was going on,—the one not seeming to interfere with the other,—puzzled us exceedingly. In that same corner, and upon that table, she had written nearly *all* that has enlightened and delighted the world; the novels that moved Sir Walter Scott 'to do for Scotland what Miss Edgeworth had done for Ireland;' the works in which she brought the elevated sensibilities and sound morality of maturer life to a level with the comprehension of childhood, and rendered knowledge, and virtue, and care, and order, the playthings and companions of the nursery;—in that spot,—and while the numerous family were moving about and talking of the ordinary and everyday things of life,—she remained, wrapt up, to all appearance, in her subject, yet knowing, by a sort of instinct, when she was really wanted in the conversation; and then, without laying down her pen,—hardly looking up from her page,—she would, by a judicious sentence, wisely and kindly spoken, explain and illustrate, in a few words, so as to clear up any difficulty; or turn the conversation into a new and more pleasing current. She had the most harmonious way of throwing in explanations; informing, while entertaining, and that without embarrassing.

It was quite charming to see how Mr. Francis Edgeworth's children enjoyed * the freedom of the library without abusing it; to set these little people right when they were wrong, to rise from her table to fetch them a toy, or even to save a servant a journey; to run up the high steps and

* We have mentioned more than once the beautiful harmony in which this family lived; two of the sisters of Mrs. Honora and Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth, the Misses Sneyd, were loved and cherished at Edgeworthstown long after their sisters' death; and when the *fourth* mistress of the house would have been supposed, in the usual progress of things, to have introduced a new dynasty, all went on as usual; a perfect spirit of Christian love and unity was practised, without being talked of; and it will be seen in the following extract that Miss Edgeworth spoke of Mrs. Mary Sneyd as 'an aunt of ours,' although she need not have acknowledged the relationship, being the child of a *previous* marriage!

'We forgot whether we mentioned to you, that the Irish tale of "The Follower of the Family," pleased and delighted us peculiarly; they were some of the last works of fiction which were read to an *aunt of ours*, in very advanced age, and she enjoyed them with all the sensibility of youth, and with the fullest discrimination of their merits. These tales were read to Mrs. Mary Sneyd, in her ninetieth year, by our sister, and we think you would

find a volume that escaped all eyes but her own ; and having done all this, in less space of time than we have taken to write it, to hunt out the exact passage wanted or referred to—were the hourly employments of this unspoiled and admirable woman. She would then resume her pen, and continue writing, pausing sometimes to read a passage from an article or letter that pleased herself, and would please her still more if it excited the sympathy of those she loved. We expressed astonishment at this to Mrs. Edgeworth, who said that 'Maria was always the same ; her mind was so rightly balanced, everything so honestly weighed, that she suffered no inconvenience from what would disturb and distract an ordinary writer.' Perhaps to this habit, however, may be traced a want of closeness in her arguments ; indeed, neither on paper nor in conversation was she argumentative. She would rush at a thing at once, rendering it sparkling and interesting by her playfulness, and informing by anecdote or illustration, and then start another subject. She spoke in eloquent sentences, and felt so truly what she said, that she made others instantly feel also.

Miss Edgeworth would sit in her usual corner, reading to herself, and quarrelling aloud with a French novel ;* then interrupting her lamentations

have been gratified by the manner in which she read those tales ; we are very much of opinion that

"Those best can read them, who can feel them most."'

Miss Edgeworth sometimes expressed herself in the most graceful yet epigrammatic way possible :—'When you and Mr. Hall return to Ireland, you will find us at home, I may almost venture to be sure, some of us certainly, *and we are all one and the same—and assuredly one and the same in the wish to see you.*'

* Miss Edgeworth, in a letter dated April 23rd, 1838, thus expresses herself concerning French novels :—'All the fashionable French Novelists will soon be reduced to advertising for a NEW VICE, instead of, like the Roman Emperor, simply for a new pleasure. It seems to be with the Parisian novelists a first principle now, that there is no pleasure without vice, and no vice without pleasure ; but that the old world vices having been exhausted, they must strain their genius to invent new ; and so they do, in the most wonderful and approved bad manner, if I may judge from the few specimens I have looked at—M. de Balzac, for example, who certainly is a man of genius, and as certainly, "a de l'esprit comme un DEMON." I should think that he had not the least idea of the difference between right and wrong, only that he does know the difference by his regularly preferring the WRONG, and crying up all the *Ladies of Error*, as *Anges de tendresse*. His pathos has always, as the Anti-Jacobin so

over the questionable morality of France, by an endeavour to make us comprehend the financial details of the Edgeworthstown Loan Fund, impressing on our mind how faithfully the people 'paid up,' and giving an admirable imitation of a poor woman who had come with sundry excuses and intreaties for 'A little more time, ye'r honour, sure it's the fault of the cows entirely, for the fresh-butter that brought sivenpence, will now only bring fivepence, and credit for that same. 'Deed it's pay I will next week, sir." This Loan Fund lent two hundred pounds a week, and out of the profits an infant school, paying its mistress thirty pounds a year, was supported at Edgeworthstown. Then when other members of the family dropped in with their work or their writings, the progress of education was discussed, the various interests of the tenants or the poor talked over, so that relief was granted as soon as want was known. We regretted that so much of Miss Edgeworth's mind and attention was given to local matters, but the pleasure she herself derived from the improvement of every living thing around her, was delightful to witness. We thought ourself particularly good to be up and about at half-past seven in the morning ; * but early as it was, Miss Edgeworth had preceded us ; and a table heaped with early roses, upon which

well said of certain German sentimentalists, and as the Duchess of Wellington aptly quoted to me, of a poetic genius of later days—his pathos has always

"A tear for poor guilt."

Vide "Père Goriot," who pays the gaming debts of his daughter's lover, provides a luxuriously furnished house of assignation, bath and boudoir for one of his "*angel*" daughter-sinners ; and tells her he wishes he could strangle her husband for her with his own hands, having first married and *sold* her to said husband for his own vanity and purpose. If the force of vice and folly can farther go, look for it in another of M. de Balzac's most beautifully written immoralities, "Le Message," where the husband "gobbles" up the dinner, to the scandal of the child, while the wife is stifling in the barn, or screaming in despair for the death of her lover which had been communicated to her by the amiable gentleman-messenger, at the moment he is dining with the husband, who knows all about it, and goes on "*gobbling*," while the child exclaims, "Papa, you would not eat so, if mamma was here!!!!" Dear Mrs. Hall, notes of admiration are the only notes that can follow such pictures of French nature in man, woman, or child!'

* We rejoiced beyond all telling at the morning calling together of the household for family worship : this was *never omitted ;* there never was a more unfounded calumny than that which declared that the family at Edgeworthstown put away the consolations of

the dew was still moist, and a pair of gloves, too small for any hands but hers, told who was the early florist. She was passionately fond of flowers: she liked to grow them, and to give them; one of the most loved and cherished of our garden's rose-bushes, is a gift from Miss Edgeworth; it is old now: but it still pays us its annual tribute, and is still a happy and profitable memory of the past. There was a rose, or a little bouquet of her arranging always by each plate on the breakfast-table, and if she saw our bouquet faded, she was sure to tap at our door with a fresh one before dinner. And this from Maria Edgeworth—then between seventy and eighty!—to us!! These small attentions enter the heart and remain there, when great services and great talents are regarded perhaps like great mountains,—distant and cold and ungenial. We linger over what we write, and yet feel we cannot portray her at all as we desire to do.

We enjoyed the wet days in that house far more than we did the fine ones, which we spent in the family coach — driving over the country. We fancied the long drives fatigued Miss Edgeworth; at least the after-dinner nap of the latter was much longer after visiting the lions of the neighbourhood, than when we passed the morning,—part in that beloved library, part in Miss Edgeworth's own particular flower-garden,—or, sweeter still, *alone* with her in our own bed-room; where she would come, dear, kind, old lady! to help off a shawl, or inquire if our feet were damp after a stroll on the lawn, or if we wanted anything, and then sit down and talk of those whom she had known, but whose names were history—a history, of which she herself is now so grand and so dear a part.

Her extensive correspondence was not confined to any clique, any country, or any particular order of talent. She seemed to have known everybody worth knowing, and to have taken pleasure all her life in writing letters, when, as she observed, she had 'anything to say.' She never wearied of talking of Sir Walter Scott, and she seldom spoke of him

Christianity, or even the forms of the Protestant Church. We accompanied them on Sunday to the parish church; various members of the family are united to clergymen of the church; the Rev. Dr. Butler of Trim, the brother-in-law of Miss Edgeworth, being one of the most excellent as well as accomplished clergymen in Ireland.

without her eyes filling with tears. 'You London people,' she said, 'never saw Scott as he really was; his own home and country drew him out, he was made up of thought and feeling, illumined by a wonderful memory, and possessed of the power of adapting and illustrating everything with anecdote. Every heart and face grew bright, in the brightness of Scott.' Miss Edgeworth suffered bitterly during Scott's illness; she talked much and sorrowfully both about him and poor Basil Hall. 'People will overtask themselves,' she said, 'in the very teeth of example; even Sir Walter knew he was destroying himself; he told me that four hours a day, at works of imagination, was enough: adding that he had wrought fourteen.'

'One thing I must tell you,' she exclaimed, after we had been turning over several of Sir Walter Scott's letters, 'one thing I must tell you, Sir Walter Scott was almost the only literary man who never tired me; Sir J—— M—— was a clever talker, but he tired me very much, although my sister once repeated to me seventeen things he said worth remembering one morning at breakfast.'

We could not help thinking that the task of remembering 'seventeen clever things' must have been great fatigue. Miss Edgeworth's collection of autograph letters was by far the most interesting we ever saw, far more so than any published during the present century, and she used to bring us box after box filled with the correspondence of all the people of 'her time'—a period then of more than fifty years: sometimes she would pick out the most interesting, and then leave the collection to 'amuse' ourselves; it was not the mere chit-chat of the period, but the opinions of clever people given to clever people. We felt it a great privilege and advantage to read those letters; some few were from the leading men of her father's time to him; Sir Walter Scott's were, we had almost said, without number; the correspondence of many years with Joanna Baillie, Miss Seward, with Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. Grant; packets of foreign letters, and multitudes from America, which Miss Edgeworth said was 'a letter-writing country.' Many of these concerned Laura Bridgeman, about whom Miss Edgeworth was much interested; several from great statesmen and celebrated persons of all grades and kinds; but we are convinced that Miss Edgeworth had too much delicacy to suffer any eyes but her own to

dwell on the private letter of a friend; for these were all, with perhaps one or two exceptions, what might be given to the public, and all full of interest. David Ricardo's letters, written so many years previously concerning the state of Ireland, struck us as almost prophetic. Our readers will remember that in 1842 there had been no appearance of potato disease, yet we thought his observations concerning the culture of the potato so striking that at the time we asked Miss Edgeworth's permission to use them; he questioned whether the potato was a blessing, or the contrary, to Ireland, and his opinion decidedly was *against* its being a blessing: he argued that anything cultivated to the exclusion of other things, *and whose failure creates a famine*, must be an evil; consequently the cultivation of the potato, to the exclusion of other things, *is* an evil; the experience of the past few years proves how entirely Ricardo was right.*

Miss Packenham, afterwards Duchess of Wellington, was so nearly connected with the Edgeworth family, that she consulted Mr. Edgeworth frequently during her husband's absence on the education of her sons. Miss Edgeworth spoke of her with great affection and tenderness; and, perhaps, there is nothing more touching in the whole history of a woman's love, than that noble lady's entreaty during her last illness to be carried into the room, in which the gifts of many nations to 'the duke' are deposited. 'Never,' said Miss Edgeworth, 'had she looked so lovely to me as she did the day I saw her there. She had the palest blush on her fair cheek, and pointing round, she said, "These are tributes paid to *him* by all the world, not gained by trickery or fraud."' We have never looked round the room of royal presents that beautify, though they cannot add to the attraction of Apsley House, without picturing the fragile lady upon the sofa, where she breathed her last, surrounded by tributes to her husband's greatness.

* One of the greatest proofs of Miss Edgeworth's practical patriotism, is the simple fact, that with a keen relish for, and appreciation of what she considered the *best*, namely, the *best bred* society, combining high talent, high rank, and pure morals, with every possible temptation to spend her time and money in England, she preferred devoting herself, with her family, to the local improvement of the neighbourhood of Edgeworthstown; and, when in her eightieth year, set herself the task of writing the juvenile book of 'Orlandino,' to increase her means of utility in the hour of Ireland's extreme sorrow and famine.

Miss Edgeworth's honesty of thought was always present, like the fragrance of a rose, to add the sanctity of truth to the pleasure of her society. She would out with something that made us laugh at once, and then, while untying another bundle of letters, exclaim, 'Ay, laugh away as I did when Mr. So-or-so *said it to me.*' She scorned to borrow a word, much less an idea, without an acknowledgment. We had no patience with Mrs. Inchbald's letters; we thought her tone of patronage to one so infinitely her superior, so impertinent. Her stage criticisms were keen and clever, and perhaps just; but theatrical people are, above all other artists, the victims of opinion, and a fool is more ready than a wise man to record what he pretends to *think.* One letter we remember, made us very indignant; it was written soon after the publication of Miss Edgeworth's novel of 'Ormond,' and dear Miss Edgeworth only said, '*Well, she thought it!*' We do believe she would have borne anything for the sake of sincerity, her whole life was a lesson of truth, and yet her truths never offended; she took the rough edge off an opinion with so tender and skilful a hand, she was so much fonder of wiling you into a virtue than exciting terror at a vice; so stedfast yet so gentle, that whenever she left the room, there was something wanting, a joy departed, a light gone out.

She had a vivid perception of the ridiculous, but that was kept in admirable order by her benevolence. Her eyes and mouth would often smile, when she restrained an observation, which, if it had found words, would have amused us, while it perhaps pained others; and yet she had the happiest manner of saying things, drawing a picture with a few words, as a great artist produces a likeness with a few touches of his pencil. We remember Cuvier excited our admiration very much, during one of our visits to Paris; we saw him frequently in society, and his magnificent head captivated our imagination. 'Yes,' said Miss Edgeworth, 'he is indeed a wonder, but he has been an example of the folly of literary and scientific men being taken out of their sphere; Cuvier was more vain of his bad speeches in the Chamber of Peers, than he was of his vast reputation as a naturalist.'

We never knew any one so ready to give information; her mind was generous in every sense of the word, in small things as well as in large;

she gave away all the duplicates of her shells — 'One is enough,' she would say, 'I must keep *that* out of compliment to the giver.' She was not reserved in speaking of her literary labours, but she never seemed to be *in her own head*, as it were—much less *in her own heart:* she loved herself, thought of herself, cared for herself, infinitely less than she did for those around her. Naturally anxious to know everything connected with her habits of thought and writing—we often reverted to her books, which she said we remembered a great deal better than she did herself. When she saw that we really enjoyed talking about them, she spoke of them with her usual frankness. We told her we observed that she spoke to children as she wrote for them, and she said it was so; and she believed that having been so much with children, had taught her to think for them. We have no doubt that the succession of children in the Edgeworth family kept alive her interest in childhood; those who withdraw from the society of youth, when they themselves are no longer young, turn away from the greenness and freshness of existence; it is as if winter made no preparation for, and had no desire to be succeeded by spring.

While seeing the little weaknesses of humanity, clearly and truly, she avoided dwelling upon them, and could not bear to inflict pain: 'People,' she said, 'see matters so differently that the very thing I should be most proud of makes others blush with shame; Wedgewood carried the "hod" of mortar in his youth, but his family objected to that fact being stated in "Harry and Lucy."'

We once asked her how long she took to write a novel. She replied, she had generally taken ample time; she had written 'Ormond' in three months; 'but that,' she added, 'was at my father's command; I read to him at night what I wrote by day, and I never heard of the book, nor could I think of it, after his death, until my sister, two years after, read it me; then it was quite forgotten.' She had a great veneration for Father Mathew, and said Mr. Hall did himself honour by being the first Protestant, and the first Conservative, who advocated his cause *in print:* 'What authors *say* goes for nothing,' she observed; 'it is what they *write* they should be judged by; now he *wrote* the praise, and *printed* it; but, she continued, 'the absence of humour in the modern peasantry, which you observe, is not to be altogether attributed to the want of whiskey; the people

had grown reserved before Father Mathew came among them ; they imagine they have a part to play in the organisation of their country ; their heads are fuller of politics * than fun ; in fact they have been drilled into thinking about what they cannot understand, and so have become reserved and suspicious—that is, to what they used to be.' Her affection for Ireland was, if we may be allowed the term, philosophic : she saw clearly the perfections and the faults of the people : she admired the one and knew the remedy for the other ; her devotion to the country was not blind, but it was earnest, patient, and of working as well as thinking power, without the cant which has been the bane of one party, and the bigotry that has blinded the other ; her religious and political faith were alike CHRISTIAN, in the most extended sense of that holy word.

These extended views and enlarged sympathies were beyond the comprehension of many ; but even the squirearchy, who, we have heard, were enraged at the publication of 'Castle Rackrent,' and the ladies, who fancied the picture of Mrs. O'Rafferty, in 'The Absentee,' an insult to the 'ladies' of Dublin, forgave her for the sweet sake of 'Gracy Nowlan,' and the exquisite fidelity of 'Old Thady.' †

* On returning to Dublin from Edgeworthstown we were convinced of the truth of this observation : while waiting for change of horses at Maynooth, the carriage was as usual, surrounded by beggars, one after another ; they begged for everything they could think of : 'A little sixpence, ye'r honour, just for the honour of Ould Ireland and good luck ;' 'It's only the half of that, or a fourpenny bit, I'd be axing, that you mightn't dirty ye'r glove with them mane ha'pence ;' 'Maybe ye'd have a bit of bread or anything, to stop the hunger of the children, my lady ;' and, at last, when the horses were about to start an old crone exclaimed, 'Ah, then *lave us the bit of a newspaper itself to amuse us whin ye'r gone!*'

† On looking back to Miss Edgeworth's letters (all of which are dated) we find in one, bearing date April 8, 1832, these few remarks about Ireland, which apply to the present as well as the past :—'I fear we have much to go through in this country before we come to quiet, settled life, and a ready obedience to the laws. There is literally no rein of law at this moment to hold the Irish ; and through the whole country, there is what I cannot justly call a spirit of REFORM, but a spirit of REVOLUTION, under the name of reform ; a restless desire to overthrow what is, and a hope, more than a hope, an expectation, of gaining liberty and wealth, or both, in the struggle ; and if they do gain either, they will lose both again, and be worse off than ever—they will afterwards quarrel amongst themselves, destroy one another, and be again enslaved with heavier chains. I am, and have been all my life, a sincere friend to moderate measures, as long as reason can be heard ; but there comes a time, at the actual commencement of uproar, when reason cannot be heard, and when the ultimate

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

We remember saying to her, how happy it was for Ireland that she had overcome every religious prejudice.

'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'I never had religious prejudices to overcome, so I deserve no praise for being without them.' Miss Edgeworth never wrote that other people might practise, but she wrote what she and hers practised daily; it was evident from the children being constantly with the family, that they still held by the opinion that intercourse between children and servants is injurious to the former. 'We believe in it,' said Miss Edgeworth; 'but I have long learned how very impossible it is for others to practise it. My father made it easy; for not only his wife, but his children, knew all his affairs. Whatever business he had to do was done in the midst of his family, usually in the common sitting-room; so that we were intimately acquainted, not only with his general principles of conduct, but with the most minute details of their every-day application.'

Of this habit she spoke with the warmest feelings of approbation and gratitude, and it produced a rich fruitage. Mr. Edgeworth's daughter Honora, if she had lived, would have perhaps rivalled Maria in literary composition; and each of the family we have met was possessed of varied but most remarkable and well-developed qualities. It is quite impossible to recall Edgeworthstown without recalling the memory of its FOUNDER, as Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth may be considered, though he was preceded by many rich in talent and high in station. While staying there, even we, as strangers, felt what we may call 'his presence' everywhere. She, of whom we write, had sat beneath his shadow while she laboured, and imbibed much of his combined philosophy and activity; and the daughters of his

law of force must be resorted to, to prevent greater evils—*that time was lost in the beginning of the French Revolution*—I hope it may not now be lost in Ireland. It is scarcely possible that this country can now be tranquillised without military force to re-establish law; the people MUST be made to obey the laws, or they cannot be ruled after any concessions. Nor would the mob be able to rule if they got all they desire; they would only tear each other to pieces, and die DRUNK or famish SOBER. The misfortune of this country has been, that England has always yielded to *clamour* what should have been granted to *justice*.' With such sentiments, founded on what Miss Edgeworth states in the "Memoirs of her Father" to have been the result of observation and a companionship with him, from the time of his settling on his estate at Edgeworthstown in 1782, until the time of his death, a period of nearly five-and-thirty years, no wonder that the grand agitator of Ireland so frequently regretted that Maria Edgeworth 'could not be tempted to advocate repeal.'

house were as remarkable for their strength and powers of mind, as for the beautiful womanliness of character, of which Maria Edgeworth was the perfection.

Miss Edgeworth said, it was in 1778 that Mrs. Honora Edgeworth, while teaching her first child to read, found the want of something to follow Mrs. Barbauld's lessons, and felt the difficulty of explaining the language of the books for children which were then in use. She imparted this difficulty to her husband, and they commenced for their own children the first part of 'Harry and Lucy,' or of 'Practical Education,' as we saw it called, on the title-page of one of the first copies, printed literally for *their own children*. Mr. Edgeworth intended to have carried on the history of Harry and Lucy through every stage of childhood; to have diffused through an interesting story the first principles of morality, with some of the elements of science and literature, so as to show parents how these may be taught, without wearying the pupil's attention. No writer of eminence except Dr. Watts and Mrs. Barbauld, had at that time condescended to write for children. How many have since rushed into so popular and lucrative a track, the multitude of juvenile books supply evidence: but we may readily confess how much we have all fallen short of our great originator. It is curious to remember that Mr. Day, one of Mr. Edgeworth's oldest friends, designed 'Sandford and Merton,' as a short story to be inserted in 'Harry and Lucy.' The illness of Mrs. Honora Edgeworth interrupted the progress of that volume; 'and after her death,' Miss Edgeworth said, 'her father could not bear to continue it.' Thus 'Harry and Lucy' remained for more than twenty years with the first part printed, but not published. It was then given to Maria Edgeworth for a part of 'Early Lessons.'* Long as Mr. Edgeworth had been dead,

* 'After "Practical Education," the next book which we published in partnership was in 1803, the "Essay on Irish Bulls;" the first design of this essay was his; under the semblance of attack he wished to show the English public the eloquence, wit, and talents of the lower classes of people in Ireland. Working zealously upon the ideas which he suggested, sometimes what was spoken by him, was afterwards written by me; or *when I wrote my first thoughts, they were corrected and improved by him.*' This we quote from Miss Edgeworth's Life of her Father,—where her truthfulness flashes ever and anon, like diamonds in a rich setting—oh how bright and beautiful it is! what a halo it sheds around her memory! On this same page, she says again, 'All passages in which there are Latin quotations, or classical

he was constantly referred to by his family, as if he had only left the room, in the simplest and most touching manner; but when Miss Edgeworth spoke of him for any length of time, her eyes would fill with tears. His mind was so inventive that nothing seemed new at Edgeworthstown. He appears to have anticipated all modern improvements; 'and yet,' said Miss Edgeworth, 'all his literary ambition, then and ever, was for me!'

As the interdict will prevent Miss Edgeworth's family from publishing her life and correspondence, we cannot but think that a new edition of her father's life, produced in a popular form, would be of the greatest value to all classes of the community; the second volume, written by Miss Edgeworth, is so unaffectedly herself, while she seeks to illustrate the character of her beloved father, that it should find a place on every table, and be of decided advantage to parents in training their children. We remember once her detailing to us the plot of a novel she intended writing; and telling us at the same time, that she had destroyed seven hundred pages of a manuscript, because she did not think it good enough to publish. We remember how we regretted this, and found consolation in the hope that one day or other the publication of her letters would atone for the loss. We knew that she was incapable of keeping "a journal"—a *private* journal—intended, from the first page to the last, for the public; and that she was too honourable to *keep* letters which ought to be destroyed when read—but it seems to be like casting gold into a grave to destroy a line that she has left.

Some of the 'unco good' have complained of what they call the want of *religious*, but what we should rather call *sectarian*, instruction, in Miss Edgeworth's juvenile works. 'We wrote,' she said to us, 'for every sect, and did not, nor do I now, think it right, to introduce the awful idea of God's superintendence upon puerile occasions. I hold religion in a

allusions, must be his exclusively, *because I am entirely ignorant of the learned languages.*' What a reproof is this to lady-authors, who hunt out 'learned quotations,' that they may *seem learned*; in truth, justice, and generosity, she was without superior. We might quote page after page of praise of cotemporary novelists from her letters, which show her mental generosity,—and this is the true test of generosity, to praise the excellence that illumines *our own* path: the musician will praise the poet without a pang of envy, the poet the musician; but let musician praise musician, and poet poet, and painter painter, and author author,—that is the test by which a reputation for genuine generosity ought to stand or fall.

more exalted view than as a subject of perpetual outward exhibition. Many dignitaries of the established church honoured my father by their esteem and private friendship; this could not have been, had they believed him to be either an open or concealed enemy to *Christianity*.' Certainly as a magistrate, as a member of the Board of Education, as a Member of Parliament, Mr. Edgeworth had public opportunities of recording his opinions; and there is no trace, that we could ever discover, of his desiring to found a system of morality exclusive of religion. Unfortunately, in Ireland, if you are not—we do not like the word, but we can find no other —*bigoted*, to one or the other party, you are marked and stigmatised as irreligious—or worse—by both.

We do not design to write a panegyric. Miss Edgeworth's own WORKS will suffice for that; they are imperishable monuments of her usefulness and her 'good will,' especially towards the country of her adoption and towards children. But even after a visit to Edgeworthstown, where a natural habit of observation, as well as a desire to read her rightly, made us more than usually awake to every word and every passing incident—bright days of rambling and sunshine, and dark days of rain and conversation with her and hers—seeing her thus, away from the meretricious glare and false lights of London society, where we had first met her, in the trying seclusion of a country-house, in the midst of a most mingled family—where her father's last wife was many years younger than herself, and the half-foreign children and foreign wife of her youngest brother rendered the mingling still more extraordinary—recalling all seen and known of other families, where children, of the same parents too, seldom live together in unity—we remember nothing that at this distance of time does not excite our admiration and increase our affection for this admirable woman, combining in her small self whatever we believe to be most deserving of praise in her sex. She was a literary woman, without vanity, affectation, or jealousy—a very sunbeam of light, in a home rendered historic by her genius—a perfect woman in her attention to those little offices of love and kindness which sanctify domestic life; a patriot, but not a politician—the champion of a country's virtues, without being blind either to its follies or its crimes. Honoured wherever her name was heard during half a century of literary industry; idolised by a family composed, as we have

said, of many members under one roof, yet tuned into matchless harmony by admirable management and right affection : * this woman, so loved, so honoured, so cherished to the very last, was entirely unselfish. We have said this before, and repeating it cannot give strength to the fact ; but we have so often felt benefit from her example, and the consideration of her virtues, that we desire others, especially the young of our own sex, to do the same. During her last visit to London, we still thought her unchanged ; like Scott, she was not seen to the same advantage in London crowds, as amid the home-circle of Edgeworthstown. Our last meeting was at the house of her beloved sister, in North Audley Street. She was there the centre of attraction amongst those of the highest standing in literature ; the hot room and the presentations wearied her, and so her anxious sister thought ; but she, again like Scott, was the gentlest of lions, and suffered to admiration. When going, she pressed our hand and whispered, ' We will make up for this at Edgeworthstown.' We certainly did not think we should see her no more in this world. We have imagined the half-hour of her illness in that now desolate monument of so much that was great and good ; a brother and sister—the brother nearly half a century younger than Maria Edgeworth—who were there when we were at Edgeworthstown, had been called away before her. The widow of her father, and the widow of her tenderly-loved brother, knew that she had written a note to Dr. Marsh, complaining of not being as well as usual ; yet had felt little alarm. In less than half-an-hour after this letter was written, Mrs. Edgeworth went into Miss Edgeworth's bed-room —the little room that overlooked the flower-garden—stood by her bedside, became alarmed ; and passing her arm under her head, turned it on her shoulder, so as to raise her up. After the lapse of a few moments, she felt neither motion nor breath ; and it was only the *form* of her long-cherished and beloved friend that she pressed to her bosom. She died in her eighty-third year, it may be truly said full of years and honours.†

* It would seem that the family of Edgeworth were as united in 1844, when we visited them, as in 1796, when Mr. Edgeworth, in a letter to Dr. Darwin, wrote the following passage :—' I do not think one tear per month is shed in this house, nor the voice of reproof heard, nor the hand of restraint felt.'

† We honoured her birthday as we do our mother's, and always managed she should receive a letter of congratulation; this is a reply to one of the 1st January, 1849, the day

We, who knew HER so long and so well, who have lived in the house of happiness with THEM, can hardly imagine, much less describe, the lonely blank that is left—more particularly in the heart of the venerable lady, who must have deeply felt the want of object, the want of counsel, the want of sympathy—the want of one who filled her thoughts from morning till night, either to share her sorrows or enjoyments, and make up by unceasing love and pity, the one for the other, the heavy losses they both sustained, particularly within the last few years by the death of Mrs. Edgeworth's beloved children—almost, if not quite, as dear to the one as to the other; but we can picture the mourning village, when she was carried within that church, and laid in her father's tomb, beneath the shadow of the spire, which tells of his invention and perseverance, as well as his desire to add to the beauty of the Christian church of his own parish; we can fancy the wail of the weeping children of the schools, and the utter *desolation* which reigns in that once cheerful library. All that relates

she completed her eighty-second birthday. It shows how bright and kind she was ever, and to the last :—

'My dear Mrs. Hall,—Your cordial warm-hearted note, was the very pleasantest I received on my birthday, except those from my own family.

'I am truly obliged to you for it, and quite touched by your kind remembrance.

'Mrs. Edgeworth felt it as I do, and so did a sister of mine, whom you do not know, but whom you would like very much if you did know her, Mrs. Butler—the "Harriette Edgeworth"—justly described in Sir Walter Scott's letters.

'I hope you and Mr. Hall will revisit Ireland one of these days, and that you will make your way again to Edgeworthstown. You must not delay long if you mean to see me again; remember, you have just congratulated me on my eighty-second birthday.

'I wish you would be so very kind as to give me as a birthday present yours and Mr. Hall's *third* volume of "Ireland." I have only one number of it, that which cost you so much thought and care to word; and which gratified me and my family so much, from the manner you mentioned us, saying nothing we could wish unsaid.

'I am ashamed to beg this volume from you, but I do so wish to have it from the kind author, that I cannot refrain from making this request. If there be any of mine that you would accept, or if your dear little girl would like to have a set of my little books, just now republished, let me know and I will have them sent to you.'

Our 'little girl' rejoiced as much at this prospect as we should have done at her age; but the following little circumstance marks the charming mind of the giver. The books came from the London publisher's, but Miss Edgeworth had enclosed him, written with her own hand on slips of paper, "To Mrs. S. C. Hall's dear good little girl. From Maria Edgeworth, in her eighty-third year." And these were carefully pasted, by her direction, in *each* volume.

to this honoured and honourable family, is becoming matter of history; and in a short space of time, hundreds who have learned all the good that books can teach from those imperishable monuments of Maria Edgeworth's zeal and industry in every good cause, will make pilgrimages to her shrine —the *neutral ground* of Ireland—where all may worship, without idolatry, the ESSENCE of as pure, as high a nature as ever ascended in the spirit of faith to the throne of the Supreme.

THE GARDEN OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

WHILE living in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, we determined to look upon the few broken walls that once enclosed the residence of Sir Thomas More—a man, who despite the bitterness inseparable from a persecuting age, was of most wonderful goodness as well as intellectual power. We first read over the memories of him preserved by Erasmus, Hoddesdon, Roper, Aubrey, his own namesake, and others. It is pleasant to muse over the past,—pleasant to know that much of malice and bigotry has departed, to return no more,—that the prevalence of a spirit which could render even Sir Thomas More unjust, and, to seeming, cruel, is passing away. Though we do implicitly believe there would be no lack of great hearts, and brave hearts, at the present day, if it were necessary to bring them to the test—still, there have been few men like unto him. It is a pleasant, and a profitable task, so to sift through past ages, as to separate the wheat from the chaff,—to see, when the feelings of party and prejudice sink to their proper insignificance, how the morally great stands forth in its own dignity, bright, glorious, and everlasting. St. Evremond sets forth the firmness and constancy of Petronius Arbiter in his last moments, and imagines he discovers in them a softer nobility of mind and resolution, than in the deaths of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates himself; but Addison says, and we

cannot but think truly, 'that if he was so well pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much more noble instance of it in Sir Thomas More, who died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by that side for which he suffered. What was pious philosophy in this extraordinary man, might seem phrensy in any one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his life and manners.'

Oh, that some such man as he were to sit upon our woolsack now; what would the world think, if when the mighty oracle commanded the next cause to come on, the reply should be, '*Please your good lordship, there is no other!*' Well might the smart epigrammatist write:—

When More some time had Chancellor been,
No more suits did remain;
The same shall never more be seen,
Till More be there again!

We mused over the history of his time until we slept—and dreamed: and first in our dream we saw a fair meadow, and it was sprinkled over with white daisies, and a bull was feeding therein; and as we looked upon him he grew fatter and fatter, and roared in the wantonness of power and strength, so that the earth trembled; and he plucked the branches off the trees, and trampled on the ancient enclosures of the meadow, and as he stormed, and bellowed and destroyed, the daisies became human heads, and the creature flung them about and warmed his hoofs in the hot blood that flowed from them; and we grew sick and sorry at heart, and thought, is there no one to slay the destroyer? And when we looked again, the Eighth Harry was alone in the meadow; and, while many heads were lying upon the grass, some kept perpetually bowing before him, while others sung his praises as wise, just, and merciful. Then we heard a trumpet ringing its scarlet music through the air, and we stood in the old tilt-yard at Whitehall, and the pompous Wolsey, the bloated King, the still living Holbein, the picturesque Surrey, the Aragonian Catherine, the gentle Jane, the butterfly Anne Bullen, the coarse-seeming but wise-thinking Ann of Cleves, the precise Catherine Howard, and the stout-hearted Catherine Parr, passed us so closely by, that we could have touched

their garments—then a bowing troop of Court gallants came on—others whose names and actions you may read of in history—and then the hero of our thoughts, Sir Thomas More—well dressed, for it was a time of pageants—was talking somewhat apart to his pale-faced friend Erasmus, while 'Son Roper,' as the Chancellor loved to call his son-in-law, stood watchfully and respectfully a little on one side. Even if we had never seen the pictures Holbein painted of his first patron, we should have known him by the bright benevolence of his aspect, the singular purity of his

Clock House

complexion, his penetrating yet gentle eyes, and the incomparable grandeur with which virtue and independence dignified even an indifferent figure. His smile was so catching that the most broken-hearted were won by it to forget their sorrows; and his voice, low and sweet though it was, was so distinct, that we heard it above all the coarse jests, loud music, and trumpet calls of the vain and idle crowd. And while we listened, we awoke; resolved next day to make our Pilgrimage, perfectly satisfied at the outset, that though no fewer than four houses in Chelsea contend for the honour of his residence, Doctor King's arguments in favour of the site being the same as that of Beaufort House—upon the greater part of which now stands Beaufort-row—are the most conclusive; those who are curious

in the matter can go and see his manuscripts in the British Museum. Passing Beaufort-row, we proceeded straight on to the turn leading to the Chelsea *Clock-house.*

It is an old, patched-up, rickety dwelling, containing perhaps but few of the original stones, yet interesting as being the lodge-entrance to the offices of Beaufort House ; remarkable, also, as a dwelling of a family of the name of Howard, who have occupied it for more than a hundred years, the first possessor being gardener to Sir Hans Sloane, into whose possession, after a lapse of years, and many changes, a portion of Sir Thomas More's property had passed. This Howard had skill in the distilling of herbs and perfumes, which his descendant carries on to this day. We lifted the heavy brass knocker, and were admitted into the 'old clock-house.' The interior shows evident marks of extreme age, the flooring being ridgy and seamed, bearing their marks with a discontented creaking—like the secret murmurs of a faded beauty against her wrinkles ! On the counter stood a few frost-bitten geraniums ; and drawers, containing various roots and seeds, were ranged round the walls, while above them were placed good stout quart and pint bottles of distilled waters. The man would have it that the 'clock-house' was the 'real original' lodge-entrance to 'Beaufort House ;' and so we agreed it might have been, but, not, '*perhaps,*' built during Sir Thomas More's lifetime. To this insinuation he turned a deaf ear, assuring us that his family, having lived there so long, must know all about it, and that the brother of Sir Hans Sloane's gardener had made the great clock in old Chelsea Church, as the church books could prove. 'You can, if you please,' he said, 'go under the archway at the side of this house, leading into the Moravian chapel and burying-ground, where the notice, that "within are the Park-chapel Schools," is put up.' And that is quite true ; the Moravians now only use the chapel which was erected in their burying-ground to perform an occasional funeral service in, and so they 'let it' to the infant school. The burying-ground is very pretty in the summer time. Its space occupies only a small portion of the Chancellor's garden ; part of the walls are very old, and the south one certainly belonged to Beaufort House. There have been some who traced out a Tudor arch and one or two Gothic windows as having been filled up with more modern mason-

work; but that may be fancy. There seems no doubt that the Moravian chapel stands on the site of the old stables.

'Then,' we said, 'the clock-house could only have been at the entrance to the offices.' The man looked for a moment a little hurt at this observation as derogatory to the dignity of his dwelling, but he smiled, and said, 'Perhaps so;' and very good-naturedly showed us the cemetery of this interesting people. Indeed, their original settlement in Chelsea is quite a romance. The chapel stands to the left of the burial-ground which is entered by a primitive wicket-gate; it forms a square of thick grass, crossed by broad gravel walks, kept with the greatest neatness. The tomb-stones are all flat, and the graves not raised above the level of the sward. They are of two sizes only: the larger for grown persons, the smaller for children. The inscriptions on the grave-stones, in general seldom record more than the names and ages of the persons interred. The men are buried in one division, the women in another. We read one or two of the names, and they were quaint and strange: 'Anne Rypheria Hurloch;' 'Anna Benigna La Trobe;' and one was especially interesting, James Gillray, forty years sexton to this simple cemetery, and father of Gillray, the H.B. of the past century. One thing pleased us mightily—the extreme old age to which all the dwellers in this house seemed to have attained.

A line of ancient trees runs along the back of the narrow gardens of Milman's-row,—which is parallel with, but farther from the town than Beaufort-row,—and affords a grateful shade in the summer time. We resolved to walk quietly round, and then enter the chapel. How strange the changes of the world! The graves of a simple, peace-loving, unambitious people were lying around us, and yet it was the place which Erasmus describes as 'Sir Thomas More's estate, purchased at Chelsey,' and where 'he built him a house, neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent and commodious enough.' How dearly he loved this place, and how much care he bestowed upon it, can be gathered from the various documents still extant.* The bravery with which, soon after he was

* After the death of More this favourite home of his, where he had so frequently gathered 'a choice company of men distinguished by their genius and learning,' passed into the rapacious hands of his bad Sovereign, and by him was presented to Sir William Pawlett,

elected a burgess to Parliament, he opposed a subsidy demanded by Henry the Seventh, with so much power that he won the Parliament to his opinion, and incensed the King so greatly, that out of revenge he

More's House.

committed the young barrister's father to the Tower, and fined him in the fine of a hundred pounds! That bravery remained with him to the last,

ultimately Lord High Treasurer and Marquis of Winchester; from his hands it passed into Lord Dacre's, to whom succeeded Lord Burghley; then followed his son, the Earl of Salisbury, as its master; from him it passed successively to the Earl of Lincoln, Sir Arthur Gorges, the Earl of Middlesex, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Sir Bulstrode Whitelock, the second Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Bristol, the Duke of Beaufort, and ultimately to Sir Hans Sloane, who obtained it in 1738, and after keeping it but two years, razed it to the ground; an unhappy want of reverence on the part of the great naturalist for the home of so many great men. There is a print of it by J. Knyff, in 1699, which is copied above; it shows some old features, but it had then been enlarged and altered. Erasmus has well described it as it was in More's lifetime. It had a 'chapel, a library, and a gallery, called the New Buildings, a good distance from his main house, wherein his custom was to busy himself in prayer and meditation, whensoever he was at leisure.' Heywood, in his *Il Moro* (Florence, 1556), describes 'the garden as wonderfully charming, both from the advantages of its site, for from one part almost the whole of the noble city of London was visible; and from the other, the beautiful Thames, with green meadows by woody eminences all around; and also for its own beauty, for it was crowned with an almost perpetual verdure.' At one side was a small green eminence to command the prospect.

and with it was mingled the simplicity which so frequently and so beautifully blends with the intellectuality that seems to belong to a higher world than this. When he 'took to marrying,' he fancied the second daughter of a Mr. Colt, a gentleman of Essex; yet when he considered the pain it must give the eldest to see her sister preferred before her, he gave up his first love, and framed his fancy to the elder. This lady died, after having brought him four children; but his second choice, Dame Alice, has always seemed to us a punishment and a sore trial. And yet how beautifully does Erasmus describe his mode of living in this very place:—'He converseth with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not a man living so affectionate to his children as he. He loveth his old wife as if she were a young maid; he persuadeth her to play on the lute, and so with the like gentleness he ordereth his family. Such is the excellence of his temper, that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he loveth, as if nothing could have happened more happily. You would say there was in that place Plato's academy; but I do his house an injury in comparing it to Plato's academy, where there were only disputations of numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes of moral virtues. I should rather call his house a school, or university of Christian religion; for though there is none therein but readeth and studyeth the liberal sciences, their special care is piety and virtue.'*

* The conduct of this great man's house was a model to all, and as near an approach to his own Utopia as might well be. Erasmus says, 'I should rather call his house a school or university of Christian religion, for though there is none therein but readeth and studyeth the liberal sciences, their special care is piety and virtue; there is no quarrelling or intemperate words heard; none seem idle; which household discipline that worthy gentleman doth not govern, but with all kind and courteous benevolence.' The servant-men abode on one side of the house, the women on another, and met at prayer time, or on church festivals, when More would read and expound to them. 'He suffered no cards or dice, but gave each one his garden plot for relaxation, or set them to sing, or play music.' He had an affection for all who truly served him, and his daughter's nurse is as affectionately remembered in his letters when from home as are they themselves. 'Thomas More sendeth greeting to his most dear daughters Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cecily; and to Margaret Giggs, as dear to him as if she were his own,' are his words in one letter; and his valued and trustworthy domestics appear in the family pictures of the family by Holbein. They requited his attachment by truest fidelity and love; and his daughter, Margaret, in her last passionate interview with her father on his way to the Tower, was succeeded by Margaret Giggs and a maid-servant, who

The King was used to visit his 'beloved Chancellor' here for days together to admire his terrace overhanging the Thames, to row in his state barge, to ask opinions upon divers matters, and it is said that the royal answer to Luther was composed under the Chancellor's revising eye. Still, the penetrating vision of Sir Thomas was in no degree obscured by this glitter. One day, the King came unexpectedly to Chelsea, and having dined, walked with Sir Thomas for the space of an hour in the garden, having his arm about his neck. We pleased ourselves with the notion that they walked where then we stood! Well might such condescension, cause his son Roper—for whom he entertained so warm an affection—to congratulate his father upon such condescension, and to remind him that he had never seen his Majesty approach such familiarity with any one, save once, when he was seen to walk arm in arm with Cardinal Wolsey. 'I thank our Lord,' answered Sir Thomas, 'I find his Grace my very good Lord, indeed; and I do believe, he doth as singularly love me as any subject within the realm; however, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head should win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go off.'

With the exception of his own family (and his wife formed an exception here), there are few indeed of his contemporaries, notwithstanding the eulogiums they are prone to heap upon him, who understood the elevated and unworldly character of this extraordinary man.

The Duke of Norfolk coming one day to dine with him, found him in Chelsea Church, singing in the choir, with his surplice on. 'What! what!' exclaimed the Duke, 'What, what, my Lord Chancellor a parish clerk!—a parish clerk! you dishonour the King and his office.' And how exquisite his reply, 'Nay, you may not think your master and mine will be offended with me for serving God his master, or thereby count his office dishonoured.' Another reply to the same abject noble, is well graven on our memory. He expostulated with him, like many of his other friends, for braving the King's displeasure. 'By the mass, Master More,' he said, 'it is perilous striving with princes; therefore I wish you somewhat to

embraced and kissed their condemned master, 'of whom he said after, it was homely but very lovingly done.' Of these and other of his servants, Erasmus remarks, 'after Sir Thomas More's death, none ever was touched with the least suspicion of any evil fame.'

incline to the King's pleasure, for "*indignatio Principis mors est.*" ' 'And is that all, my lord?' replied this man, so much above all paltry considerations; 'then in good faith the difference between your Grace and me is but this—that I may die to day, and you to-morrow.'

He took great delight in beautifying Chelsea Church, although he had a private chapel of his own; and when last there they told us the painted window had been his gift. It must have been a rare sight to see the Chancellor of England sitting with the quire; and yet there was a fair share of pomp in the manner of his servitor bowing at his lady's pew, when

Chelsea Church.

the service of the mass was ended, and saying, 'My lord is gone *before.*' But the day after he resigned the great seal of England (of which his wife knew nothing) Sir Thomas presented himself at the pew door, and, after the fashion of his servitor, quaintly said, 'Madam, my lord is *gone.*' The vain woman could not comprehend his meaning, which, when, during their short walk home, he fully explained, she was greatly pained thereby, lamenting it with exceeding bitterness of spirit.

We fancied we could trace a Gothic door or window in the wall; but our great desire would have been to discover the water-gate from which he took his departure the morning he was summoned to Lambeth to take the

oath of supremacy. True to what he believed right, he offered up his prayers and confessions in Chelsea Church, and then returning to his own house, took an affectionate farewell of his wife and children, forbidding them to accompany him to the water-gate, as was their custom, fearing, doubtless, that his mighty heart could not sustain a prolonged interview. Who could paint the silent parting between him and all he loved so well—the boat waiting at the foot of the stairs—the rowers in their rich liveries, while their hearts, heavy with apprehension for the fate of him they served, still trusted that nothing could be found to harm so good a master—the pale and earnest countenance of 'son Roper,' wondering at the calmness, at such a time, which more than all other things bespeaks the master mind. For a moment his hand lingered on the gate, and in fastening the simple latch his fingers trembled, and then he took his seat by his son's side ; and in another moment the boat was flying through the waters. For some time he spoke no word, but communed with and strengthened his great heart by holy thoughts ; then looking straight into his son Roper's eyes, while his own brightened with a glorious triumph, he exclaimed in the fulness of his rich-toned voice, 'I thank our Lord the field is won.' It was no wonder that, overwhelmed with apprehension, his son-in-law could not apprehend his meaning then, but afterwards bethought him that he signified how he had conquered the world.

The Abbot of Westminster took him that same day into custody, on his refusal to 'take the King as head of his Church ;' and upon his repeating this refusal four days afterwards, he was committed to the Tower. Then, indeed, these heretofore bowers of bliss echoed to the weak and wavering complaints of his proud wife, who disturbed him also in his prison by her desires, so vain and so worldly, when compared with the elevated feelings of his dear daughter Margaret.

How did the fond foolish woman seek to shake his purpose? 'Seeing,' she said, 'you have a house at Chelsea, a right fair house, your library, your gallery, your garden, your orchard, and all other necessaries so handsome about you, where you might, in company with me, your wife, your children, and household, be merry, I marvel that you, who have been always taken for so wise a man, can be content thus to be shut up among mice and rats, and, too, when you might be abroad at your liberty, and

with the favour and goodwill both of the King and his council, if you would but do as all the bishops and best learned men of the realm have done.'

And then, not even angered by her folly, seeing how little was given her to understand, he asked her if the house in Chelsea was any nearer Heaven than the gloomy one he then occupied? ending his pleasant yet wise parleying with a simple question:—

'Tell me,' he said, 'good Mistress Alice, how long do you think might we live and enjoy that same house?'

She answered, 'Some twenty years.'

'Truly,' he replied, 'if you had said some thousand years, it might have been somewhat; and yet he were a very bad merchant who would put himself in danger to lose eternity for a thousand years. How much the rather if we are not sure to enjoy it one day to an end?'

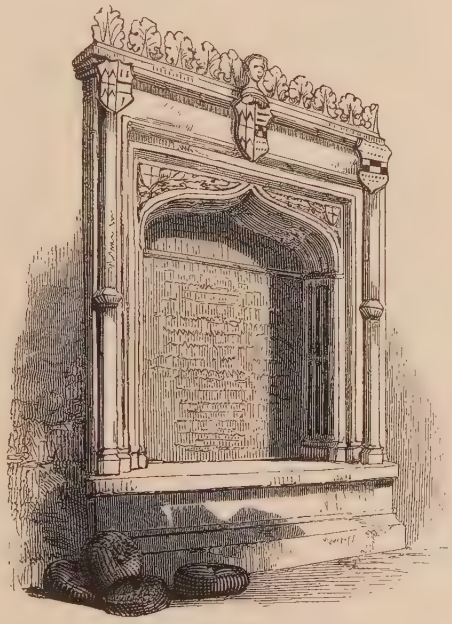
It is for the glory of women, that his daughter Margaret, while she loved and honoured him past all telling, strengthened his noble nature; for, writing him during his fifteen months' imprisonment in the Tower, she asks, in words not to be forgotten, 'What do you think, most dear father, doth comfort us at Chelsey in this your absence? Surely the remembrance of your manner of life passed amongst us—your holy conversation—your wholesome counsels—your examples of virtue, of which there is hope that they do not only persevere with you, but that they are by God's grace much more increased.'

After the endurance of fifteen months' imprisonment, he was arraigned, tried, and found guilty of denying the King's supremacy.

Alack! is there no painter of English history bold enough to immortalise himself by painting this trial? Sir Thomas More was beheaded on Tower Hill, in the bright sunshine of the month of July, on its fifth day, 1535, the King remitting the disgusting quartering of the quivering flesh, because of his 'high office.' When told of the King's 'mercy,' 'Now, God forbid,' he said, 'the King should use any more such to any of my friends; and God bless all my posterity from such pardons.'

One man of all the crowd who wept at his death, reproached him with a decision he had given in Chancery. More, nothing discomposed, replied, that if it were still to do, he would give the same decision. This happened

twelve months before. And while the last scene was enacting on Tower Hill, the King, who had walked in this very garden with his arm round the neck which by his command the axe had severed, was playing at tables in Whitehall, Queen Anne Bullen looking on; and when told that Sir Thomas More was dead, casting his eyes upon the pretty fool that had glittered in his pageants, he said, 'Thou art the cause of this man's death.' —The COWARD! to seek to turn upon a thing so weak as that, the heavy sin which clung to his own soul!



Tomb.

Some say the body lies in Chelsea Church, beneath the tomb we have sketched—the epitaph having been written by himself before he anticipated the manner of his death.* It is too long to insert; but the lines at th

* Wood and Weever both affirm that the body of More was first deposited in the Tower Chapel, but was subsequently obtained by his devoted and accomplished daughter Margaret Roper, and re-interred in Chelsea Church, in the tomb he had finished in 1532, the year in

conclusion are very like the man. The epitaph and poetry are in Latin: we give the translation:—

'For Alice and for Thomas More's remains
Prepared, this tomb Johanna's form contains.
One, married young; with mutual ardour blest
A boy and three fair girls our joy confest.
The other (no small praise), of these appear'd
As fond as if by her own pangs endeared.
One lived with me, one lives, in such sweet strife,
Slight preference could I give to either wife.
Oh! had it met Heaven's sanction and decree,
One hallowed bond might have united three;
Yet still be ours one grave, one lot on high!
Thus death, what life denied us, shall supply.'

Others tell that his remains were interred in the Tower,* and some record that the head was sought and preserved by that same daughter Margaret, who caused it to be buried in the family vault of the Ropers, in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury;† and they add a pretty legend how

which he had surrendered the Chancellorship, and resolved to abide the issue of his conscientious opposition to the King's wishes, as if he felt that the tomb should then be prepared.

* Faulkner, in his History of Chelsea, adheres to this opinion, and says that the tomb in that church is but 'an empty cenotaph.' His grandson, in his Life, says, 'his body was buried in the Chapel of St. Peter, in the Tower, in the belfry, or, as some say, as one entereth into the vestry;' and he does not notice the story of his daughter's re-interment of it elsewhere.

† The Ropers lived at Canterbury, in St. Dunstan's Street. The house is destroyed, and a brewery occupies its site; but the picturesque old gateway, of red brick, still remains, and is engraved on the succeeding page. Margaret Roper, the noble-hearted, learned, and favourite daughter of More, resided here with her husband until her death, in 1544, nine years after the execution of her father, when she was buried in the family vault at St. Dunstan's, where she had reverently placed the head of her father. The story of her piety is thus told by Cresacre More, in his life of his grandfather, Sir Thomas:—'His head having remained about a month upon London Bridge, and being to be cast into the Thames, because room should be made for divers others, who in plentiful sort suffered martyrdom for the same supremacy, shortly after, it was bought by his daughter Margaret, lest, as she stoutly affirmed before the council, being called before them after for the matter, it should be food for fishes; which she buried where she thought fittest.' Anthony-a-Wood says that she preserved it in a leaden box, and placed it in her tomb 'with great devotion;' and in 1715 Dr. Rawlinson told Hearne, the antiquary, that he had seen it there 'enclosed in an iron grate.' This was fully confirmed in 1835, when the chancel of the church being repaired, the Roper vault was opened, and several persons descended into it, and saw the skull in a leaden box, something like a bee-hive, open in the front, and which was placed in a square recess in the wall,

that, when his head was upon London-bridge, Margaret would be rowed beneath it, and, nothing horrified at the sight, say aloud, 'That head has

Roper's House.

layde many a time in my lappe; would to God, would to God, it would fall into my lappe as I passe under now,' and the head did so fall, and she carried it in her 'lappe' until she placed it in her husband's, 'son Roper's' vault, at Canterbury.

The King took possession of these fair grounds at Chelsea, and all the Chancellor's other property, namely, Dunkington, Trenkford, and Benley Park, in Oxfordshire, allowing the widow he had made, twenty pounds per

with an iron grating before it. A drawing was made, which was engraved in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of May, 1837, which we have copied in our initial letter; Summerly, in his Handbook to Canterbury, says,—'in the print there, however, the opening in the leaden box enclosing the head is made oval, whereas it should be in the form of a triangle.' We have therefore so corrected our copy.

year for her life, and indulging his petty tyranny still more by imprisoning Sir Thomas's daughter Margaret, 'both because she kept her father's head for a relic, and that she meant to set her father's works in print.'

We were calling to mind more minute particulars of the charities and good deeds of this great man, when, standing at the moment opposite a grave where some loving hand had planted two standard rose-trees, we suddenly heard a chant of children's voices, the infant scholars singing their little hymn—the tune, too, was a well-known and popular melody, and very sweet, yet sad of sound—it was just such music as, for its simplicity, would have been welcome to the mighty dead; and, as we entered among the little songsters, the past faded away, and we found ourselves speculating on the hopeful present.

ESHER—THE RESIDENCE OF JANE PORTER.

THE frequent observation of foreigners is, that in England we have few 'celebrated women.' Perhaps they mean that we have few who are 'notorious;' but let us admit that in either case they are right; and may we not express our belief in its being better for women and for the community that such is the case. 'Celebrity' rarely adds to the happiness of a woman, and almost as rarely increases her usefulness. The time and attention required to attain 'celebrity,' must, except under very peculiar circumstances, interfere with the faithful discharge of those feminine duties upon which the well-doing of society depends, and which shed so pure a halo around our English homes. Within these 'homes' our heroes—statesmen—philosophers—men of letters—men of genius—receive their first impressions, and the *impetus* to a faithful discharge of their after callings as Christian subjects of the State.

There are few of such men who do not trace back their resolution, their patriotism, their wisdom, their learning—the nourishment of all their higher aspirations—to a wise, hopeful, loving-hearted and faith-inspired Mother; one who *believed* in a son's destiny to be great; it may be, impelled to such belief rather by instinct than by reason; who cherished (we can find no better term) the 'Hero-feeling' of devotion to what was right, though it might have been unworldly; and whose deep heart welled up perpetual love and patience, towards the overboiling faults and frequent

stumblings of a hot youth, which she felt would mellow into a fruitful manhood.

The strength and glory of England are in the keeping of the wives and mothers of its men; and when we are questioned touching our 'celebrated women,' we may in general terms refer to those who have watched over, moulded, and inspired our 'celebrated' men.

Happy is the country where the laws of God and Nature are held in reverence—where each sex fulfils its peculiar duties, and renders its sphere a sanctuary! and surely such harmony is blessed by the Almighty—for while other nations writhe in anarchy and poverty, our own spreads wide her arms to receive all who seek protection or need repose.

But if we have few 'celebrated' women, few, who impelled either by circumstances or the irrepressible restlessness of genius, go forth amid the pitfalls of publicity, and battle with the world, either as poets—or dramatists—or moralists—or mere tale-tellers in simple prose—or, more dangerous still, 'hold the mirror up to nature' on the stage that mimics life—if we have but few, we have, and have had *some,* of whom we are justly proud; women of such well-balanced minds, that toil they ever so laboriously in their public and perilous paths, their domestic and social duties have been fulfilled with as diligent and faithful love as though the world had never been purified and enriched by the treasures of their feminine wisdom; yet this does not shake our belief, that, despite the spotless and well-earned reputations they enjoyed, the homage they received (and it has its charms), and even the blessed consciousness of having contributed to the healthful recreation, the improved morality, the diffusion of the best sort of knowledge—the *woman* would have been happier had she continued enshrined in the privacy of domestic love and domestic duty. She may not think this at the commencement of her career; and at its termination, if she has lived sufficiently long to have descended, even gracefully, from her pedestal, she may often recal the homage of the *past* to make up for its lack in the *present.* But so perfectly is woman constituted for the cares, the affections, the duties—the blessed duties of *un*public life—that if she gave nature way it will whisper to her a text that 'celebrity never added to the happiness of a true woman.' She must look for her happiness to HOME. We would have

young women ponder over this, and watch carefully, ere the veil is lifted, and the hard cruel eye of public criticism fixed upon them. No profession is pastime; still less so now than ever, when so many people are 'clever,' though so few are great. We would pray those especially who direct their thoughts to literature, to think of what they have to say, and why they wish to say it; and above all, to weigh what they may expect from a capricious public, against the blessed shelter and pure harmonies of private life.*

But we have had some—and still have some—'celebrated' women of whom we have said 'we may be justly proud.' We have done pilgrimage to the shrine of Lady Rachel Russell, who was so thoroughly 'domestic' that the Corinthian beauty of her character would never have been matter of history, but for the wickedness of a bad king. We have recorded the hours spent with Hannah More; the happy days passed with, and the years invigorated by, the advice and influence of Maria Edgeworth. We might recal the stern and faithful puritanism of Maria Jane Jewsbury; and the Old World devotion of the true and high-souled daughter of Israel —Grace Aguilar. The mellow tones of Felicia Hemans' poetry lingers still among all who appreciate the holy sympathies of religion and virtue. We could dwell long and profitably on the enduring patience and life-long-labour of Barbara Hofland, and steep a diamond in tears to record the memories of L. E. L. We could,—alas, alas!—barely five-and-twenty

* In support of this opinion, which we know is opposed to the popular feeling of many in the present day, we venture to quote what Miss Porter herself repeats, as said to her by Madame de Staël—'She frequently praised my revered mother for the retired manner in which she maintained her little domestic establishment, *yielding her daughters to society but not to the world.*' We pray those we love, to mark the delicate and most true distinction, between 'society' and 'the world.' 'I was set on a stage,' continues De Staël, 'I was set on a stage, at a child's age, to be listened to as a wit and worshipped for my premature judgment. I drank adulation as my soul's nourishment, *and I cannot now live without its poison; it has been my bane,* never an aliment. My heart ever sighed for happiness, and I ever lost it, when I thought it approaching my grasp. I was admired, made an idol, *but never beloved.* I do not accuse my parents for having made this mistake, but I have not repeated it in my Albertine' (her daughter). 'She shall not

"Seek for love, and fill her arms with bays."

I bring her up in the best society, yet in the shade.'

years' acquaintance with literature and its ornaments, and the brilliant catalogue is but a *Memento Mori!* Perhaps of all this list, Maria Edgeworth's life was the happiest; simply because she was the most retired, the least exposed to the gaze and observation of the world, the most occupied by loving duties towards the most united circle of old and young we ever saw assembled in one happy home.

The very young have never, perhaps, read one of the tales of a lady whose reputation, as a novelist, was in its zenith when Walter Scott published his first novel. We desire to place a chaplet upon the grave of a woman once 'celebrated' all over the known world; yet who drew all her happiness from the lovingness of home and friends, while her life was as pure as her renown was extensive.

In our own childhood romance reading was prohibited, but earnest entreaty procured an exception in favour of the 'Scottish Chiefs.' It was the bright summer, and we read it by moonlight, only disturbed by the murmur of the distant ocean. We read it, crouched in the deep recess of the nursery window; we read it until moonlight and morning met, and the breakfast bell ringing out into the soft air from the old gable, found us at the end of the fourth volume. Dear old times! when it would have been deemed little less than sacrilege to crush a respectable romance into a shilling volume, and our mammas considered *only* a five volume story curtailed of its just proportions.

Sir William Wallace has never lost his heroic ascendancy over us, and we have steadily resisted every temptation to open the 'popular edition' of the long-loved romance, lest what people will call 'the improved state of the human mind,' might displace the sweet memory of the mingled admiration and indignation that chased each other, while we read and wept, without ever questioning the truth of the absorbing narrative.

Yet the 'Scottish Chiefs' scarcely achieved the popularity of 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,'—the first romance originated by the active brain and singularly constructive power of Jane Porter,—produced at an almost girlish age.

The hero of 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' was really Kosciuszko, the beloved pupil of George Washington, the grandest and purest patriot the Modern World has known. The enthusiastic girl was moved to its composition, by

the stirring times in which she lived; and a personal observation of, and acquaintance with, some of those brave men whose struggles for liberty only ceased with their exile, or their existence.

Miss Porter placed her standard of excellence on high ground, and,—all gentle-spirited as was her nature—it was firm and unflinching towards what she believed to be right and true. We must not therefore judge her by the depressed state of 'feeling' in these times, when its demonstration is looked upon as artificial or affected. Towards the termination of the last, and the commencement of the present century, the world was roused into an interest and enthusiasm, which now we can scarcely appreciate or account for; the sympathies of England were awakened by the terrible revolutions of France, and the desolation of Poland: as a principle, we hated Napoleon, though he had neither act nor part in the doings of the democrats; and the sea-songs of Dibdin, which our youth *now* would call uncouth and ungraceful rhymes, were key-notes to public feeling; the English of that time were thoroughly 'awake,' the British Lion had not slumbered through a thirty years' peace. We were a nation of soldiers and sailors and patriots; not of mingled cotton-spinners and railway speculators and angry protectionists; we do not say which state of things is best or worst, we desire merely to account for what may be called the taste for *heroic* literature at that time, and the taste for—we really hardly know what to call it—literature of the present, made up, as it too generally is, of shreds and patches—bits of gold and bits of tinsel—things written in a hurry to be read in a hurry and never thought of afterwards—suggestive rather than reflective, at the best: and we must plead guilty to a too great proneness to underrate what our fathers probably overrated.

At all events we must bear in mind, while reading or thinking over Miss Porter's novels, that, in her day, even the exaggeration of enthusiasm was considered good tone and good taste. How this enthusiasm was *fostered*, not subdued, can be gathered from the author's ingenious preface to the, we believe, tenth edition of 'Thaddeus of Warsaw.'

This story brought her abundant honours, and rendered her society, as well as the society of her sister and brother, sought for by all who aimed at a reputation for taste and talent. Mrs. Porter, on her husband's death (he was the younger son of a well-connected Irish family, born in Ireland,

in or near Coleraine, we believe, and a major in the Enniskillen Dragoons), sought a residence for her family in Edinburgh, where education and good society are attainable to persons of moderate fortunes, if they are 'well born;' but the extraordinary artistic skill of her son Robert required a wider field, and she brought her children to London sooner than she had intended, that his promising talents might be cultivated. We believe the greater part of 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' was written in London, either in St. Martin's Lane, Newport Street, or Gerard Street, Soho (for in these three streets, the family lived after their arrival in the metropolis); though, as soon as Robert Ker Porter's abilities floated him on the stream, his mother and sisters retired, in the brightness of their fame and beauty, to the village of Thames Ditton, a residence they loved to speak of as their 'home.' The actual labour of 'Thaddeus'—her first novel—must have been considerable; for testimony was frequently borne to the fidelity of its localities, and Poles refused to believe that the author had not visited Poland; indeed, she had a happy power in describing localities.

It was on the publication of Miss Porter's two first works in the German language that their author was honoured by being made a Lady of the Chapter of St. Joachim, and received the gold cross of the order from Wurtemburg; but 'The Scottish Chiefs' was never so popular on the Continent as 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' although Napoleon honoured it with an interdict, to prevent its circulation in France. If Jane Porter owed her Polish inspirations so peculiarly to the tone of the times in which she lived, she traces back, in her introduction to the latest edition of 'The Scottish Chiefs,' her enthusiasm in the cause of Sir William Wallace to the influence an old 'Scotch wife's' tales and ballads produced upon her mind while in early childhood. She wandered amid what she describes as 'beautiful green banks,' which rose in natural terraces behind her mother's house, and where a cow and a few sheep occasionally fed. This house stood alone, at the head of a little square, near the high school; the distinguished Lord Elcho formerly lived in the house, which was very ancient, and from those green banks it commanded a fine view of the Frith of Forth. While gathering '*gowans*' or other wild flowers for her infant sister (whom she loved more dearly than her life, during the years they lived in most tender and affectionate companionship), she frequently

encountered this aged woman with her knitting in her hand; and she would speak to the eager and intelligent child of the blessed quiet of the land, where the cattle were browsing without fear of an enemy; and then she would talk of the awful times of the brave Sir William Wallace, when he fought for Scotland 'against a cruel tyrant; like unto them whom Abraham overcame when he recovered Lot, with all his herds and flocks, from the proud foray of the robber kings of the South,' who, she never failed to add, 'were all rightly punished for oppressing the stranger in a foreign land! for the Lord careth for the stranger.' Miss Porter says that this woman never omitted mingling pious allusions with her narrative. 'Yet she was a person of low degree, dressed in a coarse woollen gown, and a plain *Mutch* cap clasped under the chin with a silver brooch, which her father had worn at the battle of Culloden.' Of course she filled with tales of Sir William Wallace and the Bruce, the listening ears of the lovely Saxon child who treasured them in her heart and brain, until they fructified in after years into the 'Scottish Chiefs.' To these two were added 'The Pastor's Fireside,' and a number of other tales and romances; she contributed to several annuals and magazines, and always took pains to keep up the reputation she had won, achieving a large share of the popularity, to which as an author she never looked for happiness. No one could be more alive to praise or more grateful for attention, but the heart of a genuine, pure, loving woman beat within Jane Porter's bosom, and she was never drawn *out* of her domestic circle by the flattery that has spoiled so many, men as well as women. Her mind was admirably balanced by her home affections, which remained unsullied and unshaken to the end of her days. She had, in common with her three brothers and her charming sister, the advantage of a wise and loving mother—a woman pious without cant, and worldly-wise without being worldly. Mrs. Porter was born at Durham, and when very young bestowed her hand and heart on Major Porter; he died young, leaving his lovely widow in straitened circumstances, having only her widow's pension to depend on. The eldest son—afterwards Colonel Porter—was sent to school by his grandfather.

We have glanced briefly at Sir Robert Ker Porter's wonderful talents, and Anna Maria, when in her twelfth year, rushed, as Jane acknowledged, 'prematurely into print.' Of Anna Maria we knew personally but very

little, enough however to recal with a pleasant memory her readiness in conversation and her bland and cheerful manners. No two sisters could have been more different in bearing and appearance; Maria was a delicate blonde, with a *riant* face, and an animated manner—we had said almost *peculiarly Irish*—rushing at conclusions, where her more thoughtful and careful sister paused to consider and calculate. The beauty of Jane was statuesque, her deportment serious yet cheerful, a seriousness quite as natural as her younger sister's gaiety; they both laboured diligently, but Anna Maria's labour was sport when compared to her elder sister's careful toil; Jane's mind was of a more lofty order, she was intense, and felt more than she said, while Anna Maria often said more than she felt; they were a delightful contrast, and yet the harmony between them was complete; and one of the happiest days we ever spent, while trembling on the threshold of literature, was with them at their pretty road-side cottage in the village of Esher before the death of their venerable and dearly beloved mother, whose rectitude and prudence had both guided and sheltered their youth, and who lived to reap with them the harvest of their industry and exertion. We remember the drive there, and the anxiety as to how those very 'clever ladies' would look, and what they would say; we talked over the various letters we had received from Jane, and thought of the cordial invitation to their cottage—their 'mother's cottage'—as they always called it. We remember the old white friendly spaniel who looked at us with blinking eyes, and preceded us up stairs; we remember the formal old-fashioned curtsey of the venerable old lady, who was then nearly eighty—the blue ribands and good-natured frankness of Anna Maria, and the noble courtesy of Jane, who received visitors as if she granted an audience; this manner was natural to her; it was only the manner of one whose thoughts have dwelt more upon heroic deeds, and lived more with heroes than with actual living men and women; the effect of this, however, soon passed away, but not so the fascination which was in all she said and did. Her voice was soft and musical, and her conversation addressed to one person rather than to the company at large, while Maria talked rapidly to every one, or *for* every one who chose to listen. How happily the hours passed!—we were shown some of those extraordinary drawings by Sir Robert, who gained an artist's reputation before he was twenty, and

attracted the attention of West and Shee* in his mere boyhood. We heard all the interesting particulars of his panoramic picture of the Storming of Seringapatam, which, the first of its class, was known half over the world. We must not, however, be misunderstood—there was neither personal nor family egotism in the Porters; they invariably spoke of each other with the tenderest affection—but unless the conversation was *forced* by their friends, they never mentioned their own, or each other's works, while they were most ready to praise what was excellent in the works of others; they spoke with pleasure of their sojourns in London; while their mother said, it was much wiser and better for young ladies who were not rich, to live quietly in the country, and escape the temptations of luxury and display. At that time the 'young ladies' seemed to us certainly *not* young; that was about two-and-twenty years ago, and Jane Porter was seventy-five when she died. They talked much of their previous dwelling at Thames Ditton, of the pleasant neighbourhood they enjoyed there, though their mother's health and their own had much improved since their residence on Esher hill; their little garden was bounded at the back by the beautiful park of Claremont, and the front of the house overlooked the leading roads, broken as they are by the village green, and some noble elms. The view is crowned by the high trees of Esher Place, opening from the village on that side of the brow of the hill. Jane pointed out the *locale* of the proud Cardinal Wolsey's domain, inhabited during the days of his power over Henry VIII., and in their cloudy evening, when that capricious monarch's favour changed to bitterest hate. It was the very spot to foster her high romance, while she could at the same time enjoy the sweets of that domestic converse she loved best of all. We were prevented by the occupations and heart-beatings of our own literary labours from repeating this visit; and in 1831, four years after these well-remembered hours, the venerable mother of a family so distinguished in literature and art, rendering their names known and honoured wherever art and letters flourish, was called HOME. The sisters, who had resided ten years at Esher, left it, intending to sojourn for a time with their second brother,

* In his early days the President of the Royal Academy painted a very striking portrait of Jane Porter, as 'Miranda,' and Harlowe painted her in the canoness dress of the order of St. Joachim.

Doctor Porter (who commenced his career as a surgeon in the navy), in Bristol; but within a year the youngest, the light-spirited, bright-hearted Anna Maria died: her sister was dreadfully shaken by her loss, and the letters we received from her after this bereavement, though containing the outpourings of a sorrowful spirit, were full of the certainty of that re-union hereafter which became the hope of her life. She soon resigned her

Jane Porter's Cottage at Esher.

cottage home at Esher, and found the affectionate welcome she so well deserved in many homes, where friends vied with each other to fill the void in her sensitive heart. She was of too wise a nature, and too sympathising a habit, to shut out new interests and affections, but her *old ones* never withered, nor were they ever replaced; were the love of such a sister-friend—the watchful tenderness and uncompromising love of a mother—ever 'replaced,' to a lonely sister or a bereaved daughter? Miss Porter's pen had been laid aside for some time, when suddenly she came before the world as the editor of 'Sir Edward Seward's Narrative,' and set people

hunting over old atlases to find out the island where he resided. The whole was a clever fiction; yet Miss Porter never confided its authorship, we believe, beyond her family circle; perhaps the correspondence and documents, which are in the hands of one of her kindest friends (her executor), Mr. Shepherd, may throw some light upon a subject which the 'Quarterly' honoured by an article. We think the editor certainly used her pen as well as her judgment in the work, and we have imagined that it might have been written by the family circle, more in sport than in earnest, and then produced to serve a double purpose.

After her sister's death, Miss Jane Porter was afflicted with so severe an illness, that we, in common with her other friends, thought it impossible she could carry out her plan of journeying to St. Petersburgh to visit her brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, who had been long united to a Russian princess, and was then a widower; her strength was fearfully reduced, her once round figure become almost spectral, and little beyond the placid and dignified expression of her noble countenance remained to tell of her former beauty: but her resolve was taken; she wished, she said, to see once more her youngest and most beloved brother, so distinguished in several careers, almost deemed incompatible,—as a painter, an author, a soldier, and a diplomatist, and nothing could turn her from her purpose: she reached St. Petersburgh in safety, and with apparently improved health, found her brother as much courted and beloved there as in his own land, and his daughter married to a Russian of high distinction. Sir Robert longed to return to England. He did not complain of any illness, and everything was arranged for their departure; his final visits were paid, all but one to the Emperor, who had ever treated him as a friend; the day before his intended journey he went to the palace, was graciously received, and then drove home, but when the servant opened the carriage-door at his own residence he was dead! One sorrow after another pressed heavily upon her, yet she was still the same sweet, gentle, holy-minded woman she had ever been, bending with Christian faith to the will of the Almighty,—'biding her time.'

How differently would she have 'watched and waited' had she been tainted by vanity, or fixed her soul on the mere triumphs of 'literary reputation.' While firm to her own creed, she fully enjoyed the success of

those who scramble up—where she bore the standard to the heights—of Parnassus; she was never more happy than when introducing some literary 'tyro' to those who could aid or advise a future career. We can speak from experience of the warm interest she took in the Hospital for the cure of Consumption, and the Governesses' Benevolent Institution; during the progress of the latter, her health was painfully feeble, yet she used personal influence for its success, and worked with her own hands for its bazaars. She was ever aiding those who could not aid themselves; and all her thoughts, words, and deeds, were evidence of a clear powerful mind and kindly loving heart. Her appearance in the London *coteries* was always hailed with interest and pleasure; to the young she was especially affectionate; but it was in the quiet mornings, or in the long twilight evenings of summer, when visiting her cherished friends at Shirley Park, in Kensington Square, or wherever she might be located for the time—it was then that her former spirit revived and she poured forth anecdote and illustration, and the store of many years' observation, filtered by experience and purified by that delightful faith to which she held,—that 'all things work together for good to them that love the Lord.' She held this in practice, even more than in theory; you saw her chastened yet hopeful spirit beaming forth from her gentle eyes, and her sweet smile can never be forgotten. The last time we saw her, was in Bristol—at her brother, Dr. Porter's, house in Portland Square: then she could hardly stand without assistance, yet she never complained of her own suffering or feebleness—all her anxiety was about the brother—then dangerously ill, and since 'called home.' Major Porter, it will be remembered, left five children, and these have left only one descendant—the daughter of Sir Robert Ker Porter and the Russian princess whom he married, a young Russian lady, whose present name we do not even know.

We did not think at our last leave-taking that Miss Porter's fragile frame could have so long withstood the Power that takes away all we hold most dear; but her spirit was at length summoned, after a few days' total insensibility, on the 24th of May, 1850.

We were haunted by the idea that the pretty cottage at Esher, where we spent those happy hours, had been treated even as 'Mrs. Porter's Arcadia' at Thames Ditton—now altogether removed; and it was with

a melancholy pleasure we found it in nothing changed; it was almost impossible to believe that so many years had passed since our last visit. It is in such a place, and at such a time, that the inroads made by death lead us to ask the sacred question—

'Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?'

The very perishing things—the trees, the flowers, the bricklayers' plans, the rough work of the village carpenters—endure while those so full of life, and life's best attributes, are gone—for ever!

Happy are we in the knowledge that the 'abiding city' is far beyond all

Jane Porter's Tomb.

power of change or of decay; and that what we most loved here will be perfected in heaven!

While Mr. Fairholt was sketching the cottage, we knocked at the door, and were kindly permitted by two gentle sisters, who now inhabit it, to enter the little drawing-room and walk round the garden; except that the drawing-room has been re-papered and painted, and that there were no drawings and no flowers, the room was not in the least altered; yet to us it seemed like a sepulchre, and we rejoiced to breathe the sweet air

of the little garden, and listen to a nightingale, whose melancholy cadence harmonised with our feelings.

'Whenever you are at Esher,' said the devoted daughter, the last time we conversed with her, 'do visit my mother's tomb.' We did so. A cypress flourishes at the head of the grave; and the following touching inscription is carved on the stone:—

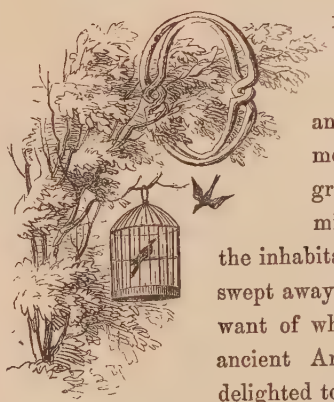
HERE SLEEPS IN JESUS A CHRISTIAN WIDOW,

JANE PORTER,

OBIIT JUNE 18TH, 1831, ÆTAT. 86;
THE BELOVED MOTHER OF W. PORTER, M.D., OF SIR ROBERT KER PORTER,
AND OF JANE AND ANNA MARIA PORTER,
WHO MOURN IN HOPE, HUMBLY TRUSTING TO BE BORN AGAIN
WITH HER UNTO THE BLESSED KINGDOM OF THEIR
LORD AND SAVIOUR.

RESPECT HER GRAVE, FOR SHE MINISTERED TO THE POOR.

THE GRAVE OF SIR RICHARD LOVELACE.



Of all the visitations of ill-fortune with which Old London has been afflicted, the one most deplored by the historian and the antiquary is the great fire of 1666. The mementos of early ages, the memorials of great men, the localities on which the mind might dwell with pleasure, and conjure up the inhabitants who had made them famous, were all swept away, and with them many a written record, the want of which will be felt for ever; many a work of ancient Art, with which the piety of our ancestors delighted to decorate the churches or the halls of the civic companies; many a 'flower of history' was withered and lost in that desolating flame.

In the pages of that noble old antiquary, John Stow, we have the best picture of ancient London. The patient and ill-rewarded chronicler has noted its ancient features with a minute truthfulness that will render his labours precious to all time. To understand the destruction which was spread amid the flame-girt city, we must know his pages well, and contrast them with the little that is left to us. Of the churches he describes, how few remain; of the tombs he notes, how rare are they now to look upon; the many memorials of great men which adorned St. Paul's are reduced to a few simple fragments. Little, indeed, did the fire leave but blackened

and shapeless ruins. Such churches as were spared are therefore doubly dear to us ; and St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, and a few others, hence assume an additionally sacred character.

How truly great are the names which connect themselves with the churches of London. Statesmen, churchmen, warriors, historians, legal and civic dignitaries, merchants, who made the city glorious and its trade world-renowned, are in the list, with the names of painter, poet, and dramatist, whose minds were engrossed by all that make mental life captivating. But of many we know only the whereabouts of their last resting-place ; 'no storied urn or monumental bust' remains to do them honour ; the last tribute of affectionate regard placed over their graves has fallen for ever amongst the ruins of burned London, and the pages of the older historians must be our guide merely to the spot.

It is thus with the tomb of Sir. Richard Lovelace ; we know only that he was buried 'at the west end of St. Bride's Church,' in Fleet Street.* But the church was burned in the great fire, and no memorial of his resting-place remains ; nor do we know of any other view of the sanctuary where he reposed after a toil-worn life, except that afforded by Hollar's view of London before the fire, where the steeple of St. Bride's is seen above Baynard's Castle.†

* The present church was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and completed in 1680. The steeple was originally thirty-two feet higher than the Monument, but having been struck by lightning in 1805, it was lowered to its present standard. Of the old church we obtain glimpses in such views as that given at p. 439. 'The doorway into Mr. Holden's vault, erected April, anno 1657,' with his arms above, has been engraved as 'one of the few relics after the fire of 1666.' Pennant thus slightly speaks of it: 'It was dedicated to St. Bridget ; whether she was Irish, or whether she was Scotch, whether she was maiden, or whether she was wife, I will not dare to determine.' The church was originally small, but by the piety of William Viner, warden of the Fleet, about the year 1480, it was enlarged with 'body and side aisles, and ornamented with grapes and vine leaves, in allusion to his name.'

† Baynard's Castle was one of the two castles built on the west side of the city, with walls and ramparts, as mentioned by Fitz-Stephen. It was originally built by Baynard, a nobleman, who, according to Stow, came in with the Conqueror. It was situated in Thames Street, and has been rendered immortal by Shakespeare, who makes it the scene of the Duke of Glo'ster's deceptive morality in his play of Richard III., when the citizens, with the mayor at their head, solicit him to be king. 'The Baynard's Castle of the time of Richard III.,' says Mr. Knight, 'was built by Humphrey, Duke of Glo'ster ; and it was subsequently

We had spent our morning hunting through the books, the registers of St. Bride's Church, for the entry of the burial of Sir Richard Lovelace, the very pink of cavalier-chivalry, differing, perhaps from the ancient

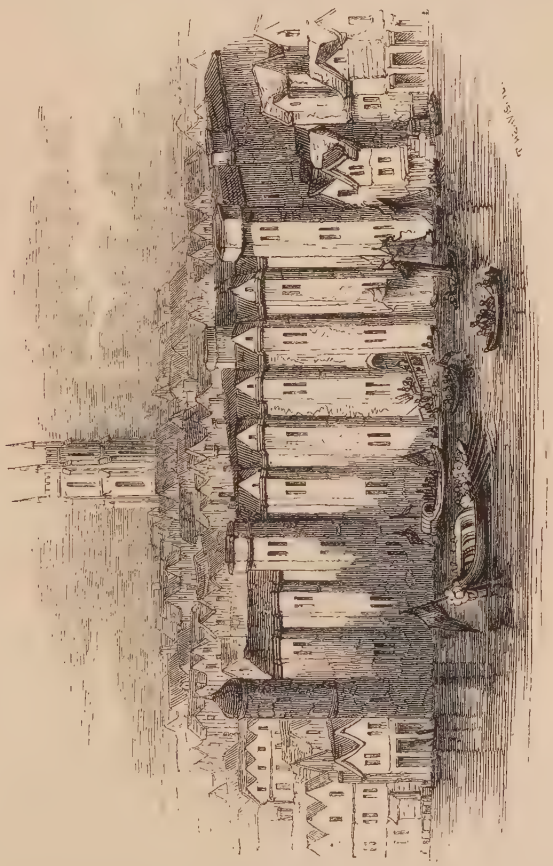
Entrance to St. Bride's Church.

chivalry of England, in being *not* so deep-seated and intense, but undoubtedly more glossy and brilliant—more of the light burnished armour, the velvet, and plume, and broidered glove, than of casque and iron spear, heavy helmet, and weighty battle-axe; but the swords of both were of

granted by Henry VI. to Richard's father, the Duke of York.' It is frequently named by early writers as the place of embarkation for the mayor and nobility on solemn occasions. It was destroyed in the great fire; but Stevens, in one of his notes to Shakespeare says, 'part of its strong foundations are still visible at low water.'

well-tempered steel, and if the cavalier were perfumed in the drawing-room, he was brave and faithful in the field. We had been hunting, we say, for this last sad entry, and afterwards, at home, when pondering over his chequered life, our cogitations naturally ran upon a contrast of the past with the present. If our minds have been improved by the march of intellect, there certainly has been no improvement during these latter days in our manners; on the contrary, no one who has been much in the society of some of the young men of the present time, and can remember those of even the later period of George III.'s reign, but must confess that manner generally has imbibed a sort of roughshod 'egalité,' utterly at variance with right feeling and good taste. Impudence is too frequently confounded with ease—rudeness with frankness—the amalgamation of dress has caused an unfortunate amalgamation of persons, and, somehow or other, both persons and things have got misplaced. We have almost as much want of keeping in society as if we were a new country. The aristocracy of wealth has intruded its grossness upon the aristocracy of birth and talent, and we gaze upon it as we would upon a Chinese jos placed amid Grecian statues, wondering at its rich but gaudy hues and uncouth form, and, above all, how it got where it is. We are opening our mouths in loud condemnation of American coarseness, while our middle class is getting into the same 'go-a-head' way, and losing the refining belief that for the well-being of society good manners are only second to good morals; we never were altogether a polished people, John Bull having some strange idea that his nature would be worn out if he attended too much to the courtesies of life; and particularly of late he has, we imagine, begun to fancy that the graces, the small cares, the attentions and etiquettes of society—the 'politeness' which Lord Shaftesbury defines to be '*benevolence in trifles*,'—interfere with his civil and religious liberty. He thinks himself more independent in a frock than in a dress coat, and will chuckle half the evening over his own cleverness, if he has succeeded in baffling the scrutiny of the doorkeepers, and getting into the pit of the opera in boots. He does not understand that he puts a slight upon the lady of the house if he enters the drawing-room in what *he* terms a 'friendly way,' but what she cannot fail to consider a palpable inattention to the duties—for they *are* duties—of the toilet, and duties which, if once rendered, as

they ought to be, HABITUAL, would involve neither trouble nor expense. To contrast the manners of Old England with what we may almost term the manners of *New* England—the young, lounging, doing-as-they-like, cigar-smoking, indifferent, loose-coated men of the present with the courtly,



Baynard's Castle.

polished, earnest, and well-dressed men of the past century is by no means agreeable.

The high-toned mind, the gallant bearing, the innate sense of chivalric honour, remain in the history and writings of the past. We know nothing

of chivalry except from books—such books as those around us, the 'Poetic Chroniclers of England,' and above all these, Sir Richard Lovelace deserves especial note. A quaint collector of old songs, whose little volume is bound in roughest russet, says that he can compare none to Colonel Lovelace, save Sir Philip Sidney, of which latter it is told by one in an epitaph made of him—

> 'Nor is it fit that more I should acquaint,
> Lest men adore in one
> A scholar, souldier, lover, and a saint.'

The parallel between these two men naturally suggests itself to all who read their writings. They were both of noble parentage, Sir Philip's father being deputy of Wales, our colonel, of a viscount's name and family —both accomplished scholars; the one celebrating his mistress under the name of 'Stella,' the other the lady regent of his affections under the banner of Lucasta; both of them imbued with the spirit of true poetry, though its degree of strength was different, Lovelace being the feebler and less industrious of the two; but both being of undoubted bravery, and overflowing with that true, unshaken loyalty, the unfailing offspring of nobler souls. It is impossible to think of Sir Richard Lovelace without admiration and sympathy. Woolwich has good reason to be proud of his birth, and the Charter House of his education.* He graduated with due

* The name of this noble foundation is a corruption of the French *Chartreuse*, and it obtained its name from the establishment of a monastery of Carthusians in the reign of Edward III. It became a rich place, and was among the first seized by Henry VIII.; but its inmates so inflexibly opposed his supremacy, that John Houghton, the prior, and many of the monks, were executed at Tyburn, and their heads and quarters set on the gates of the city, the prior's being reserved for exposure on the Charter House. After it had passed through the hands of many of Henry's rapacious courtiers, it was purchased by Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, who resided in it. It was purchased by Sutton, in 1611, for the sum of 13,000*l.*, and converted into a hospital and school, making it one of the noblest foundations in England. Eighty pensioners and forty-two scholars are supported in the establishment. The former according to Sutton's statutes, should be gentlemen by descent and in poverty; soldiers that have borne arms by sea or land; merchants decayed by piracy or shipwreck; or servants in the household of the King and Queen's majesty. But these regulations were soon enlarged for 'needy or impotent people' in general, who now have apartments, food, attendance, and 20*l.* yearly in money. There is no nobler or more liberal institution, and none which has been more instrumental in smoothing the last years of deserving unfortunates.

honour at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, in 1636.* On leaving College he 'retired,' as Wood phrases it, 'in great splendour to the court,' where he

Inner Gate of the Charter House.

was well received; and having attracted the attention of Lord Goring, he entered the army and became first an ensign, and afterwards a captain.

* Gloucester Hall, 'originally an ancient house of learning, built by the monks of St. Peter Gloster for the education of their novices in academical learning,' is now Worcester College. It changed its name early in the last century, when Sir Thomas Cooke having by will, dated June 8, 1701, left 10,000*l.* for the increase of some house of learning, that sum, remaining unapplied for some years, amounted to 15,000*l.*, it was given to Gloster Hall, which by letters patent, dated July 14, 1741, was called Worcester College. The old buildings gave way to a more befitting structure, and the features of Lovelace's place of education were obliterated so much as to destroy its connection with his name.

On the pacification of Berwick he took possession of his estate, which was worth about 500*l.* per annum, and was deputed by the men of Kent to deliver their petition to the House of Commons, requesting the king to be restored and the government settled, which gave such offence that he was doomed to imprisonment in the old Westminster gatehouse, where so many were, from time to time, deprived of their liberty ; *there* he composed one of his favourite poems that well deserved the praise bestowed upon it by the old cavaliers :—

'*Stone walls doe not a prison make,*
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Mindes, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such libertie.'

To us there has always been a most exquisite quaintness and simplicity in the lines,

'Mindes, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage.'

But the whole is beautiful ; and, when his confinement produced a gem of such perfect workmanship as this, we are almost selfish enough to regret his liberation, which, however, did not take place until he had given security in a bail of 40,000*l.* that he would not quit the country. Truly, his heart and hopes were too much with the kingly power to forsake it. According to old Wood, his biographer, he was accounted the 'most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld ; a person, also, of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially afterwards when he 'retired' to the great city—much admired and loved by the female sex.' During the time of his confinement in London he lived beyond the income of his estate, either to keep up the credit and reputation of the king's cause, by furnishing men with horses and arms, or by relieving ingenious men in want, whether they were scholars, musicians, soldiers, friends, openly or secretly, of the royal cause —enjoying the freedom of generosity ; proving by his actions the poetry of his nature ; winging his thoughts upon such elastic verse, that the idea

of his liberality and his genius became one and the same thing. His manners were of such gentle courtliness that he led those whom he obliged to the belief that they were obliging him. Lovelace is a just example of the poets of his time, when the making of verses was considered a chief excellence in a courtier—the most approved of all relaxations; and when, to the good graces of women, more prone in those days to a love of poetry than a love of gold, it was a ready, if not a necessary, passport.

The lover then was invariably the laureate of his mistress, whose duty it was to record the most trifling incident that chanced to her, and to labour so that her smallest attraction might obtain immortality. Thus the compositions of Lovelace are chiefly the productions of happier hours, and tell of joys begotten by a smile, or easily-endured woes, the produce of a short-lived frown. Unfortunately, the events they commemorated were seldom such as have universal interest. The wearing of a glove, the blemish of a pimple, or the infliction of a toothache, were considered topics more fitting to occupy a poet's thoughts and pen than the noble, enduring, and endearing ties which bind virtuous men to virtuous women. Frequent instances of this straining after an undesirable effect is to be found amongst the old poets, mingled up with their chivalry, both of love and war. This trifling was a species of courtly excrescence, an excess of refinement less offensive in its weakness than the roughness of modern society; the latter irritates, the former only creates a smile.

Lucy Sacheverell was the lady to whom Sir Richard addressed his love. His beautiful lines to her, on his going to the wars, are worthy of any poet:—

'Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
To warre and arms I flie.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.'

In 1646 he formed a regiment for the service of the French King, became its colonel, and was wounded at Dunkirk. In 1648 he returned to England with his brother: but unhappily his mistress, hearing that her lover had died of his wounds at Dunkirk, had married another. Thus disappointed in his love, and anguished past endurance by the death of his royal master, Charles I., the gallant and high-souled poet found himself at liberty, after a second imprisonment,* without any residue of the fortune he had bestowed with too liberal a hand upon those who needed. His monarch and his mistress, the continued and frequently-associated themes of his muse, both lost to him, he bowed his head to the dispensations of Providence, and prepared for death as for the friend

> 'who only could restore
> The libertie he must enjoy on earth no more.'

No longer dressed as became his rank, the nodding feather fell away from the velvet hat, the satin dropped from the slashed sleeve, the threadbare hose became a world too large for the shrunk limb; and so Sir Richard Lovelace pined and died, in the year 1658, in a miserable room in Gunpowder Alley, Shoe Lane, adding another to the list of unfortunate poets; another to that of those who endowed by nature with the richest and brightest of all earthly gifts, seem fated to an inheritance of misery! Wood says, that having consumed his estate, he grew very melancholy, which at length brought him into a consumption; became very poor in body and purse; was the object of charity; went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in his glory, he wore clothes of gold and silver); and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants.' Were there none to alleviate the sorrows of his last hours? None to wipe the death-dews from his high and noble brow? None who, for the love of honour, for the sake of royalty—in memory of what he had been to all who needed—so unselfishly generous, so unsparingly liberal—was there not *one*, even of those who had chorussed his songs, and been warmed in the brightness of his glorious days, to sit by that lowly deathbed, and whisper the assurance that he was only

* In Peter House, London, to which he was committed soon after his return, and where he remained until after the King's death.

passing through the dark valley to enter upon an immortality where sorrow and sighing should be no more, and where loyalty is perfected in homage to the Almighty? There might have been—there *must* have been—though of such there is no earthly record. But it would be an insult to human nature to suppose he died alone—alone in that room which echoed back the dreadful cough telling of the wasting disease that terminated the earthly career of as gallant and true a gentleman as ever wielded sword or pen.

And so he died, and was buried, according to all chronicles, in the beautiful church of St. Bride's; and thither we went to seek either for a tablet to his memory or for the record of his burial in the church books. Some charity-children were passing out as we entered the gate that may be called 'beautiful;' and wandering along the aisles, attended by the intelligent and obliging sextoness, we found the spot where Richardson, the author of that everlasting 'Sir Charles Grandison,' is interred; but we found nothing of Lovelace; and then we passed into the vestry, and were much struck with an ancient *cofre*, the lid of which is one huge lock, and sundry curious relics, and then carefully examined the church books, some of which bore evidence, by their discoloured leaves, of having suffered in the great London fire, and found therein, about the date of his death, two buried of the name, but none by the Christian name of RICHARD.

The woman asked if he were of our kin. We told her no, not in the flesh; but that we loved his memory well, and honoured him as one who with a most worthy mixture of courtliness and benevolence, was of marvellous talent, unshaken loyalty, and bravery unsurpassed.

THE GRAVE OF GRACE AGUILAR.

ILGRIMAGES, pilgrimages!' exclaimed a German friend whose family had been shorn of its 'olive branches' by so many hurricanes, that, although still in the prime of life, his head was bowed and his hair grey: —'Pilgrimages! what is life but a pilgrimage over graves!' The older we grow, the better we comprehend the force of this sad truth; life is indeed a 'pilgrimage over graves;' but how different are the ideas and emotions they suggest or excite!

In pent-up cities, the graves cluster round ancient churches; congregations after congregations are pressed into festering earth until the enclosure becomes a charnel-house; yet they prove how devoutly later occupants have longed to rest in death with the loved in life. The nameless mounds are hardly shrouded by broken turf; records, on the cankering crumbling head-stones, are almost obliterated; some are closely bordered and capped by heavy stones, as if rich inheritors dreaded a resurrection; others there are, where the dock and the nettle are matted around rusty railings, as though no hand remained that ever pressed, in friendship or affection, the hand which moulders beneath; others again, are marked by broad head-stones, new and well-lettered, the black on the pure white setting forth a proud array of virtues, of which the co-mates of the departed never heard; a few dingy and heavy monuments stand apart, and look down with civic haughtiness on humbler graves. Repulsive

specimens of bad taste are these elaborate monuments often; in their ornaments so unmeaning, their clumsy dignity so intrusive, so coarsely ostentatious—the epitaphs so earnest in saying *by whom* the carved stones were erected!

Our village churchyards, lying away amid glorious trees, or tranquil valleys, or sleeping on the sloping hills, where 'birds sing, lambs bleat, and ploughboys whistle,'—however picturesque they may appear in the distance, have frequently the same uncared-for aspect as those within the city. We love the living, but we *seem* to care little for the dead. However much we may muse on crossing 'the churchyard,' or indulge in poesy, where

'The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;'

our places of burial, with the exception of cemeteries, which are as yet too new to show what they may become, bear but slight testimony to the 'love that lives for ever.' The contrast is humiliating when we visit other lands and mark the attention paid to graves of relatives and friends. A certain sum is annually set apart by the peasants in many districts of France, for visiting and decking the resting-places of those whom Death has taken; the fresh garland is hung on the simple cross, and the prayer earnestly repeated for the soul's peace; and these tributes continue for years and years, long after the bitterness of sorrow has passed away.

We have seen an aged woman with white hair strewing flowers on her mother's grave, though forty years had passed since the separation of the living from the dead; and once, attracted by the beauty of a girl who had been decking, and then praying beside a nameless grave, we asked for whom she mourned—although the word 'mourned' had little association with her bright face and sunny smile.

She answered, none of her people slept there; she had nothing of herself to do with graves; it was Marie's mother's grave, and Marie had gone far away—to England. Marie was her friend, and she had promised her that she would deck that grave, and pray beside it; and all for the love she bore her friend. We asked if she was certain Marie would return:

'No, there was no certainty, but she would watch the grave and deck

it, and say the prayers Marie would have said, all the same; she loved Marie, and had promised her.' There was something very tender in this friendly fidelity, this tending the dead for the sake of the living—the living dead to her.

For ourselves, the place of tombs has rarely been one of sorrow; we have loved to visit the last dwellings of those who have gone home before us. We have thought of the enjoyment of re-union; and dwelt upon the delight of an eternity of harmony and love—that 'perfect love which casteth out fear.' We have speculated on seeing Milton in the company of angels—on recognising Bunyan with the faithful—on beholding Fénélon at the 'right hand,' and Mendelssohn among the chosen! Knowing that God is a more merciful judge than man, we believe that there we shall see many faiths prostrate in adoration of the one great LORD, who is for all, and 'above all, and in us all.' We have looked to the higher nature, the divine essence, of those we have honoured; and when noble deeds have been done, or lofty genius has triumphed, we have listened with more than doubt to the insinuations of those who, in former, as in present, times, aim to detract from the excellence it is not given them to understand. We do not cater for the prejudices of sects or parties, but simply desire to lay our tribute of homage on the graves of those who seem to us most worthy, and have been most useful. We have enjoyed the high privilege of knowing many remarkable people who have passed from among us during the last twenty years—having won for themselves a glorious immortality by the exercise of talents which, in any other country would have led to national distinctions. Yet they are well remembered! and to them be *all* the glory of success. The memory of these—great lights, great authors, great statesmen, great philosophers, great warriors, —is still

'Green in our souls.'

But there were some stars of lesser magnitude who, if longer spared among us, would have become luminaries of power; some who were summoned, when, according to our finite views, they had arrived at the period for their faculties to expand, and they were about to reap the harvest of long years of labour and of care; such was Mrs. Fletcher, better known

KENSINGTON PUBLIC LIBRARIES

as Miss Jewsbury, one of the chosen friends of Mrs. Hemans, who passed away in a foreign land, far from all who loved her.

And such was GRACE AGUILAR—a Jewess of mind so elevated, heart so pure, and principles so just and true, as to deserve a lofty seat among those 'Women of Israel,' whose lives were so beautifully rendered by her delicate and powerful pen. It seems Quixotic in this day of sunshine of civil and religious liberty, to attempt to combat the prejudices which, we are gravely told, do not now exist against the Jewish community; yet it is impossible to observe society and not perceive that whatever political disabilities may be removed from them, individual prejudice against those from whom our blessed Saviour sprang, and who gave birth to the apostles of the Christian faith, is as deeply seated, as in the days when faggot and fire were the ministers employed for their conversion.

How can it be that we, in our age, look down with cold, or scornful eye, upon this once 'chosen people,'—chosen when the material world was in its youth—those children of Israel, whose history is the foundation of our faith? We read *our* Bible, which is *their* Bible; our code of conduct is based upon *their* commandments, which are *our* commandments; *our* salvation is gained by the Jewish sacrifice of the lamb without spot or blemish; *our* apostles, the promulgators of the fulfilment of the Old Testament prophecies and the founders of the New, were Jews. We are especially blessed in triumphing in a hope fulfilled—while to them the promise is yet to come; they linger and wait century after century for what they lost, and we won; this is their sorrow, and hard to bear is their punishment—but it should not detract from the honour and glory which was, and is, theirs from ages past. The condemnation we give them is unworthy of us, and undeserved by them—*They brought no wrath upon us by their blindness;* and we should remember the time will come when we shall be gathered—Jews and Gentiles—together from the four quarters of the globe, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, 'And there shall be one fold and one shepherd.' But of what do we, in these days, chiefly accuse the Jews?—of being a Mammon-making, and a Mammon-loving people? Ought we not to look to ourselves in that matter, and remember the old saying about houses of glass, and throwing of stones. There are but too many evidences

of late before the world, of the Mammon-worship of *our own* people, to render any bowing down to the molten image remarkable in the children of Israel; yet it is marvellous how those who think and reason on all new things, give in to old prejudices without question or examination—clinging with child-like tenacity to foul traditions, as if they were established truths.

We no longer politically outrage a people who have been at all times, LOYAL, peaceable, and industrious; we do not confine them to any particular quarter of our great city; nor drive them out of it like rabid dogs; we suffer them to make money and keep it, and we borrow it for our own wants; we allow them to worship as they please—but by denying them a cordial fellowship with us, we restrict their improvement in all arts but the one of money-making;—and they, unable to attain distinction except through their gold, naturally cling to that which gives them what all men covet—Power.

At our first introduction to Grace Aguilar we were struck, as much by the earnestness and eloquence of her conversation, as by her delicate and lovely countenance. Her person and address were exceedingly prepossessing; her eyes of the deep blue that looks almost black in particular lights; and her hair dark and abundant. There was no attempt at display; no affectation of learning; no desire to obtrude 'me and my books' upon any one, or in any way; in all things she was graceful and well-bred. You felt at once that she was a carefully educated gentlewoman, and if there was more warmth and cordiality of manner than a stranger generally evinces on a first introduction, we remembered her descent,* and that the tone of her studies, as well as her passionate love of music and high musical attainments had increased her sensibility. When we came to know her better, we were charmed and astonished at her extensive reading; at her knowledge of foreign literature, and actual learning—relieved by a refreshing pleasure in juvenile amusements. Each interview increased our friendship, and the quantity and quality of her acquirements commanded our admiration. She had made acquaintance

* Grace Aguilar's family fled to England to escape Spanish and Portuguese persecutions, and some of them found homes and fortunes in the West Indies. Her mother's name was Diaz Fernandez.

with the beauties of English nature during a long residence in Devonshire; loved the country with her whole heart, and enriched her mind by the leisure it afforded; she had collected and arranged conchological and mineralogical specimens to a considerable extent; loved flowers as only sensitive women can love them; and with all this was deeply read in theology and history. Whatever she knew she knew thoroughly; rising at six in the morning, and giving to each hour its employment; cultivating and exercising her home affections, and keeping open heart for many friends. All these qualities were warmed by a fervid enthusiasm for whatever was high and holy. She spurned all envy and uncharitableness, and rendered loving homage to whatever was great and good. It was difficult to induce her to speak of herself or of her own doings. After her death it was deeply interesting to hear from the one of all others who loved and knew her best (her mother), of the progress of her mind from infancy to womanhood; it proved so convincingly how richly she deserved the affection she inspired.

Grace Aguilar, the only daughter of Emanuel and Sarah Aguilar, was born at the Paragon, in Hackney, in June 1816; * for eight years she was an only child, and after that period had elapsed, two boys were added to the family. Grace was of so fragile and delicate a constitution, that her parents took her to Hastings when she was four years old, and at that early age she commenced collecting and arranging shells, learning to read almost by intuition, and when asked to choose a gift, always preferred 'a book.' These gift-books were not read and thrown aside, but preserved with the greatest care, and frequently perused.

From the age of seven years this extraordinary child kept a daily journal, jotting down what she saw, heard, and thought, with the most rigid regard to truth; indeed, after visiting a new scene, her chief delight

* Her family were of the tribe of Judah. Of the original twelve tribes two only are at present known; the tribe of Judah, the fourth son of Jacob and Leah, and the tribe of Benjamin, the youngest son of Jacob and Rachel. The other ten tribes revolted from Rehoboam, A.M. 2964, when there were two separate kingdoms, A.M. 3205, when the ten tribes were made captives by Shalmaneser, king of Assyria. The ten tribes have never since been heard of; but the Israelites believe they are in existence, and will be gathered 'from all the nations whither the Lord our God hath scattered them.' The Spanish and Portuguese Jews are of the tribe of Judah. The German Jews are of the tribe of Benjamin.

was to read and ponder over whatever she could find relating to what she had observed. Her parents were both passionately fond of the beauties of nature, and she enjoyed scenery with them, at an age when children are supposed to be incapable of much observation. Her mother, a highly educated and accomplished woman, loved to direct her child's mind to the study of whatever was beautiful and true; before she completed her twelfth year she wrote a little drama called 'Gustavus Vasa;' it was an indication of what, in after life, became a ruling passion.

The first history placed in her hand was that of Josephus; increasing, as it was certain to do, her interest in her own people. In 1828, after various English wanderings, the family, in consequence of Mr. Aguilar's impaired health, went to reside in Devonshire. The beauty of the scenery which surrounds Tavistock inspired her first poetic effusions, and she became passionately fond of her new power; yet her well-regulated mind prevented her indulging in the exercise of this fascinating talent, until her daily duties and studies were performed.

A life spent, as was that of Grace Aguilar, affords little incident or variety; it is simply a record of talents highly cultivated, of duties affectionately fulfilled, and, as years advanced, of the formation of a great purpose, persevered in with stoic resolution, until, supported by pillows, and shaken by intense suffering, the trembling fingers could no longer hold the pen. It cannot fail to interest those at all acquainted with her writings, to learn how she mingled the most intense faith and devotion to her own people, with respect to the teachers of Christianity. Well as we knew her, we were quite unacquainted with her religious habits; though the odour of sanctity exhaled from all she did and said, she never assumed to be holier than others; never sought discussion; never, in her intercourse with Christians, though sometimes sorely pressed, gave utterance to a hard word or an uncharitable feeling, even when roused to plead with eloquent lips and tearful eyes the cause of her beloved Israel.

It is a beautiful picture to look upon—this young and highly endowed Jewish maiden, nurtured in the bosom of her own family, the beloved of her parents,—themselves high-class Hebrews,—gifted with tastes for the beautiful in Art and Nature, and a sublime love for the true; leaving the traffic of the busy city, content with a moderate competence, soothed by

the accomplishments, the graces, and the devotion of that one cherished daughter, whose high pursuits and purposes never prevented the daily and hourly exercise of those domestic duties and services, which the increasing indisposition of her father demanded more and more.

Stimulated by the counsel of a judicious friend, who, while she admired the various talents of the young girl, saw, that for any *great purpose*, they must be concentrated, Grace Aguilar prayed fervently to God that she might be enabled to do something to elevate the character of her people in the eyes of the Christian world, and—what was, and is, even more important—in their own esteem. They had, she thought, been too long satisfied to go on as they had gone during the days of their tribulation and persecution ; content to amass wealth, without any purpose beyond its possession ; she panted to set before them 'The Records of Israel,' to hold up to their admiration 'The Women of Israel,' those heroic women of whom any nation might be justly proud. Here was a grand purpose,—a purpose which made her heart beat high within her bosom. She knew that she had to write *against* popular feeling ;—she had the still more bitter knowledge that the great number of those for whom she contended, cared little, and thought less of the CAUSE to which she was devoted, heart and soul. But what large mind was ever deterred from a great purpose by difficulties ? The young Jewish girl, with few, if any, literary connections ; with limited knowledge as to how she could set those things before the world ; treasured up her intention for a while, and then imparted it to that mother whom she felt assured would support her in whatever design was high and holy. Her mother exulted in her daughter's plan, and had faith in that daughter's power to work it out : she believed in her noble child, and thanked the God of Israel, who had put the thought into her mind. Mrs. Aguilar knew that Grace had not made Religion her study only for her own personal observance and profit. She knew that she embraced its *principles* in a widely-extended and truly liberal sense ; the good of her people was her first, but not her sole, object. The Hebrew mother had frequently wept tears of joy and gratitude when she observed how her beloved child carried her practice of the holy and benevolent precepts of her faith into every act of her daily life—doing all the good her limited means permitted—finding time, in the midst of her cherished

studies, and still more cherished domestic duties, and most varied occupations, to work for and instruct her poor neighbours; and, while steadily venerating and adhering to her own faith, neither inquiring nor heeding the religious opinions of the needy, whom she succoured or consoled. Her young life had flowed on in bestowing and receiving blessings, and now, when her aspiring soul sought still higher objects, how could her mother, knowing her so well, doubt that she would falter or fail in her undertaking! Proofs have been for some time before the world that she did neither.

She first translated a little work from the French, called 'Israel Defended;' she tried her pinions in 'The Magic Wreath,' and feeling her mental strength, soared upwards in the cause of her people; she wrote 'Home Influence,' and 'The Spirit of Judaism.' But the triumphant spirit was, ere long, clogged by the body's weakness. In the spring of 1838, she was attacked by measles, and from that illness she never perfectly recovered. Soon she commenced the work that of itself is sufficient to create and crown a reputation—'The Women of Israel.' But while her mental powers increased in strength and activity, she became subject to repeated attacks of bodily prostration; and her once round and graceful form was but a shadow. The physician recommended change of air and scene; and sometimes she rallied, but there was no permanent improvement. Music was still, as it had ever been, her solace and delight; but she was obliged to relinquish her practice of the harp, and to exercise her voice but seldom; still her spirit cried, 'On, on,' and every hour she could command was devoted to her pen.

'The Spirit of Judaism,' 'The Women of Israel,' and 'The Jewish Faith,' separately and together, show how, heart and soul, she laboured in the cause she had so emphatically made her own. The first publication relating so particularly to her own people, met with but a cool reception from the English Jews; but in America (where the Hebrews enjoy perfect equality with their Christian brethren) they hailed this rising star with joy, and looked anxiously for its meridian. Letters and congratulations came to her across the Atlantic; and those who had read only her fugitive pieces, were astonished at the concentrated zeal and pious energy which animated her when writing of the Hebrews.

A little 'History of the English Jews,' published by the Messrs. Cham-

bers, is perhaps superior to her other writings, in style and finish—the sentences are more condensed—the information more full of interest. It was, we believe, her last labour of love, and she greatly rejoiced in its publication. When it was finished, she had resolved to visit the German baths, and enjoy, as much as her increased debility permitted, the society of her eldest brother, who at that time was studying music (the art in which he now so much excels and has become famous) at Frankfurt. Her youngest brother was at sea. There were times, even before her departure for Germany, that she felt as if her days were numbered; but this feeling she studiously concealed from her mother, and bore her sufferings with the sweet and placid patience which rendered it a privilege to see her and to hear her speak. At times she really thought she might be spared a little longer to comfort her mother, to witness the distinction certain to reward her brother, and enjoy the reputation which now rushed upon her, especially from her own people, both here and in America.

Devotedly attached to her friends, she bitterly regretted that she could not take leave of them all; but her weakness increased daily; propped up by pillows she still continued to write, until her medical advisers expressly commanded that she should abstain from this—her 'greatest and last luxury.' She obeyed, though expressing her conviction that writing did her good; she frequently said that when oppressed by care, anxiety, and pain, her favourite pursuit drew her from herself, and she firmly believed that writing relieved her headaches,—and this at a period when she had grown too ill even to listen to music. But, all—all her sufferings were borne with angelic patience, as the will of her Heavenly Father, and she would console her mother with words of cheerfulness and hope.

We have said her life had in it nothing to render it remarkable; surely, we are in error; her patient, industrious, self-sacrificing life, was remarkable not only for its sanctity, its talent, and its high purpose, but for its earnest and beautiful simplicity, and perfect *womanliness*.

When the period of her departure for Germany had arrived, her friends found it difficult to bid her farewell; for they thought it would be the last time they should ever press that thin attenuated hand; but the brightness

of her eyes, the hopefulness of her smile, made them hope against hope. She left England on the 16th of June, 1847, lingered in the brilliant city of Frankfurt for a few weeks, and then went to the baths at Langen Schwalback. She persevered in her use of the baths and mineral waters, but they afforded no relief; she was seized one night with violent spasms, and the next day was removed to Frankfurt. Convinced that recovery was now impossible, she calmly and collectedly awaited the coming of death: and though all power of speech was gone, she was able to make her wants and wishes known by conversing on her fingers. Her great anxiety was to sooth her mother; though her tongue refused to perform its office, those wasted fingers would entreat her to be patient, and trust in God. She would name some cherished verse in the Bible, or some dearly-loved psalm, that she desired might be read aloud. The last time her fingers moved it was to spell upon them feebly, '*Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;*' when they could no longer perform her will, her loving eyes would seek her mother and then look upwards, intimating that they should meet hereafter. Amen!

Her death occasioned deep regret among the Hebrews both in Europe and America; foreign tabernacles poured forth their lamentations, private friends gave voice to their grief in prose and poetry, and the various journals of both hemispheres spoke of her with the respect and admiration she deserved. But to those who really knew Grace Aguilar, all eulogium falls short of her deserts; and she has left a blank in her particular walk of literature, which we never expect to see filled up. Her loss to her own people is immense; she was a golden link between the Christian and the Jew; respected and admired alike by both, she drew each in charity closer to the other; she was a proof, living and illustrious, of Jewish excellence and Jewish liberality, and loyalty, and intelligence. The sling of the son of Jesse was not wielded with more power and effect against the scorner of his people, than was her pen against the giant Prejudice.

We have dwelt more than may be thought necessary on Grace Aguilar's championship of her own people, because that distinguishes her from all other female authors of our time; and when writing of the 'fold of Judah,' there is a tone of feeling in all she has published which elevates and sustains her in a remarkable manner. In conversation, the mention of her people

produced the same effect. Sometimes she seemed as one inspired ; and the intense brightness of her eyes, the deep tones of her voice, the natural and unaffected eloquence of her words, when referring to the past history of the Jews,—and the positive radiance of her countenance when she spoke of the gathering of the tribes at Jerusalem, could never be forgotten by those who knew this young Jewish lady. In time, as we have said, her own people estimated her as she deserved. She received a very beautiful address from some of the 'women of Israel' before she left this country for Germany. Among her works of a more general nature, 'Home Influence' is perhaps the most popular ; and its sequel, 'The Mother's Recompense,' though only lately published, was written as far back as the year 1836. 'The Vale of Cedars' is a tale of Jewish faith and Jewish suffering ; the arrangement of the story was difficult, as it is always difficult to embellish what is simple and dignified, without destroying its effect and beauty—but, as we have said, whenever Grace touched upon her own people, she wrote and spoke as one inspired ; she condensed and spiritualised, and all her thoughts and feelings were steeped in the essence of celestial love and truth. We are persuaded that had this young woman lived in the perilous times of persecution, she would have gone to the stake for her faith's sake, and died praying for her murderers. And this heroism was not only for the great trials of life ; she was also a heroine in her endurance of small sufferings and petty annoyances, deeming it sinful to manifest impatience, and thinking it right to be afflicted.

Grace Aguilar had earnestly desired that we should have met her at Frankfurt ; and the only letter we received from her after her arrival there, was full of the pleasant hope that we should meet again—in that cheerful city ; this was however, impossible ; but when we knew that we should see her no more in this world, we promised ourselves a pilgrimage to her grave : and over all the plans which mingled with our dreams of the splendid churches and vast cathedrals we were to see in Germany would come a vision of Grace Aguilar's quiet grave in the Jewish burying-ground of Frankfurt-on-the-Main ; and all the reality of the animated, handsome city, its merchant palaces in the *Zeil,* and *Neue Mainzer Strasse,* its old *Dom,* so full of interest, with its fine monument of Rudolph of Sachsenhausen, beside which you cannot but recal the time when St. Bernard preached the

crusade within its walls,—not even when we stood alone beneath the roof of St. Leonhard's Church, and knew that there once stood the palace of CHARLEMAGNE,—not there—nor anywhere—could we forget that we had vowed a pilgrimage to the grave of 'the lost star of the house of Judah.'

How wild and inharmonious is the mingling of sights, as you whirl through continental cities! Heroic monuments—dark and deep dungeons—magnificent palaces—pictures—flowers—instruments of torture—delicious operas—all crowded together into a few short days!

We had not failed to remember that the brilliant city of Frankfurt was the cradle of the Rothschilds; and it had been suggested that before we visited the Jews' burying-ground, we should see 'the Jews' Quarter,' to look upon the house where the 'very rich man was born,' and where his mother chose to live to the end of her many days, preferring, wise woman that she was, to dwell to the last amongst her own people; yet living, we believe, long enough to know that her grandson represented in Parliament the first city of the modern world: and so became a practical illustration of the altered position of the Jews in the middle of the nineteenth century—sheltered under the vine and fig-tree that flourishes in England.

In few of the German cities did the Jews endure more persecution than in the free city of Frankfurt. During the past century the gates of the quarter to which they were confined, were closed upon them at an early hour, and egress and ingress were alike denied. In 1796 Marshal Jourdan, in bombarding the town, knocked down the gate of the Jews' quarter, and laid several houses in ruin; they have not since been replaced. Another tyrannical law, not repealed until 1834, restricted the number of Hebrew marriages in the city to thirteen yearly. It would seem, however, that, like the mother of the Rothschilds, the people continue to dwell in their own quarter from choice, not necessity; and well it is for the lover of the picturesque and for the antiquary that they do so. A ramble in the Jews' quarter at Frankfurt might well repay a journey from London; it is like going back to the fourteenth century, and meeting the people you read of in history far gone. Imagine the narrowest possible streets through which a carriage can drive, flanked at either side by houses so high that the blue sky above becomes an idea rather than a reality; story after story, with

windows of ancient construction, small and narrow, enclosed by iron gratings, from which frequently depended portions of many-coloured draperies ; garments for sale, which might have been of the spoil of the Egyptian ; strong swords and all kinds of weapons, rust-worn ; bunches of keys, whose handles would drive an antiquary distracted by their elaborate workmanship ; dresses of all countries and all fashions, fez caps, and old but costly turbans. The rich balconies of the most exquisite design, however time-worn ; the *jalousies*, sometimes within, sometimes without the windows ; the Atlantes, supporting entablatures ; lost none of their effect from being half-draped by a scarlet mantle or variegated scarf of Barbary. Numbers of the houses were profusely ornamented at intervals by ball-flowers in the hollow mouldings, and balustrades, supporting carved copings. Then above the doors, some of which evidently led to an inner court or a mysterious-looking passage, was inserted the most exquisitely-wrought iron-work, sufficiently beautiful to form a model for a Berlin bracelet ; while from a stealthy passage peered forth the half-shrouded face and illuminated eyes of dazzling brightness, of some ancient Jewess, whose long, lean, yellow fingers grasped the strong, but exquisitely moulded handle of the entrance. The doors (except the very modern ones) were all of great strength, frequently studded with nails, and the bolts, now worn and rusty, had withstood many a rude assault. We passed beneath small oriel windows, supported by richly carved stone brackets, grey and mouldering ; and beside bay-windows, of pure gothic times ; and when we gazed up—up—up—story after story, we saw what appeared to us more than one Belvedere, doubtless erected by some wealthy Jew as a place from whence he could overlook the city it was forbidden him to tread, or to enjoy pure air, which certainly he could not do in the densely close street beneath. Many of the brackets supporting a solitary balcony were of beautiful design, though the greater number were defaced and crumbling. We also passed several of the fan-shaped windows, so characteristic of the early German style, and here and there a quaint and fantastic *gurgoyle ;* from the mouth of one depended a bunch of soiled but many-coloured ribands. What a vision it seems to us now—that wonderful Jews' quarter of the bright and busy city of Frankfurt!—a vision of some far-off Oriental Pompeii, repeopled in a dream! Never did we look upon faces so keen and

withered, beards so black, or eyes so bright ; once we saw a curly-headed child, half-naked in its swarthy beauty, throned like a baby-king upon a pile of yellow cushions ; and once again, as we drove slowly on, a tall young girl turned up a face of scornful beauty, as if she thought we pale-faced Christians had no business there,—and those two young creatures were all we clearly observed of youthful beauty within the ' Quarter.'

The avenues in the outskirts of German towns contribute greatly to their interest,—they protect from both sun and wind. We drove leisurely along that which leads to the Cemetery of Frankfurt, and turned up a narrower road, that we might enter the walled-off portion of ground appropriated as the Jews' Burying-ground. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the view from the gate of entrance. The city is spread out in the valley like a panorama ; the brightest sunshine illumined the scene ; a girl was seated beneath the branches of a spreading tree in the distance ; she was a garland-weaver, and there she spent her days weaving garlands, which the living bought from her to place on the graves of their departed friends. The gates were opened. Mrs. Aguilar had told us that HER grave was near the wall of the Protestant burying-ground—and there we found it.

The head-stone which marks the spot, bears upon it a butterfly and five stars, and beneath is the inscription—

'Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.'—PROV. chap. xxxi. 31.

Our pilgrimage was accomplished. It was, though in a foreign city, a pilgrimage to an English Shrine—for it was to the grave of an English woman—pure and good. On the 16th of September 1847, at the early age of thirty-one, Grace Aguilar was laid in that cemetery, far from the England she loved so well—the bowl was broken, the silver cord was loosed!

We cannot conclude this tribute to the memory of one we loved, respected, and admired, without extracting a portion of an address presented to her (accompanied by an elegant silver inkstand) by several young Jewish ladies, before her departure for Germany. Had the gift which accompanied it been of the richest and rarest jewels, and offered by the princes of this earthly world, it could not have been as acceptable as it was, coming from the hearts and hands of the maidens of her own faith.

We would simply add that the address is a proof, if proof were needed, that Jewish ladies not only feel and appreciate what is refined, and high, and holy, but know how to express their feelings beautifully and well. Its orientalism does not detract from its pure and sweet simplicity :—

'Dear Sister,—Our admiration of your talents, our veneration for your character, our gratitude for the eminent services your writings render our sex, our people, our faith,—in which the sacred cause of true religion is embodied,—all these motives combine to induce us to intrude on your presence, in order to give utterance to sentiments which we are happy to feel, and delighted to express. Until you arose, it has, in modern times, never been the case, that a woman in Israel should stand forth, the public advocate of the faith of Israel ; that with the depth and purity which is the treasure of woman, and the strength of mind and extensive knowledge that form the pride of man, she should call on her own to cherish, on others to respect, the truth as it is in Israel. You, Sister, have done this, and more. You have taught us to know and appreciate our own dignity ; to feel and to prove that no female character can be more pure than that of the Jewish maiden,—none more pious than that of the woman in Israel. You have vindicated our social and spiritual equality in the faith ; you have, by your excellent example, triumphantly refuted the aspersion that the Jewish religion leaves unmoved the heart of the Jewish woman,—while your writings place within our reach those higher motives, those holier consolations, which flow from the spirituality of our religion, which urge the soul to commune with its Maker, and direct it to His grace and His mercy, as the best guide and protector here and hereafter.'

We can say nothing of Grace Aguilar more eloquently or beautifully true ; it is the just acknowledgment of a large debt from the women of Israel to a holy and good sister, who, having done much to destroy prejudice, and to inculcate charity, merits the thanks of the true Christian as much as of the conscientious Jew.

THE DWELLING OF EDMUND BURKE.

T has been said that we are inclined to overvalue great men when their graves have been long green, or their monuments grey above them, but we believe it is only then we estimate them as they deserve. Prejudice and falsehood have no end during vitality, and posterity is generally anxious to render justice to the mighty dead; we dwell upon their actions,—we quote their sentiments and opinions,—we class them amongst our household goods—and keep their memories green within the sanctuary of our HOMES; we read to our children and friends the written treasures bequeathed to us by the genius and independence of the great statesmen and orators—the men of literature and science—who '*have been.*' We adorn our minds with the poetry of the past, and value it, as well we may, as far superior to that of the present: we sometimes, by the aid of imagination,—one of the highest of God's gifts—bring great men before us: we hear the deep-toned voices and see the flashing eyes of some, who it may be, taught kings their duty, or quelled the tumults of a factious people: we listen to the lay of the minstrel, or the orator's addresses to the assembly, and our pulses throb and our eyes moisten as the eloquence flows—first, as a gentle river, until, gaining strength in its progress, it sweeps onwards like a torrent, overcoming all that sought to impede its progress. What a happy power this is;—what a glorious triumph over time!—recalling or creating at will!—peopling our small chamber with

the demigods of history: viewing them enshrined in their perfections, untainted by the world; hearing their exalted sentiments; knowing them as we know a noble statue or a beautiful picture, without the taint of age or feebleness, or the mildew of decay.

If these sweet waking dreams were more frequent, we should be happier; yes, and better than we are: we should be shamed out of much baseness—for nothing so purifies and exalts the soul as the actual or imaginary companionship of the pure and the exalted; no man who purposed to create a noble picture would choose an imperfect model; no one who seeks virtue and cherishes honour and honourable things, will endure the degradation of ignoble persons or ignoble thoughts; no one ever achieved a great purpose who did not plant his standard on high ground.

A little before the commencement of the present century, England was rich in orators, and poets, and men of letters; the times were favourable to such—events called them forth—and there was still a lingering chivalric feeling in our island which the utilitarian principles or tastes of the present period would now treat with neglect, if not contempt.

The progress of the French revolution agitated Europe; and men wondered if the young Corsican would ever dare to wield the sceptre wrenched from the grasp of a murdered king; people were continually on the watch for fresh events; great stakes were played for all over Europe, and those who desired change were full of hope. It was an age to create great men.

Let us then indulge in visions of those, who in more recent times than we have yet touched upon,—save in one or two PILGRIMAGES,—illumed the later days of the last century; and, brightest and purest of the galaxy, was the orator EDMUND BURKE. Ireland, which gave him birth, may well be proud of the high-souled and high-gifted man, who united in himself all the great qualities which command attention in the senate and the world, and all the domestic virtues that sanctify home; grasping a knowledge of all things, and yet having that sweet sympathy with the small things of life, which at once bestows and secures happiness, and, in the end, popularity.

EDMUND BURKE was born on Arran Quay, Dublin, January the 1st,

1730; his father was an attorney: the name, we believe, was originally spelt Bourke. The great grandfather of Edmund inherited some property in that county which has produced so many men of talent—the county of Cork; the family resided in the neighbourhood of Castletown Roche, four or five miles from Doneraile, five or six miles from Mallow—now a railroad station—and nearly the same distance from the ruins of Kilcolman Castle, whose every mouldering stone is hallowed by the memory of the poet Spenser and his dear friend, 'the Shepherd of the Ocean,' Sir Walter Raleigh. There can be little doubt that Edmund—a portion of whose young life was passed in this beautiful locality—imbibed much thought, as well as much poetry, from the sacred memories which here accompanied him during his wanderings.

Nothing so thoroughly awakens the sympathy of the young as the imaginary presence of the good and great amid the scenes where their most glorious works were accomplished; the associations connected with Kilcolman are so mingled, that their contemplation produces a variety of emotions—admiration for the poem which was created within its walls—contemplation of the 'glorious two' who there spent so much time together in harmony and sweet companionship despite the storms which ravaged the country; then the awful catastrophe, the burning of the castle, and the loss of Spenser's child in the flames, still talked of in the neighbourhood, were certain to make a deep impression on the imagination of a boy whose delicate health prevented his rushing into the amusements and society of children of his own age. There are plenty of crones in every village, and one at least in every gentleman's house to watch 'the master's children,' and pour legendary lore into their willing ears, accompanied by snatches of song and fairy tale. All these were certain to seize upon such an imagination as that of Burke, and lay the foundation of much of that high-souled mental poetry—one of his great characteristics; indeed, the circumstances of his youth were highly favourable to his peculiar temperament—his delicate constitution rendered him naturally susceptible of the beautiful; and the locality of the Blackwater, and the time-honoured ruins of Kilcolman, with its history and traditions, nursed as they were by the holy quiet of a country life, had ample time to sink into his soul and germinate the fruitage which, in after years, attained such rich perfection.

An old schoolmaster, of the name of O'Halloran, was his first teacher; 'he played at learning' at the school, long since in ruins; and the Dominie used to boast that 'no matter how great Master Edmund (God bless him) was, HE was the first who ever put a Latin grammar into his hands.'

Edmund was one of a numerous family; his mother, who had been a Miss Nagle,* having had fourteen or fifteen children, all of whom died young, except four,—one sister, and three brothers: the sister, Mrs. French, was brought up in the faith of her mother, who was a rigid Roman Catholic, while the sons were trained in their father's belief; this happily, created no unkindness between them, for not only were they an affectionate and a united family, but perfectly charitable in their opinions, each of the other's creed. As the future statesman grew older, it was considered wise to remove him to Dublin for better instruction, and he was placed at a school in Smithfield kept by a Mr. James Fitzgerald; but, fortunately for his strength of body and mind, the reputation of an academy in the lovely valley of Ballitore, founded in the midst of a colony of Quakers, by a member of that most benevolent and intelligent society—the well-known Abraham Shackleton—was spreading far and wide; and there the three young Burkes were sent in 1741, Edmund being then twelve years old.

He was considered not so much of brilliant, as of steady application. Here, too, he was remarkable for quick comprehension, and great strength of memory; indications which drew forth at first the commendation, and as his powers unfolded, the warm regard of his master; under whose paternal care, the improvement of his health kept pace with that of his intellect, and the grateful pupil never forgot his obligations: a truly noble mind is prone to exaggerate kindnesses received, and never detracts from their value; it is only the low and the narrow-minded who underrate the benefits they have been blessed with at any period of their lives.

In 1743 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a pensioner. He gained fair honours during his residence there, but like Johnson, Swift, Goldsmith, and other eminent men, he did not distinguish himself so as to lead to any speculation as to his after greatness, although his elders said he was more

* Sylvanus Spenser, the eldest son of the Poet Spenser, married Ellen Nagle, elder daughter of David Nagle, Esq., ancestor of the lady who was mother to Edmund Burke.

anxious to acquire knowledge than to display it ;—a valuable testimony. His domestic life was so pure, his friendships were so firm, his habits so completely those of a well-bred, well-born IRISH GENTLEMAN—mingling, as only Irish gentlemen can do, the suavity of the French with the dignity of English manners—that there is little to write about, or speculate upon, beyond his public words and deeds.

Like most young men of his time, his first oratory was exercised at a club, and his first efforts as a politician were made in 1749, previous to his quitting the Dublin University, in some letters against Mr. Henry Brooke, the author of 'Gustavus Vasa.' His determination was the bar, and his entry at the Middle Temple bears date April 23, 1747. His youthful impressions of England and its capital are recorded in graceful language in his letters to those friends whom he never lost, but by death ; one passage is as applicable to the present as to the past. 'I don't find that genius, the "rath primrose which forsaken dies," is patronised by any of the nobility, so that writers of the first talents are left to the capricious patronage of the public.'

It was the taste of his time to desire, if not solicit patronage. In our opinion literature is degraded by *patronage*, while it is honoured by the friendship of the good and great. Nothing is so loathsome in the history of letters as the debased dedications which men of mind some years ago laid at the feet of the so-styled 'patron!' Literature in our days has only to assert its own dignity, to be true and faithful to the right, to avoid ribaldry, and preserve a noble and brave independence ; and then its importance to the state, as the minister of good, must be acknowledged. It is only when forgetful of great purpose and great power, that literature is open to be forgotten or sneered at. Still the indifference an Englishman feels towards genius, even while enjoying its fruits, was likely enough to check and chill the enthusiasm of Burke, and drive him to much mystery as to his early literary engagements. One of his observations made during his first visit to Westminster Abbey, while hopes and ambitions quickened his throbbing pulse, and he might have been pardoned for wishing for a resting-place in the grand mausoleum of England, is remarkable, as showing how little he changed, and how completely the youth

'Was father to the man.'

'Yet after all, do you know that I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a country church-yard, than in the tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust; the good old expression, "family burying-ground," has something pleasing in it, at least to me.'

This was his last, as it seems to have been his first desire; and it has found an echo in many a richly dowered heart.

'Lay me,' said Allan Cunningham, 'where the daisies can grow on my grave;' and it is well known that Moore—

'The poet of all circles,'—

and, as a poor Irishman once rendered it—

'The *darlint* of his own,'

frequently expressed a desire to be buried at Sloperton beside his children.

The future orator found the law, as a profession, alien to his habits and feelings, for at the expiration of the usual term he was not even called to the bar. Some say he desired the professorship of logic at the University of Glasgow, and even stood the contest; but this has been disputed, and if he was rejected, it is matter of congratulation that his talents and time were not confined to so narrow a sphere. At that period his mind was occupied by his theories on the Sublime and Beautiful, which were finally condensed and published in the shape of that essay which roused the world to admiration.

Mr. Prior says, and with every show of reason, 'that Mr. Burke's ambition of being distinguished in literature, seems to have been one of his earliest, as it was one of his latest, passions.' His first avowed work was 'The Vindication of Natural Society;' but he wrote a great deal anonymously; and the essay on 'The Sublime and Beautiful,' triumphant as it was, must have caused him great anxiety; he began it before he was nineteen, and kept it by him for seven years before it was published—a valuable lesson to those who rush into print and mistake the desire for celebrity for the power which bestows immortality.

The literature which is pursued chiefly in solitude, is always of the best sort; society, which cheers and animates men in most employments, is

an impediment to an author if really warmed by true genius, and impelled by a sacred love of truth not to fritter away his thoughts or be tempted to insincerity.

The genius and noble mind of Burke constituted him a high priest of literature; the lighter, and it might be the more pleasurable, enjoyments of existence, could not be tasted without interfering with his pursuits; but he knew his duty to his God, to the world, and to himself, and the responsibility alone was sufficiently weighty to bend a delicate frame, even when there was no necessity for labouring to live; but where an object is to be attained, principles put forth or combated, God or man to be served, the necessity for exertion always exists, and the great soul must go forth on its mission.

That sooner or later this strife, or love, or duty—pursued bravely—must tell upon all who even covet and enjoy their labour, the experience of the past has recorded; and Edmund Burke, even at that early period of life, was ordered to try the effects of a visit to Bath and Bristol, then the principal resort of the invalids of the United Kingdom.

At Bath he exchanged one malady for another, for he became attached to Miss Nugent, the daughter of his physician, and in a very little time formed what, in a worldly point of view, would be considered an imprudent marriage, but which secured the happiness of his future life; she was a Roman Catholic; but, however unfortunate dissenting creeds are in many instances, in this it never disturbed the harmony of their affection.

She was a woman exactly calculated to create happiness; possessing accomplishments, goodness of heart, sweetness of disposition and manners, veneration for talent, a hopeful spirit to allay her husband's anxieties, wisdom and love to meet his ruffled temper, and tenderness to subdue it—qualities which made him frequently declare 'that every care vanished the moment he sheltered beneath his own roof.'

Edmund Burke became a husband, and also continued a lover—and once presented to his lady-love, on the anniversary of their marriage, his idea of 'a perfect wife.'*

* This as a picture is outlined with so delicate a pencil, and coloured with such mingled purity and richness of tone, that we transcribe a few passages, as much in honour of the man who could write, as of the woman who could inspire, such praise:—

For a considerable time after his marriage Burke toiled as a literary man, living at Battersea or in town, now writing, it is believed, jointly with his brother Richard and his cousin William, a work on the 'European Settlements in America,' in two volumes, which, according to tradition, brought him, or them, only fifty pounds! then planning and commencing an abridgment of the 'History of England.'

Struggling, it may be with difficulties brought on by his generous nature, and which his father's allowance of two hundred a-year, and his own industry and perseverance could hardly overcome, the birth of a son

'The character of ——

'She is handsome, but it is beauty not arising from features, from complexion, or from shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these she touches a heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility, which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first.

'Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue.

'Her stature is not tall, she is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one.

'She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy—she has all the softness that does not imply weakness.'

* * * * * *

'Her voice is a soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage—*you must come close to her to hear it.*

'To describe her body, describes her mind; one is the transcript of the other; her understanding is not shown in the variety of matters it exerts itself on, but in the goodness of the choice she makes.

'She does not display it so much in saying or doing striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought *not* to say or do.'

* * * * * *

'No person of so few years can know the world better; no person was ever less corrupted by the knowledge.

"Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than from any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding, and those who do not.'

* * * * * *

'She has a steady and firm mind, *which takes no more from the solidity of the female character, than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre.* She has such virtues as make us value the truly great of our own sex. She has all the winning graces that make us love even the faults we see in the weak and beautiful in hers.'

was an additional stimulant to exertion, and, in conjunction with Dodsley, he established the *Annual Register*. This work he never acknowledged, but his best biographers have no doubt of his having brought forth and nurtured the useful publication. A hundred pounds a volume seems to have been the sum paid for this labour; and Burke's receipts for the money were at one time in the possession of Mr. Upcott.

Long before he obtained a seat in Parliament he won the esteem of Doctor Johnson, who bore noble testimony to his virtue and talent, and what he especially admired, and called, his 'affluence of conversation.'

For a time he went to Ireland as private secretary to Mr. Hamilton; distinguished from all others of his name as 'single-speech Hamilton;' but disagreeing with this person, he nobly threw up a pension of three hundred a-year, because of the unreasonable and derogatory claims made upon his gratitude by Hamilton, who had procured it for him.

While in Dublin he made acquaintance with the genius of the painter Barry, and though his own means were limited, he persuaded him to come to England, and received him in his house in Queen Anne Street, where he soon procured him employment; he already numbered Mr., afterwards Sir Joshua, Reynolds amongst his friends; and his correspondence with Barry might almost be considered a young painter's manual, so full is it of the better parts of taste, wisdom, and knowledge.

Mr. Burke was then on the threshold of Parliament, Lord Verney arranging for his *début* as member for Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, under the Rockingham Administration; another star was added to the galaxy of that brilliant assembly, and if we had space it could not be devoted to a better purpose than to trace his glorious career in the senate; but that is before all who read the history of the period, and we prefer to follow his footsteps in the under current of private life.

He was too successful to escape the poisoned arrows of envy, or the misrepresentations of the disappointed. Certain persons exclaimed against his want of consistency, and gave as a reason that at one period he commended the spirit of liberty with which the French revolution commenced, although after a time he turned away in horror and disgust from a people who made murder a pastime, and converted Paris into a shambles for human flesh.

But nothing could permanently obscure the fame of the eloquent Irishman; he continued to act with such worthiness, that, despite his schism with Charles James Fox, 'the people' did him the justice to believe, that in his public conduct, he had no one view but the public good.

He outlived calumny, uniting unto genius diligence, and unto diligence patience, and unto patience enthusiasm, and to these, a knowledge, not only, it would seem, of all things, but of such ready application, that in illustration or argument his resources were boundless; the wisdom of the ancients was as familiar to him as the improved state of modern politics, science and laws; the metaphysics and logics of the Schools were to him as household words, and his memory was gemmed with whatever was most valuable in poetry, history, and the arts.

After much toil, and the lapse of some time, he purchased a domain in Buckinghamshire, called 'Gregories;' there, whenever his public duties

Gregories.

gave him leisure, he enjoyed the repose so necessary to an overtaxed brain; and from Gregories some of his most interesting letters are dated.* Those addressed to the painter Barry, *whom his liberality sent to, and supported*

* Our cut exhibits all that now remains of Gregories—a few walls and a portion of the old stables. Mrs. Burke, before her death, sold the mansion to her neighbour, Mr. John Du Pré, of Wilton Park. It was destroyed by fire soon afterwards.

in, Rome, are, as we have said, replete with art and wisdom; and the delicacy of both him and his excellent brother Richard, while entreating the rough-hewn genius to prosecute his studies and give them pleasure by his improvement, are additional proofs of the beautiful union of the brothers, and of their *oneness* of purpose and determination that Barry should never be cramped by want of means.* After the purchase of Gregories† Mr. Burke had no settled town-house, merely occupying one for the season. In one of his letters to Barry, he tells him to direct to Charles Street, St. James's Square; he writes also from Fludyer Street, Westminster, and from Gerrard Street, Soho; but traces of his 'whereabouts' are next to impossible to find. Barry was not the only artist who profited by Edmund Burke's liberality. Barret the landscape-painter had fallen into difficulties, and the fact coming to the orator's ears, during his short tenure of power, he bestowed upon him a place in Chelsea Hospital, which he enjoyed during the remainder of his life.

Indeed, this great man's noble love of Art was part and parcel of himself; it was no affectation, and it led to genuine sympathy with, not only the artist's triumphs, but his difficulties. He found time, amid all his occupations, to write letters to the irritable Barry, and if the painter had followed their counsel, he would have secured his peace and prosperity; but it was far otherwise: his conduct, both in Rome and after his return to England, gave his friend just cause of offence; though, like all others who offended the magnanimous Burke, he was soon forgiven.

He never forgot his Irish friends, or the necessities of those who lived on the family estate; the expansive generosity of his nature did not prevent his attending to the minor comforts of his dependants, and his

* During Barry's five years' residence abroad he earned nothing for himself, and received no supplies save from Edmund and Richard Burke.

† Mr. Prior says in his admirable Life of Burke—'How the money to effect this purchase was procured has given rise to many surmises and reports; a considerable portion was his own, the bequest of his father and elder brother. The Marquis of Rockingham offered the loan of the amount required to complete the purchase; the Marquis was under obligations to him publicly, and privately for some attention paid to the business of his large estates in Ireland. Less disinterested men would have settled the matter otherwise—the one by quartering his friend, the other, by being quartered, on the public purse. To the honour of both, a different course was pursued.'

letters 'home' frequently breathe a most loving and careful spirit, that the sorrows of the poor might be ameliorated, and their wants relieved.

We ought to have mentioned before that Mr. and Mrs. Burke's marriage was only blessed by two sons; one died in childhood, the eldest grew up a young man of the warmest affections, and blessed with a considerable share of talent; to his parents he was everything they could desire; towards his mother he exhibited the tenderness and devotion of a daughter, and his demeanour to his father was that of an obedient son, and most faithful friend. At intervals he enjoyed with them the pleasure they experienced in receiving guests of the highest consideration; amongst them the eccentric Madame De Genlis, who put their politeness to the test by the exercise of her peculiarities, and horrified the meek and amiable Sir Joshua Reynolds by the assumption of talents she did not possess.

The publication of his Reflections on the French Revolution, which, perhaps, never would have seen the light but for the rupture with Mr. Sheridan, which caused his opinions to be misunderstood, brought down the applause of Europe on a head then wearying of public life.

But, perhaps a tribute Burke valued more than any, remembering the adage—an adage which, unhappily, especially applies to Ireland, 'no man is a prophet in his own country,' was, that on a motion of the provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1790, the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him in full convocation, and an address afterwards presented in a gold box, to express the University's sense of his services. When he replied to this distinguished compliment, his town residence was in Duke-street, St. James'.

His term of life—over-tasked as it was—might have been extended to a much longer period, but that his deeply affectionate nature, as time passed on, experienced several of those shocks inseparable from even moderate length of days; many of his friends died; among others, his sister and his brother; but still the wife of his bosom and his son were with him—that son whose talents he rated as superior to his own, whom he had consulted for some years on almost every subject, whether of a public or a private nature, that occurred, and very frequently preferred his judgment to his own. This beloved son had attained the age of thirty-

four, when he was seized with rapid consumption. When the malady was recognised and acknowledged, his father took him to Brompton, then, as now, considered the best air for those affected with this cruel malady. 'Cromwell House,' chosen as their temporary residence, is standing still, though there is little doubt the rage for extending London through this once sequestered and rural suburb, will soon raze it to the ground, as it has done others of equal interest.

We have always regarded 'Cromwell House,' as it is called, with veneration. In our earliest acquaintance with a neighbourhood, in which

Cromwell House, Old Brompton.

we lived so long, and still love so well, this giant dwelling, staring with its whited walls and balconied roof over the tangled gardens which seemed to cut it off from all communication with the world, was associated with our 'Hero Worship' of Oliver Cromwell. We were told he had lived there (what neighbourhood has not its 'Cromwell House?')—that the ghastly old place had private staircases and subterranean passages—some underground communication with Kensington;—that there were doors in the

walls, and out of the walls; and that, if not careful, you might be precipitated through trap-doors into some unfathomable abyss, and encounter the ghost of old Oliver himself. These tales operated upon our imagination in the usual way; and many and many a moonlight evening, while wandering in those green lanes—now obliterated by Onslow and Thurloe Squares—and listening to the nightingales, have we watched the huge shadows cast by that solitary and melancholy-looking house, and, as we have said, associated it with the stern and grand Protector of England. Upon closer investigation, how grieved we have often been to discover the truth, for it destroyed not only our castles in the air, but their inhabitants; we found that Oliver never resided there, but that his son Richard had, and was a ratepayer to the parish of Kensington for some time. To this lonely, sombre house, Mr. and Mrs. Burke and their son removed, in the hope that the soft mild air of this salubrious neighbourhood might restore his failing strength; the consciousness of his being in danger was something too terrible for them to think of. He had just received a new appointment—an appointment suited to his tastes and expectations; he must take possession of it in a little time. He was their child, their friend, their treasure, their all! Surely God would spare him to close their eyes. How could death and he meet together? They entreated him of God, by prayer and supplication, and tears that flowed until their eyes were dry and their eyelids parched—but all in vain. The man, in his prime of manhood, was stricken down; we transcribe, from an article in the *Quarterly Review*, on 'Fontenelle's Signs of Death,' the brief account of his last moments:—

'Burke's son, upon whom his father has conferred something of his own celebrity, heard his parents sobbing in another room at the prospect of an event they knew to be inevitable. He rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavoured to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. "I am under no terror," he said; "I feel myself better and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray, talk to me, sir! talk of religion; talk of morality; talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects." Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, "Does it rain?—No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees." The

whistling of the wind and the waving of the trees brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect :—

> "His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
> Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
> With every plant, in sign of worship, wave!"

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and, accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sank into the arms of his father a corpse. Not a sensation told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips.'

The account which all the biographers of Burke give of the effect this bereavement produced upon his parents is most fearful even to read; what must it have been to witness! His mother seems to have regained her self-possession sooner than his father. In one of his letters to the late Baron Smith, he writes—'So heavy a calamity has fallen upon me as to disable me from business, and disqualifies me for repose. The existence I have—*I do not know that I can call life.* * * * Good nights to you—I never have any.' And again—'The life which has been so embittered cannot long endure. The grave will soon close over me, and my dejections.' To Lord Auckland he writes—'For myself, or for my family (alas! I have none), I have nothing to hope or to fear in this world.' And again in another letter—'The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours, I lie prostrate on the earth; I am alone, I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. I greatly deceive myself if, in this hard season of life, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world.'

There is something in the 'wail' and character of these laments that recals the mournful Psalms of David; like the Psalmist he endeavoured to be comforted, but it was by an effort. His political career was shrouded for ever—the *motive* to his great exertions was destroyed—but his mind, wrecked as it had been, could not remain inactive. In 1795 his *private* reply to Mr. Smith's letter, requesting his opinion of the

expediency of, and necessity for, Catholic Emancipation, got into public circulation; and in that singular document, though he did not enter into the details of the question with as much minuteness as he would previously have done, he pleaded for the removal of the whole of the disabilities of the Roman Catholic body. From time to time he put forth a small work on some popular question. He originated several plans for benefiting the poor in his own neighbourhood. He had a windmill in his park for the purpose of supplying the poor with cheap bread, which bread was served at his own table; and, as if clinging to the memory of the youth of his son, he formed a plan for the establishment of an emigrant school at Penn, where the children of those who had perished by the guillotine or the sword amid the French convulsions, could be received, supported, and educated. He made a generous appeal to government for the benefit of these children, which was as generously responded to. The house appropriated to this humane purpose had been inhabited by Burke's old friend, General Haviland; and after his death several *emigré* French priests sheltered within its walls. Until his last fatal illness Mr. Burke watched over the establishment with the solicitude of a friend and the tenderness of a father. The Lords of the Treasury allowed fifty pounds per month for its sustenance: the Marquis of Buckingham made them a present of a brass cannon and a stand of colours. When the Bourbons were restored in 1814 they relieved the government from this charge, and the institution was dissolved in 1820; in 1822 'Tyler's Green House,' as it was called, was sold in lots, pulled down, and carried away: thus, Burke's own dwelling being destroyed by fire, and this building, sanctified by his sympathy and goodness, razed to the ground, little remains to mark the locality of places where all the distinguished men of the age congregated around 'the Burkes,' and where Edmund, almost to the last, extended hospitalities, coveted and appreciated by all who had any pretensions to be considered as distinguished either by talent or fortune.

It has frequently struck us as strange, the morbid avidity with which the world seizes upon the slightest evidence of abstraction in great men, to declare that their minds are fading, or impoverished: the public gapes for every trifle calculated to prove that the palsied fingers can no longer grasp the intellectual sceptre, and that the well-worn and hard-earned

bays are as a crown of thorns to the pulseless brow. It was, in those days, whispered in London that the great orator had become imbecile immediately after the publication of his '*Letter to a Noble Lord;*' and that he wandered about his park kissing his cows and horses.

A noble friend went immediately to Beaconsfield to ascertain the truth, and was delighted to find Mr. Burke anxious to read him passages from 'A Regicide Peace,' which he was then writing; after a little delicate manœuvring on his part, to ascertain the truth, Mr. Burke told him a touching incident which proved the origin of this calumny on his intellectual powers.

An old horse, a great favourite of his son's, and his constant companion, when both were full of life and health, had been turned out at the death of his master, to take his run of the park for the remainder of his life, at ease; with strict injunctions to the servants that he should neither be ridden, nor molested by any one. While musing one day, loitering along, Mr. Burke perceived this worn-out old servant coming close up to him, and at length, after some moments spent in viewing his person, followed by seeming recollection and confidence, he deliberately rested his head upon his bosom. The singularity of the action itself, the remembrance of his dead son, its late master, who occupied so much of his thoughts at all times, and the apparent attachment, tenderness, and intelligence of the creature towards him—as if it could sympathise with his inward sorrow—rushing at once into his mind, totally overpowered his firmness, and throwing his arms over its neck, he wept long and loudly.

But though his lucid and beautiful mind, however agonised, remained unclouded to the last, and his affections glowed towards his old friends as warmly as ever, his bodily health was failing fast. One of the last letters he ever dictated was to Mary Leadbeater, the daughter of his old friend and master, Shackleton; this lady was subsequently well known in Ireland as the author of 'Cottage Dialogues;' the first literary attempt, we believe, made towards the improvement of the lower order of Irish, was by her faithful and earnest pen; to this letter, congratulating her on the birth of a son, is a P.S. where the invalid says:—'I have been at Bath these four months to no purpose, and am therefore to be removed to my own house at Beaconsfield to-morrow, *to be nearer to a habitation more*

permanent, humble and fearfully hoping that my better part may find a better mansion ! '

It would seem as if he anticipated the hour of his passing away. He sent sweet messages of loving-kindness to all his friends, entreating and exchanging pardons ; recapitulated his motives of action on various political emergences ; gave directions as to his funeral, and then listened with attention to some serious papers of Addison on religious subjects and on the immortality of the soul. His attendants after this were in the act of removing him to his bed, when indistinctly invoking a blessing on all around him, he sunk down and expired on the 9th of July, 1797, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

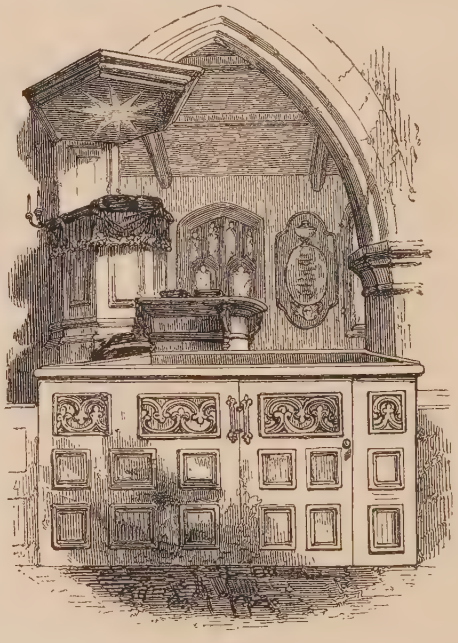
'His end,' said his friend Doctor Lawrence, 'was suited to the simple greatness of mind which he displayed through life ; every way unaffected, without levity, without ostentation, full of natural grace and dignity, he appeared neither to wish nor to dread, but patiently and placidly to await, the appointed hour of his dissolution.

It was almost impossible to people, in fancy, the tattered and neglected churchyard of Beaconsfield as it now is—with those who swelled the funeral pomp of the greatest ornament of the British senate ; to imagine the titled pall-bearers, where the swine were tumbling over graves, and rooting at headstones. Seldom, perhaps never, in England, had we seen a churchyard so little cared for as that, where the tomb of Waller * renders the surrounding disorder 'in a sacred place' more conspicuous by its lofty pretensions, and where the church is regarded as the mausoleum of Edmund Burke. Surely the 'decency of churchyards' ought to be enforced, if those to whom they should be sacred trusts, neglect or forget their duty. That the churchyard of Beaconsfield, which has long been considered 'a shrine,' should be suffered to remain in the state in which we saw it, is a disgrace not only to the town, but to England ; it was differently cared for during Burke's life-time, and though his will expressed

* Waller was a resident in this vicinity, in which his landed property chiefly lay. He lived in the family mansion named Well's Court, a property still in the possession of his descendants. His tomb is a table monument of white marble, upon which rises a pyramid, resting on skulls with bat's wings ; it is a peculiar but picturesque addition to the churchyard, and, from its situation close to the walk, attracts much attention.

a disinclination to posthumous honours, and unnecessary expense, never were mourners more sincere—never did there arise to the blue vault of heaven the incense of greater, and more deepfelt sorrow, than from the multitude who assembled in and around the church, while the mortal remains of Edmund Burke, were placed in the same vault with his son and brother.

The tablet to his memory, placed on the wall of the south aisle of the church, records his last resting-place with the relatives just named; as



The Tomb of Edmund Burke.*

well as the fact of the same grave containing the body of his 'entirely beloved and incomparable wife,' who died in 1812, at the age of 76.

Deeply do we deplore that the dwelling where he enjoyed so much that

* Our engraving exhibits his simple tablet, as seen from the central aisle of the church, immediately in front of the pew in which Burke and his family always sat.

renders life happy, and suffered what sanctifies and prepares us for a better world, exists no longer ; but his name is incorporated with our history, and adds another to the list of the great men who have been called into life and received their first and best impressions in Ireland ; and if Ireland had given nothing to her more prosperous sister than the extraordinary men—the men of practical utility—of the past and present century, she merits her gratitude for the gifts which bestow so much honour and glory on the "United Kingdoms."

Mrs. Burke, previous to her death, sold the mansion to her neighbour, Mr. John Du Pré, of Wilton Park. Mrs. Haviland, Mr. Burke's niece, lived with her to the last, though she did not receive the portion of her fortune to which she was considered entitled. Her son, Thomas Haviland Burke, grand-nephew of Edmund, became the lineal representative of the family ; but the library and all the tokens of respect and admiration which he received from the good, and from the whole world, went with the property to *Mrs. Burke's* nephew, Mr. Nugent. Some of the sculpture which ornamented the house now graces the British Museum.

The mansion was burnt on the 23rd of April, 1813. The ground where it stood is unequal ; made so, in some instances, apparently, by the *débris* of the ruined structure : parts of the park wall remain, and many fine old trees yet flourish there, beneath whose shade we picture the meeting between the mourning father and the favourite horse of his lost son.

There is a full-length portrait of Edmund Burke in the Examination Hall of the Dublin University. All such portraits should be copied, and preserved in our own Houses of Parliament, a meet honour to the dead, and a stimulant to the living to 'go and do likewise.'* It hardly realises, however, the *idéal* of Burke ; perhaps no portrait could. What Miss

* 'The late Queen Caroline, when Princess of Wales, requested the widow of Edmund Burke to let her have a cast taken from the bust of her husband, and the widow anxious for his honour—as Her Royal Highness said it should be one in a gallery she was about to form of British Worthies—presented the Princess with the original. The collection was never formed ; and at the sale of Her Royal Highness's effects at Connaught House, it was discovered amongst the rubbish, and put up for sale. There was a contest for its possession between Turnerelli, the sculptor, and Mrs. Thomas Haviland ; the lady bought her uncle's bust, and some time afterwards Mr. Haviland presented it to the British Museum,'—Prior's *Life of Burke.*

Edgeworth called the 'ground-plan of the face' is there; but we must imagine the varying expression, the light of the bright, quick eyes, the eloquence of the unclosed lips, the storm which could gather thunder-clouds on the well-formed brow. But we have far exceeded our limits without exhausting our subject, and, with Dr. Parr, in his memorable character of the man, still would speak of Burke :—

'Of Burke, by whose sweetness, Athens herself would have been soothed, with whose amplitude and exuberance she would have been enraptured, and on whose lips that prolific mother of genius and science, would have adored, confessed—the Goddess of Persuasion.'

Alas! we have lingered long at his Shrine, and yet our praise is not half spoken!

THE REMAINS OF CLARENDON HOUSE.

CLARENDON HOUSE, the magnificent palace of the great Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England,—the building of which, at vast expenditure, by exciting envy and suspicion, was the main cause of his downfal—is now indicated but by two pillars, of Corinthian order, which form the door-posts of a stable-yard in Piccadilly. Few of the thousands who pass it by daily, pause to bestow a thought upon the poor remnants which yet indicate the site; or revert to the olden time, when the now crowded locality was the immediate vicinage of the Court—a suburb of gigantic London. Yet what lofty memories are associated with this throng of houses; and with what force they come upon us, if we stroll through the broad street *at night!*

Everything in London is suggestive: for everything has a History. A moment's pause on the paved terrace which skirts the Green Park, and a glance along the varied line of 'homes,' commencing with that of 'the Iron Duke'—the square, solid, unpicturesque casket, which contains the tributes of mighty nations to one mightier than they,—and continued by mansions, in some of which lights are glittering and banquets are spread, to houses telling of the commingling of ranks, manifesting the health and strength of a commercial country, where the busy traffic of the day has yielded to repose,—on and on, until, as memories crowd

upon us, we are forced to pause and think how rightly proud we may be that our father-land is prodigal of immortal names!

The scene, in its happy silence, suggests the deeds and the men who have stamped their celebrities around us; many of them sleep beneath the heavy architecture of England's great Mausoleum—the massive towers of which are dimly traced in the distance; others in humbler, but not less immortal, graves; and even while we dwell upon their glories, and reverence the great truths they taught, it is a joyful privilege to know that, talk and write as we may about the pleasant old time of 'Merrie England,' we have achieved greater works, overcome mightier difficulties, learned of science new strength, opened our hearts as well as our ears to more important truths, acquired fresh sympathies, and now stand forth a far greater Nation in this our own age than we did in ages gone by. There may be much of evil left to—

> 'change our strain,
> And check our pride,'

but who dares to say that England will not proceed in her march of triumph, both for time and for eternity? Who will not rejoice that England is now pre-eminent above all the nations of the earth in self-respect and self-confidence, combined with hope and trust?

It must be lamented, that in the teeth of public opinion Lord Clarendon persisted in erecting so superb a palace in the neighbourhood of the Court. Whoever is in advance of his time runs great danger of martyrdom. In his case, the building excited the jealousy of both courtiers and citizens; the former only saw that they were built out—built over—by the ambitious Chancellor—by the father-in-law of England's future King; the people of those days fancied that a splendid house was like the Ogre's castle—built to conceal treasure; while experience proves that nothing so much diffuses treasure; often to the ruin of the builder. For a short time Lord Clarendon occupied Dorset House, in Salisbury Court, once the residence of the Bishops of Salisbury; and then lived in Worcester House, which stood in the Strand, on the ground now occupied by Beaufort Buildings. He had also a villa at Twickenham, called York's farm, or York House, and during the Great

Fire, in 1666, his furniture and effects were sent there. There is much recorded of the magnificent residence he possessed at Cornbury, in Oxfordshire, where he 'entertained' during the long vacations in a style of princely magnificence. Mention is also made of Caron, or Croome, House, at South Lambeth, which was granted in fee in 1666 to 'Edward Earl of Clarendon.' These and many others he might doubtless have enjoyed if it had not pleased him to purchase the stones intended for the rebuilding of St. Paul's, and appropriate them to the erection of a princely mansion in the face of the Court, and upon a piece of land granted him by the Crown, as we are told, 'on the road to Kensington, near unto Picadilly, where there stood a tavern famous for wine of rare flavour, and for gambling'—inseparable companions ever, to effect the ruin of all that is naturally noble in our natures.

Disraeli, in his valuable work, 'The Curiosities of Literature,' in a paper on 'Palaces built by Ministers,' says it is no wonder that Wolsey and Buckingham built palaces—'they rose and shone the comets of the political horizon of Europe.' 'The Roman tiara still haunted the imagination of the Cardinal; and the egotistic pride of having outrivalled Richelieu and Olivarez—the nominal Ministers, but the real Sovereigns of Europe—kindled the buoyant spirit of the gallant and the splendid Villiers. But,' he asks, 'what folly of the wise must account for the conduct of the profound Clarendon?' Perhaps it might be traced to an overgrown organ of constructiveness. The same propensity that caused him to write his 'History of the Rebellion' urged him to erect the 'spacious and fine house,'—no vestige of which remains at this day save two stunted Corinthian columns which form the gateway of the 'Three Kings Inn,' near Dover Street in Piccadilly; they are, properly speaking, only pilasters painted of a drab colour, which, being rubbed off in sundry places, have assumed a diseased aspect; either they have sunk, or, what is more likely, the earth has grown about them—for now they are miserably out of proportion, and insulted grievously by the blue-board proclamation of a livery stable.* If there were no record of the past in

* According to Bishop Burnet, the building of this structure, which cost above 50,000*l.*, raised a great outcry against the Chancellor. 'Some called it Dunkirk House, intimating that it was built by the peace of Dunkirk; others called it Holland House, because it was

this broad highway of magnificence and commerce but these poor plastered things, they are enough to teach important lessons ; thousands pass them by, without thought or inquiry, although they are out of keeping with anything around them. It is well that the labours of the mind endure longer than the more palpable efforts of the body, or every existing trace of this

Gateway, Piccadilly.

great man would have been a contempt rather than a glory. He reproached himself in his life for 'weakness and vanity' in the outlay occasioned by the building—the relic of which we have just noticed ; and

given out that he had the money from the Dutch,' and inasmuch as he had purchased some stones intended for the repair of St. Paul's—a project which had been laid aside—'the popular odium was increased thereby.' It was commenced in 1664; and on entering it in April, 1667, the Chancellor said, 'This house will one day be my ruin'—as it was. 'It stood at the upper end of St. James's Street, where Albemarle Street, and the streets adjoining, now are.'

which he also says 'more contributed to that gust of envy that had so violently shaken him, than any misdemeanor that he was thought to have been guilty of.' He might well say so, when the house was pointed at as a state crime; and pestilence, conflagration, war, and defeats were connected with Clarendon, or, as the malcontents called it, Dunkirk House —the house raised as much in fondness as in pride, and the memory of which was a sweet solace to him in exile: for when its sale was proposed to him, he says, 'he remained so infatuated with the delight he had enjoyed, that, though he was deprived of it, he hearkened very unwillingly to the advice.' The magnificence of this house was of but short duration. In 1683 it was sold for its materials, and a little anecdote, told by Evelyn, is one of the many memories connected with that gentle and delicately-minded man most gratifying to dwell upon. Evelyn was returning to town with the son of the old Chancellor, and 'in passing by the glorious palace his father built but a few years before, which they were demolishing, being sold to undertakers, *I turned my head the other way till the coach was gone past*, lest I might minister occasion of speaking of it, which needs must have grieved him, that in so short a time this pomp was fallen.' Neither rapine nor revolution can produce a more heart-rending picture than the spoliation of the treasure-house of high thoughts, learning, and happiness. There are people in the world who cannot understand this—who look upon the interior of a house as a square inclosed by brick and mortar, and take no note of the memories and loves enshrined therein. It was not from such clay that Evelyn's heart was made! Clarendon although the father of three sons, and by the marriage of his daughter, Anne Hyde, with the Duke of York, afterwards James II., grandfather of two ladylike and gentle-minded Queens—Mary and Anne—yet, after the middle of the last century, no male descendant remained to bear his name: he is now represented, through a female branch, by the present respected Earl of Clarendon.

The Chancellor's great solace, during his exiles—for the King, and by the King's command—was literature; thus falling back for consolation upon the taste imbibed in his youth. He tells us himself, that 'Whilst he was only a student at law and stood at gaze, irresolute what course of life to take, his chief acquaintances were Ben Jonson, John Selden, Charles

Cotton, John Vaughan, Sir Kenelm Digby, Thomas May, and Thomas Carew, and some others of eminent faculties in their several ways.' What a preparation such associates must have been for the young lawyer's after career, through

'Each change of many-colour'd life!'

What learning must he not have imbibed from Selden, what wit from Cotton, what grace and eloquence from Sir Kenelm Digby! And, in the after portion of his life, when the fever of existence was subdued by time and circumstance, how truly does he rejoice that the fanciful and elegant Carew 'was at the last brought to the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire,' and how cordially does he offer a fitting tribute to 'Rare Ben Jonson,' although the poet 'had for many years an extraordinary kindness for Mr. Hyde, till he found he betook himself to business, which he believed ought never to be preferred before his company.' This contempt of 'business'—

'The frivolous pretence
Of human lust to cast off innocence!'

was in keeping with the gruff old poet, who, while he strengthened and exalted the English language, was, in the Chancellor's opinion, 'the best judge of, and fittest to prescribe rules to, poetry and poets, of any man who had lived with, or before him, or since.'

Truly, while we have such emphatic warnings that this is not our abiding city, we must also remember that great honour is due to those who raise around us imperishable monuments of Art and Literature. The records of such great and good men are themes worthy the best efforts of British Art. A gallery filled with productions like that most admirably painted work by Mr. E. M. Ward, which so worthily adorns the Vernon Gallery, and represents with so much force 'the Fall of Clarendon,' must do honour to our country, and become glorious and noble incentives to her sons.

Clarendon, after sailing from the pretty village of Erith, betook himself to France; Louis XIV., playing with his tortures, received him first (through his officers) with all distinction; then (finding it was not pleasant to his worthy brother of England so to do) treated him with unparalleled

cruelty. His body worn down by pain and suffering, he at last found a resting-place at Montpelier, and solaced himself again with the literature he so dearly loved. And yet his cup of affliction was not full; his daughter's apostacy, quickly followed by her death, plunged him again into a sea of sorrow, and he was persuaded to change the scene to Moulins. As his days became numbered, his desire either to return to his native land, or to be near it in death, urged him to remove to Rouen, and he endeavoured to soften the obdurate heart of the King by another petition, that he might be permitted to die among his children. 'Seven years'—so ran his supplication—'Seven years was a time prescribed and limited by God himself for the expiation of some of his greatest judgments; and it is full that time since I have, with all possible humility, sustained the insupportable weight of the King's displeasure. Since it will be in nobody's power long to prevent me from dying, methinks the desiring a place to die in should not be thought a great presumption.' Charles never answered this letter; let us hope that—bad and heartless as he was—he never received it.

Clarendon died at Rouen on the 9th of the last month of the year 1674. The insensible clay was interred on the north side of Henry VII.'s chapel, in Westminster Abbey—an *honour* (we had written it a *mockery*) bestowed doubtless because of his alliance with the Royal Family; but neither of his descendants—Queens of England—honoured him with a monument, nor by any inscription enabled posterity to ascertain the precise spot where repose the ashes of their grandfather Clarendon!—the great and wise Lord High Chancellor of England!

FLAXMAN'S MONUMENT.

MONG the greatest treats a lover of Art can enjoy is a visit to the Autumnal Exhibition of the British Institution, to renew acquaintance (the word is far too cold a one) with pictures it is a privilege to look upon—old friends you have glanced at in days "lang-syne" in some private collection, where you had not, or were not allowed, time to linger, but whose countenances you have never forgotten. It is a noble banquet—permitting us to revel among the glories of the dead, yet ever-living masters. Many years have passed since at one of these exhibitions our attention was directed to a fine painting of a gloriously intellectual head: we could not fail to note that the compressed mouth was full of the silence, imposed, not by secresy or churlishness, but by great and excursive thought; that the pallid cheek and unrefreshed tone of the whole face, bore evidence of hard labour, and the workings of a mind—none higher or holier to be found in broad, triumphant England. Yet the lower portion of the face has a pained, an anguished look—a look of discontent—which could never have belonged to JOHN FLAXMAN. We have written the name with a feeling closely allied to reverence—such as we cannot describe. It is a privilege to possess his published works, and frequently to recal the sensations they create, filling the mind as well as the imagination. We do not venture even a thought of compressing into this brief Pilgrimage aught approaching a biography, or a regular numbering of his wonderful

productions ; all we dare hope is, that some may be induced to contemplate with us the beautiful and harmonious combination in this eminent man's unsullied character—of the most elevated Christian principles, and the noblest range of highest Art. Every day adds to his disciples ; although it took a very long time to convince our foreign-loving country of the mighty genius of that great good man—a long, long time before we acknowledged that a pale weakly boy, a boy so sickly that his childish days were spent on crutches, and his studio was a little padded chair at the back of his father's counter—it took, indeed, a long and a weary time to convince us of that which a large portion of Europe had previously proclaimed loudly—that the delicate fragile child had grown into the IMMORTAL MAN.

While his father was wandering from town to town in the provinces, his wife—his first wife—gave birth, in the good city of York, to the after illustrator of Homer. Two or three years subsequent to this event the elder Flaxman was located in New Street, Covent Garden. But though Flaxman's father was obliged to keep a small shop to sell casts of his own manufacture, his forefathers bore brave arms, and shed brave blood on the field of Naseby! It is strange to feel a pleasure in writing this, when John Flaxman, by the power of his own genius, has achieved more real honour by its exercise than any of his name ; but, despite our philosophic reasoning, there is no man who has had brave ancestors who is not proud thereof ; although glory may be but the 'hatchment' that 'hangs over the dull and mouldering tomb' still a hatchment is a token of ancestry, and is valued accordingly. We have no right to speak lightly of the greatness of those who led in the path of honour or the field of triumph ; and we doubt not the memory of those Puritan struggles had somewhat to do with the elevated and severely *true* character of many of the Miltonic conceptions of the sculptor.

A clergyman of the name of Mathew, a gentleman who fostered Art, and loved what he fostered, relates his first interview with the already inspired child : his words must be quoted—they could not be improved :—'I went to Flaxman's shop to have a figure repaired, and whilst I was standing there *I heard a child cough*, behind the counter ; I looked over, and there I saw a little boy, seated on a small chair, with a large chair

before him, on which lay the book he was reading. His fine eyes and beautiful forehead interested me, and I said, "What book is that?" He raised himself on his crutches, bowed, and said, "Sir, it is a Latin book, and I am trying to learn it." "Ay, indeed," I answered, "you are a fine boy, but this is not the proper book; I'll bring you a right one to-morrow." I did as I promised; and the acquaintance thus gradually begun ripened into one of the best friendships of my life.' Theodore Hook had a favourite proverb—which he loved to quote and write—and, alas! sadly could he testify to its truth:—it was—'*Wrong never comes right.*' May we not say that 'Right never comes wrong?' The feeling which obliged the clergyman to look over the counter when the child coughed, was right; the bringing the book, when promised, was right; the beautiful friendship which ensued, was not that right? Was it not greatly right when Mr. Mathew took the young Flaxman frequently to his house, and when Mrs. Mathew read aloud and commented on the pictorial beauty of Homer, while the boy, warmed by such kindness into strength, sat by her side embodying the most striking passages, or those that most vividly awoke an imagination as deep and pure as that which flowed in the ancient verse. He was no more than eleven years old when Mr. Mathew first brought him to his house, where he first saw Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Montague, and others, who impressed him with ideas of the value and dignity of Literature; and there was far more *prestige* about the literature of those days than in our own unstarched times; female literature—sailing about in feathers and powder, and large fans must have seemed very extraordinary to the boy, just emerged from behind the counter of his father's shop. The child, even then, doubtless distinguished the real from the unreal, and could separate the talent from the fashion. Bee-like, he seemed to have had the power of extracting honey from all things, for his works (holy manifestations of his genius!) are altogether free from every species of what may be termed 'the mode.' Struck by the quiet grace and beauty of these boyish sketches, the youth rejoiced over a commission before he entered the Royal Academy as a pupil, which he did when in his fifteenth year. In 1770 he exhibited a figure of Neptune, in wax; in 1827, his statue of John Kemble, in marble, was exhibited. Fifty-seven years between these periods—fifty-seven years!—how long an age to look forward

to ! how short a time upon which to look back ! In the early part of his career, when a sudden burst of health invigorated his feeble limbs, and enabled him to joy in all the independent vigour of successful INDUSTRY—the healthiest and happiest tonic that genius ever quaffed—he laboured during the day with mallet and chisel, or in more pliant plaster, and designed for the Wedgwoods all the beautiful things that rendered their manufacture so renowned. His relaxation was the accomplished society we have named, where his pencil translated into our vernacular the poetry of the mighty ones of old.

It is delightful to observe how equally the elements were mixed in the mind of this truly great man. If annoyed in one way, he found consolation in another ; he laboured without murmuring through the day, and enjoyed his evenings with an enlarged heart ; and when he married Miss Anne Denman, it has been said that in their union the church performed a miracle, blending them really into one flesh and blood. It was a very peevish, ill-tempered thing of Sir Joshua, to tell the sculptor that, ' because he was married he was spoiled for an artist.' He little knew—old bachelor that he was—how much it is in a woman's power to strengthen her husband's exertions—by words of encouragement in those moments of despondency, when the very activity of the mind causes it to faint ; by turning a deaf ear to a hasty word, but opening both ears and heart to every word of kindness ; by strict not yet mean economy ; by learning enough of whatever art he lives by, to value his exertions, and teaching herself an interest in his pursuits, even if she do not at first understand them ; by remembering her vow of obedience, which, if she love, as did Anne Denman, she will feel a privilege and not a yoke ; by setting the house of genius in order, without disturbing arrangements which, even if she do not comprehend, she must take for granted are necessary ; by rendering duties privileges ; by a tender and confiding up-looking, first to her God and then to her husband ; by living in, and for, his love ; by offices of care and kindness, coming like the perfume of the rose from the whole, rather than from any particular thought or premeditated act. Such a wife was Anne Denman to John Flaxman ; and no wonder was it that his small household in Wardour-street, enriched by such a presence, became noted for its serene elegance, as well as its abundant MIND.

But Flaxman, when he had acquired the means, longed to see, and study in, immortal Rome. His classic appetite hungered for that classic food which can be obtained only there, and she who shared his thoughts and feelings desired equally to attain the object of his wishes. How they enjoyed their residence abroad may be imagined, but cannot be described. It was while there that Mr. Flaxman perfected his illustrations of Homer, and also illustrated Æschylus and Dante. He saturated his fancy with the spirit of the days of old, but must have always found it easier to imagine than to copy. His communications from Rome were not extensive ; they are, we believe, in the possession of Miss Denman, Mrs. Flaxman's sister, who has also a number of Flaxman's unpublished drawings, every line of which is a lesson. This lady possesses the small MS. volume, which is still, unfortunately for the world, only MS. Allan Cunningham mentions it in his life of the sculptor, and perhaps, we love Flaxman all the more for the deep, delicate love he bore his wife. This is evidenced—among a thousand other evidences—by this little book made expressly for her.*

Surely Mrs. Flaxman was prouder of so holy a tribute than if a kingdom, with all its mightiness and impurities, had been laid at her feet. Much profit may all derive from an acquaintance not only with this great man's works, but from the study and contemplation of his character ; it passes all ordinary delight when feeling that the man who achieved such distinction was not only great in talent, but *morally worthy ;* all honour to his name ! He is the finest example in the records of Art to set before the young ; whether we remember how his mind, persevering, clear and confirmed, as it was, lifted him out of the heaviness of a weakly constitution—or consider the serene industry, so dignified and pains-taking, which taught him to

* On the first page is drawn a dove with an olive branch in its mouth ; an angel on the right and an angel on the left, and between them is written "To Anne Flaxman ;" below, two hands are clasped as at the altar, two cherubs bear a garland, and the following inscription to his wife introduces the subject :—"The anniversary of your birthday calls on me to be grateful for fourteen happy years passed in your society. Accept the tribute of these sketches, which under the allegory of a knight-errant's adventures, indicate the trials of Virtue and the conquest over Vice, preparatory to a happier state of existence. After the hero is called to the spiritual world and blest with a celestial union, he is armed with power for the exercise of his ministry ; and for fulfilling the dispensations of Providence, he becomes the associate of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and, as Universal benevolence, is employed in acts of mercy.—John Flaxman, October the 2nd, 1796." '—*Allan Cunningham.*

elevate the homely cups and bowls manufactured by Wedgwood into elegant and classic shapes—one of the surest means of multiplying taste. Nothing can be more instructive than to view Flaxman in the morning, bestowing Etruscan beauty on a milk-jug,—proving that what genius adopts can never be considered 'common or unclean,'—and silently at night embodying the finest conceptions of our greatest poets. And what a beautiful lesson does not his patience impart! When Engleheart received the gold medal—which the united voices of his brother students awarded Flaxman—he was hiding his pale and tearful face, but resolving, none the less, to proceed, like his own Penelope, to the Ithaca of his heart and fortunes. What a noble lesson was this!—How full of dignity—how elevated—how sustaining! How proud should we be of our countryman. And he had his reward—for the firmness of such patience is the accompaniment of a great mind, and must eventually triumph.

The fame of his drawings spread abroad;—their severe yet hallowed purity, their elevated character, their simplicity conveying by a few strokes of an almost inspired pencil what others, less richly endowed, would have taken pages to portray.

The volumes of his art should form a portion of every library, not to be carefully 'put by,' but rendered familiar. We saw the other day, in our own room, two young girls set aside a volume of French costumes to turn over and over again his 'Odyssey,' which, perhaps, for austere simplicity, is the most exquisite of his productions. Let those who examine the leaves of this precious volume remember that for these designs Flaxman received—twenty-one shillings each! The Earl-Bishop of Derry, after they were known, gave him a commission, the subject from 'Ovid's Metamorphoses:' four figures of the heroic size, Flaxman agreed to do for the sum of 600*l.*! He worked night and day, and though he lost several hundred pounds by his work, his high heart made no complaint, nor did the Earl of Bristol!—Lord Bishop of Derry! go beyond his bargain! To give even a *catalogue raisonné* of the works, both on paper and in sculpture, of this wonderful man would fill volumes. His drawings, in fact, are his noblest sculpture, for the marble did not always yield to his chisel as he desired; and those who understand such matters say that he never was at home with modern costume. After his seven years' sojourn in Rome he returned—triumphant,

for his fame was established ; happy, for he had also proved that domestic happiness and artistic reputation *can* be combined. No fame, no distinction, could disturb the equanimity of his temper, or render Flaxman unworthy of himself ; and when the Royal Academy elected him a member of their body, he continued just the same.

He was one of those rare persons, fashioned so completely in the image of his Maker that the seductions and distinctions of the world, commonly so called, were too worthless in his eyes to be considered temptations ; and his love and charity were equal to his refinement and moral dignity. He was neither a fanatic nor a sceptic. He was proud of his Christian privileges, and his great ambition was to decorate the sacred temples of his faith by the exercise of his art. Piety, real and unostentatious, produced its natural fruit. Flaxman was never dazzled by false lights, and never bowed to a coarse patronage ; he was no tuft-hunter—no runner in the train of 'our nobility ;' no bower to a mere rank which had not the power to ennoble its possessor. His thoughts were as much above the world as his works were in advance of his time ; he was HOLY in every thought and deed ; Christian in spirit, and in act ; meek, because he was *above* all worldly pride and littleness of feeling ! Surely we cannot contemplate such excellence too earnestly or too frequently. Youth should be especially careful to erect a high standard ; the higher, the more worthy of attainment, —the more ennobling ! Nothing deserves the name of Art that does not elevate—nothing deserves the distinction of Art that is not above the vapours of the world ; we should so labour, that we may be able to 'look back and blush not.' We all look *forward* with hope, but few can look *back* with perfect content upon their own actions : some blot or blurr—some sad mistake or sin—mars the retrospect ; but Flaxman, living to count seventy and two years, could trace his career, year by year, to the time he sat in the little padded chair behind his father's counter, and, blessing God, smile with both heart and lip. We can never forget the awe we felt at Petworth when contemplating his 'St. Michael subduing Satan.' We have been in the gallery where it stands, at all hours and seen it in all lights—the ardour and energy of the archangel, contrasted so magnificently with the craft and malignity of the demon, that it was impossible not to feel it as the power of good triumphant over the power of evil. He could

not design aught that was not elevated; and perhaps nothing proved the high moral strength of his mind so much, as when, during the brief peace of 1802 he visited Paris to inspect works of Art, refusing to be introduced to the First Consul, because he was the enemy of his King and country. He also, we are told, in the too brief biography prefixed to his lectures, declined, while there, meeting a celebrated French artist, whose talents he admired, but of whose political conduct and principles he had a just abhorrence; indeed, it was his invariable rule, abroad and at home, to shun with the greatest care the society of persons, however brilliant and clever, when he was convinced that their religious and moral opinions were inimical to the laws of their God and their country: by this conduct he preserved a purity of heart and character rarely to be met with; it was this purity of heart which inspired the delightful cheerfulness and amenity of manner, that won the affection of the young and gay, as well as the respect and friendship of those of equal years.

It was so far back as the year 1842, that with a full appreciation of the rich treat we were to enjoy, we entered the house, which the good taste of Miss Denman (Mrs. Flaxman's youngest sister) had converted into a shrine—a positive temple of Flaxman art. Figures, rich as rare, graced the hall and staircase; and when we entered the drawing-room, objects of deep interest dazzled us. The greater part of this glorious collection now honours and adorns the London University—and to this MONUMENT of the heart and genius of Flaxman we desire to conduct our readers. A monument it is indeed and in truth: a monument to commemorate not only the lofty genius but the wonderful industry of the mighty artist! This collection was presented by Miss Denman to the London University: the gift was accepted with gratitude, and has been treated with becoming honour. Proper rooms have been built expressly for the exhibition of these marvellous works; and we believe they may be seen at any time by persons making application for the privilege. Still, they are comparatively hidden: they ought to have been the property of the Nation—to be by the Nation enjoyed. Even their existence at the London University is known but to a few. Here they are, however,—among the prime glories of England, of which the English may be justly proud!

We feel, and feel painfully, how feeble must be all we can say of

Mr. Flaxman to those who remember him; yet there are many whose hearts would leap high at being able to see what we have seen.

His mortal remains are buried in the church of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; the inscription on his tomb is simple and true—his character was beyond all eloquence:—

JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A., P.S.,
WHOSE MORTAL LIFE WAS A CONSTANT PREPARATION FOR A BLESSED IMMORTALITY.
HIS ANGELIC SPIRIT RETURNED TO THE DIVINE GIVER
ON THE 7TH OF DECEMBER, 1826,
IN THE SEVENTY-SECOND YEAR OF HIS AGE.

Let us go thither on a holy pilgrimage Men have travelled thousands of miles to visit shrines dedicate to far less veritable heroes. Let the young Artist stand beside his grave, and make a vow to be GREAT, like him—*if he can* be; to be GOOD, like him—*as he may* be!

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

THE VILLAGE OF EYAM.

ERBYSHIRE has been long and deservedly celebrated for the variety and beauty of its scenery. No English county possesses these qualities in a more remarkable degree; for while the scenery in some districts is of the most luxuriantly pastoral character, in others it is wild and barren—presenting a total contrast—singularly impressive and magnificent. These very distinct characterisations sometimes closely combine, and we have the grandeur of rocky scenery coupled with the most luxuriant vegetation, as in Dove Dale, the beauties of which have been celebrated from the days when Izaak Walton fished there, with his friend Cotton, who sang 'The Wonders of the Peak,' and the beauties of the charming river Dove. A greater poet, who brought travelled experience to the scene, has also strongly testified to its charms. Byron in a letter to Moore asks him: —'Have you ever seen Dove Dale? there are some scenes in England equal to anything in Switzerland.' Moore afterwards lived at Ashbourne, within a mile or two of the Dale, for about two years, and while there wrote his most beautiful poem, 'Lalla Rookh.' The county is indeed a fit residence for a poet, for, like the poetic mind,

'By turns 'tis soft, by turns 'tis wild'—

a character it assumes from the nature of its surface, which is singularly undulating, and at varied altitudes, so that a walk of a few miles may

not unfrequently display a change indicative in a very marked degree of varied temperature in the high and low-lands. Thus reaping may have been completed in the valleys, and the grain secured, while the corn is yet green on the mountains—the husbandman there awaiting another month to ripen the harvest. The highest point is about Castleton, where the head of Mam Tor is frequently enveloped in clouds, and from the summit of which may be distinctly traced the geological character of the county, the eye detecting the series of plateaus which step by step stretch onward toward the low land in which the capital city of the county stands. This mountain range takes its rise near the village of Ashover, and is continued thence through the Peak of Derbyshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland into Scotland, increasing in grandeur and sublimity in its course, and has been dignified by Camden and others with the appellation of 'the English Apennines.'

The visitor to Chatsworth, 'the Palace of the Peak,' is in the midst of the hill scenery which gives beauty to the county, and at the foot of the rocks which contribute to its grandeur some few miles distant in the district known as 'the High Peak.' From the terrace in front of this noble residence, or, better still, from the antique hunting tower on the hill above, the eye commands a view up the valley of the Derwent, where—

'Deep and low the hamlets lie,'

of Pilsley, Hassop, and Baslow, sheltered on one side by the lofty ridge of mountains denominated Froggat Edge, whose sterile and rugged edges cut sharply against the sky, toward the village of Calver, where the hills meet on the other side of the Derwent, which runs rapidly along its stony bed with a sound beautifully realising Coleridge's lines:—

'A noise as of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June;
That to the listening woods all night,
Singeth a quiet tune.'

Beyond Calvert the mountains rapidly close in, until at Stoney Middleton they leave but a narrow gorge for the travellers who journey toward the Peak. Here the rocks have the appearance of perpendicular walls, and, in

some instances, the regular tower and turret-like forms they assume, have nearly as much the effect of an old castellated building when viewed from a distance, as the famed group of rocks on Stanton Moor, which go by the name of Mock Beggar Hall, from its similarity to a baronial residence, which might lead a beggar out of his path in quest of charity. Half way

Village of Eyam.

up the dale,* a chasm in the rock leads by a steep ascent to the village of Eyam, which occupies the table-land on the summit of the cliffs, and above

* Middleton Dale is not without its history and its legends: traces of Roman occupancy have been frequently discovered, and the bath is believed to have been originally established here by them. It is two degrees higher than the warmest springs at Matlock. The high perpendicular rock which forms the first grand opening to Middleton Dale is known as the Lover's Leap, from the circumstance of a love-stricken damsel of the name of Baddeley precipitating herself from the summit, in 1760, and falling from the earful height comparatively uninjured, the shrubs and bushes catching her garments and breaking her fall. It was in passing through this dale in 1743 that the attention of Lord Duncannon was attracted by the beauty of the spar which his horse accidentally trod upon. He procured a larger piece, and had it formed into a vase by Mr. H. Watson of Bakewell, and thus originated a manufacture now extensively carried on of the beautiful fluor-spar, provincially known as Blue John.

which again rise the green hills. The situation of the village has been truthfully and happily described by Mary Howitt: —

'Among the verdant mountains of the Peak,
There lies a quiet hamlet, where the slope
Of pleasant uplands wards the north-winds bleak;
Below, wild dells romantic pathways ope:
Around, above it, spreads a shadowy cope
Of forest trees: flower, foliage, and clear rill
Wave from the cliffs, or down ravines elope;
It seems a place charmed from the power of ill
By sainted words of old;—so lovely, lone, and still.'*

The enduring celebrity of this unpretending village, which attracts the foot of the pilgrim from afar, is due to its having been the centre of the ravages of the great plague of 1665-6, and the scene of the more than Roman fortitude, the Christian devotion and self-sacrifice, of its pastor, the Rev. William Mompesson, who by his influence and example confined the plague to this one spot, and tended, encouraged, and lived among his people, until God was pleased to 'stay' it.†

The plague was introduced into this remote district (according to Dr. Mead, who notes the circumstance in his Narrative of the Great Plague in London,) through the medium of a box of clothes sent to a tailor who resided there. 'The person who opened the box, from whence the imprisoned pestilence burst forth, was its first victim; and the whole of the family, with the solitary exception of one, shared the same fate. The disease spread rapidly, and almost every house was thinned by the contagion. The same roof, in many instances, sheltered at the same time both the dying and the dead. Short indeed was the space between health and sickness, and immediate the transition from the death-bed to the tomb.

* These lines are from an exquisite little poem—'The Desolation of Eyam,'—published in a small volume of verse by William and Mary Howitt nearly thirty years ago, when the gifted authors resided at Nottingham. The poem powerfully describes the ravages of the pestilence at Eyam, and the noble disinterestedness of its pastor.

† The village has not wanted good or gifted ministers since the days of its renowned pastor. The Rev. Mr. Seward lived long here, and his accomplished daughter Anna Seward was born here, and yearly made a pilgrimage to her natal home. The Rev. P. Cunninghame succeeded Mr. Seward; he was a man of considerable poetic powers, and greatly devoted himself to bettering the condition of the cottagers around him.

Wherever symptoms of the plague appeared, so hopeless was recovery, that the dissolution of the afflicted patient was watched with anxious solicitude, that so much of the disease might be buried, and its fatal influence destroyed. In the churchyard, on the neighbouring hills, and in the fields bordering the village, graves were dug ready to receive the expiring sufferers, and the earth with an unhallowed haste was closed upon them, even whilst the limbs were yet warm.'* A clear idea of the ravages made here by this awful scourge may be gathered from the fact, that out of a population of three hundred and thirty persons who then inhabited Eyam, two hundred and fifty-nine fell victims to death.

When the pestilence first appeared, the clergyman, Mr. Mompesson, was residing here with his wife and two children. The alarmed villagers communicated the fearful fact at once to their minister and friend. After the first shock, he speedily made up his mind as to the proper course to pursue ; he determined to confine the plague, if possible, to the bounds of his own parish, and to remain there with his flock, as a true pastor should, and thus literally become 'the priest, the physician, and the legislator of a community of sufferers.' He was at this time a young man, his wife was in her twenty-seventh year, and for her safety and for that of his two children he was deeply anxious ; he therefore at once imparted the melancholy news to her, explained the determined nature of his own self-sacrifice, and urged her immediate flight with the children while life and health remained. But he addressed a spirit as bold as his own, as truly imbued with knowledge of Christian duty, as determined to act with fortitude and resignation to death. She sent her children to a temporary home of safety, *but she refused to go herself ;* he whom she had sworn to love and cherish she would not desert in his hour of need ; the marriage vow of consolatory companionship, 'till death doth part,' she would keep to the letter, and resolutely with Christian fortitude cast away all fear, and prepared for a duty, although it was rendered doubly repulsive by the terrors which surrounded it.

These noble spirits by their example upheld the hopes of their poor parishioners ; they flew not from their homes when their pastor showed his faith and determination ; they trusted in him, and obeyed his behests ;

* Rhodes's Peak Scenery, Pt. I, 1818.

he was their guide, their monitor, in life and death. By this means the plague was pent in the narrow limits of the village, and the county—or perhaps we may say the country generally—was saved from similar ravages. Such was his influence over the villagers that at a time when, of all others, men listen least to argument and most to fear, he was implicitly obeyed in all things; his character and example drew a moral *cordon*—'a charmed circle'—round Eyam, which none attempted to pass, even though to remain within it was to hazard death almost inevitably. He arranged that food should be left at stated spots around the village, that troughs filled with water should be placed near the boundary line of communication, to receive and purify the purchase money used in the perilous traffic; and thus all danger be avoided of spreading contagion. In his labours he was much assisted by the Earl of Devonshire, who was at the time residing at Chatsworth, where he also remained, undeterred by fear, during the whole time the plague was ravaging Eyam, doing all in his power to second the exertions of its noble pastor.

Mompesson felt more than ever the necessity for religious comfort and observances, and wished that his flock should unite in prayer to God, and listen to the certain hope of salvation as they had done heretofore. But to assemble where they used in the village church would be to woo the embraces of Death. He therefore fixed on a spot where he had often enjoyed the beauty of retirement in happier hours, and there determined to assemble his hearers. It is a deep dell, close to the village, formed by the fissures of the rocks as they descend toward Middleton Dale, its craggy sides covered with trees, and a small stream trickling along the midst. Half-way down the dell a rock projects from the mass of foliage, and at a little height from the base is a small cavernous arch about twelve feet high. This Mompesson chose for his pulpit; it was sufficiently high to command a view of the little dell; its arched roof concentrated and threw forth his voice to his hearers on the hill opposite.

> 'A pallid, ghost-like, melancholy crew,
> Seated on scattered crags, and far-off knolls,
> As fearing each the other.'

And thus was God's service conducted at Eyam during the plague, and the spot is still sacred to the villagers, who term it *Cucklet Church*.

The pastor's home was soon visited by the angel of death. His noble wife fell stricken by the pestilence : she died in the month of August, and her death is thus feelingly told by her husband in a letter to Sir George Saville, the patron of the living at Eyam :—'This is the saddest news ever my pen could write. The destroying angel having taken up his quarters within my habitation, my dearest wife has gone to her eternal rest, and is invested with a crown of righteousnesss, having made a happy end. Indeed had she loved herself as well as me, she had fled from the pit of destruction with the sweet babes, and might have prolonged

Pulpit Rock.

her days, but she was resolved to die a martyr to my interest. My drooping spirits are much refreshed with her joys, which, I think, are unutterable.'

Her tomb is in front of the village church, near the entrance to the chancel. On one end is sculptured a winged hour-glass, and the inscription, *Cavete, nescitis horam ;* on the other a skull and the words *Mors mihi lucrum.* At each corner, and a little in advance of the tomb, are

placed four chamfered stone pillars, and close beside is an antique Runic cross.*

When death had thus deprived him of his wife the pastor's hope of his own life failed him, and in the letter we have just quoted, he speaks of himself to Sir George as 'your dying chaplain,' and assures him 'this paper is to bid you a hearty farewell for ever.' He recommends his children to his care, in memorable words which all parents should echo, 'I am not desirous that they should be *great* but *good*.' In writing to his

Mompesson's Tomb.

children, he says, 'I do believe, my dear hearts, upon sufficient ground, that she was the kindest wife in the world; and I do think from my soul, that she loved me ten times more than herself. Further I can assure you, my sweet babes, that her love to you was little inferior to hers for me. For why should she be so desirous of living, but that you might have the

* This very beautiful cross has suffered from time and neglect: at one period it was thrown down in a corner of the churchyard and broken in three pieces. It was seen in this condition by the great philanthropist, John Howard; it was to the interest he showed in it, and to his recommendation, we owe its preservation. It was rescued from the docks and thistles which had nearly overgrown it, the shaft again set up in the churchyard, and the upper part of the cross placed on it, but the intervening portion (about two feet of the shaft) had been broken to pieces. It is an exceedingly interesting relic of early Christianity, and has been elaborately sculptured on all sides with interlaced ornament and sacred figures.

comfort of my life ;'—he adds a touching story of her death-bed, when on refusing all sustenance, or cordials, 'I desired her to take them for your dear sakes. Upon the mention of your dear names, she lifted herself up and took them, which was to let me understand, whilst she had strength left, she would embrace any opportunity she had of testifying her affection to you.'

At this time the plague raged fearfully at Eyam ; the churchyard was overcrowded, and in the fields and hills adjoining the village, its once happy inhabitants found their graves. Some twenty years ago, the neighbouring fields contained the graves and monumental tablets of the dead ; but they are all now obliterated by the hand of the husbandman, except one group, known as 'the Riley Gravestones,' which are situated about half a mile

Riley Gravestones.

from the village on the hill-side ; a wall has been erected round the stones that remain, but many whose resting-places were not distinguished by such marks, are not included within this humble enclosure. One square tomb and six head-stones record the resting-places of an entire family ; and show how fearfully sudden the plague swept all away. The first who died was Elizabeth Hancock,* on August 3rd, 1666 ; the father died on the

* A descendant of this family—Mr. Joseph Hancock—was the originator, in 1750, of the art of plating copper with silver, which he practised at Sheffield, and which gave 'Sheffield plate' an European celebrity, and the town employment and wealth ever since.

following day; the three sons died together on the 7th of that month: another daughter on the 9th, and another the day following; leaving one boy only as the representative of the family.*

It was during the August and September of this year, that the plague raged uncontrolled; early in November, it ceased, leaving unscathed the Pastor Mompesson, who on the 20th of November writes—'The condition of this place has been so sad that I persuade myself it did exceed all history and example; I may truly say that our place has become a Golgotha, the place of a skull: and had there not been a small remnant of us left, we had been as Sodom and been made like unto Gomorrah. My ears never heard such doleful lamentations, and my eyes never beheld such ghastly spectacles. Now, blessed be God, all our fears are over, for none have died of the infection since the 11th of October, and all the pest-houses have been long empty.'

He now resumed his duties in the village church, the quaint and simple edifice where so many had listened whose ears were now closed by pestilential death. But he did not remain long amid the scenes his labours have consecrated; his noble disinterestedness procured him many friends, who sedulously laboured to advance him in the Church; the rectory of Eakring in Nottinghamshire was presented to him by his friend Sir George Saville, in whose neighbourhood it was situated. But such was the fear the people there still felt after the scourge of Eyam had been recorded, that they dreaded his coming among them, and a hut was erected for him in Rufford Park, where he stayed till all fear had subsided.

His friends afterwards succeeded in obtaining for him the prebends of York and Southwell, and had he been ambitious, the highest ecclesiastical preferments might have been attained. He was offered the Deanery of Lincoln, but being more anxious to serve his friend than himself, he transferred his influence and interest to the witty and learned Dr. Fuller, author of 'The Worthies of England,' &c., who was accordingly inducted. He

* Miss Seward relates that five of the villagers, employed in the summer of 1757 in digging near these grave-stones, dug up some linen or woollen cloth; the men all sickened of a putrid fever, and three of the five died; the disorder was contagious, and proved mortal to numbers of the inhabitants of Eyam.

still resided at Eakring, and died there, March 7th, 1708, in the seventieth year of his age.

It has been well said that 'a fervent piety, a humble resignation, a spirit that under circumstances peculiarly afflicting could sincerely say "not my will but Thine be done," a manly fortitude and a friendly generosity of heart, were blended together in the character of Mompesson.'

As Miss Seward emphatically observes, 'his memory ought never to

Eyam Church.

die; it should be immortal as the spirit which made him worthy to live.' We travel far to see costly tombs and 'storied urns' of kings and conquerors, but is not a pilgrimage to such a grave as his a more worthy labour? for he has indeed triumphed over death, and 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'

THE MONUMENT OF EDWARD BIRD, R.A.

WE remember, many years ago, being charmed by a picture painted by Mr. Edward Bird. We saw it in Bristol: it was one of the earliest works of Art that left a 'memory' with us after we came to England, probably from its peculiarly English aspect. It was called 'The Country Auction.' We were told it was not inferior, in any respect, to the more celebrated productions of that most amiable man and most excellent artist; that the persons in the pictorial drama were delineated with rare truth, and manifested most correct discrimination of individual character. To us it was a new volume of English rural life. We venerated the patriarchal soberness of the elder peasant, who had secured the volume he loved best—a Bible; the matronly providence of his partner, who wishes her son-in-law to bethink himself of the cradle rather than the punch-bowl; the meek joy of the young wife, proud of the provision for her tea-table; the hesitation amounting to suspicion of the gamekeeper—one of the bidders for a fowling-piece—contrasted with the blustering self-will of the butcher, resolved that the disputed weapon should be his: the exquisite coquetry of the little maid, who, before a looking-glass, places on her head a burnished cullender; the prying curiosity of the country connoisseur, examining the merits of an old picture. But the merry group of 'little ones,' amusing themselves with a kitten they had confined in a warming-pan, delighted us as much as 'pussy' did them. The sportive

character of that little episode was delicious ; so full of life and childish nature—so different in its moods and exercises from the grown-up nature of 'big people.' It was evidently painted by an artist who both understood and loved children—not as models, but as portions of his own heart. There were other pictures by the same hand, we remember, in the room : 'The Surrender of Calais,' 'The Burning of the Bishops,'—a subject full of painful interest, one of the last the painter ever undertook ; and it must have been a trying scene to a man struggling with illness, and those distressing nervous affections which shatter intellect and stimulate beyond the bodily power of exertion or endurance.

We transferred our interest, naturally enough, from the picture to the painter, and became anxious to see the artist who had afforded us so much pleasure. At that time to have looked upon a man capable of producing such works would have made us happy beyond conception ; but they told us he was dead, that he had been benevolent to the poor, a devoted husband, an affectionate yet judicious father, a most admirable son, a faithful friend, and an earnest lover of, and labourer in, his art, to which he had won his way by steady and undeviating perseverance, gaining respect by conduct in domestic life so praiseworthy that he commanded esteem no less than admiration. His genius was enshrined in home affections and home duties. The Bristol people (we were then informed) were so rightly proud of this good man and good painter, who had elevated the reputation—restored it we may say, for it had been lost—of their moody city by his virtues no less than by his talents, that they—gentlemen of Bristol—had honoured his remains with a splendid funeral. We were shown the spot where he was buried in the cathedral, and assured it was their intention to erect a monument to his memory !

We rejoiced to think that this people had grown wiser, as well as more generous, since the fate of Chatterton—

'The marvellous boy who perished in his pride'—

had left a blot upon their character. We rejoiced to learn that wisdom had followed experience, and that the warning bequeathed by the unhappy child of genius had produced its anticipated effects ; that the 'Bristolians,' no longer the Bœotians—though neither as wealthy nor as prosperous as

in the times of yore, when Bristol sent forth and received her golden argosies—had rendered their sea-city a queen among the provinces for justice and liberality. We shall see!

It was not, however, until a comparatively late period, that the picture of Mr. Bird (although it had often floated over our mind,) returned vividly before us. And what we had heard of his gentle nature contrasted so strongly with the resolute and stormy character of James Barry, that it was a relief to contemplate the career, despite its few gloomy passages, of a domestic painter—a man painting in the midst of his children: instructing and regulating their minds while conveying to his canvass the knowledge and power that supplied them with food; a man whose whole life proved the compatibility of high talent with the Christian virtues; a man, who like Sir David Wilkie, made his Bible his guide-book,* whose life was an illustration of his faith—a faith without cant or severity.

We know one of BIRD'S oldest companions. It is pleasant to hear him talk of the friend over whom the grave has closed more than thirty years, and whom he characterises as 'straight-minded and sound-hearted among his fellow-men.' 'Edward Bird,' he tells us, 'evinced his talent at a very early period. To keep him quiet, when not more than four years old, his mother would suffer him to have his liberty in a whitewashed garret, which he decorated according to his fancy with two armies in battle-array—the one party drawn in red, the other in black chalk; and he would every now and then, as he executed a figure, start back, clap his hands, and exclaim, "Well done, little Neddy Bird!"' But it was not only with red and black chalk that 'little Neddy Bird' did well; his heart developed itself as much as his mind. Ned was sent to a dame's school about a mile from his home; and his tender mother, to prevent his walking too much, folded up his dinner in a little basket. One day the good school-dame came to inquire why her 'favourite' was so frequently dispatched with an empty wallet; and 'Neddy' was compelled to confess that whenever he met a hungry-looking beggar on the road, he parted with his

* 'I have shown you all my preparations for foreign travel,' said this admirable man to one of his dearest friends, 'and now I must show you my GUIDE-BOOK:'—he produced his Bible.

dinner. In this it seems 'the child was father to the man,' for a touching story of a widow's child is recorded of him; and our venerable friend assures us the only incorrectness in the record is, that the incident occurred at Bristol and not at Wolverhampton—the painter's birthplace. The bereaved widow, after her child's death, brought a token of gratitude, a pincushion and a pair of scissors, to Miss Bird, mementos which her feeling mind appreciates to this day. What a heritage of high thoughts and heartfelt blessings does such a father bequeath unto his children—the noblest heritage of all!

'He died—and bequeathed to his child a good name!'

The early and industrious life of Mr. Bird calls for little notice. His first professional practice was with a tea-board painter in Birmingham; but he removed after a brief noviciate, to Bristol—his home for the remainder of his days. Here he commenced a drawing-school. During intervals of teaching, he designed, and sketched, and painted, pouring out his thoughts, giving vent to his ardour, and at the same time disciplining his own mind. Sometimes he showed his productions to his friends, but not often. Mr. Murphy, the father of Mrs. Jameson, an artist whose heart was as warm as his judgment was sound, appreciated them as they deserved, and persuaded Bird to send them to the Bath exhibition, desiring him to mark their price. The modest painter noted them at ten guineas each; the judicious friend wrote them down at thirty, and they were immediately sold. His sketches were pictures—full of subject, and every figure true. The reputation of his genius brought around him friends—and strangers, who multiply, with prosperous men, into acquaintances. He was never extravagant, but shared unostentatiously with new and old the simple hospitality of his house; painting away while conversing gaily with those about him, and instructing his children while developing some historical event.

Of his 'Chevy Chase' the old gentleman speaks with raptures: says it was far and away his finest historical picture; full of the appropriate mournful feeling—that there was wailing in the very atmosphere—that it was a wonderful picture—that people could not look on it for their tears. The Marquis of Stafford gave three hundred guineas for it;

and Mr. Bird gratified his own feelings by presenting the original sketch to Sir Walter Scott. The reply of the Northern Magician is surely worth transcribing.*

Honours and money flowed in together; but though Mr. Bird received large sums for his pictures—the pictures *were large*. The 'Chevy Chase,' which the noble marquis purchased for three hundred guineas, brought only two hundred to the painter, simply because three gentlemen of Bristol, friends, saw it when it was commenced, and agreed to give him for it two hundred guineas. Fair enough that; and there can be no doubt they wished to possess a work of his producing. Such, we believe, being the exact meaning which the term 'patronage' signifies, when applied to Art.

He finished the picture—they paid him the two hundred guineas—good honest men, that was in the bond—and they *sold* it for three hundred to Lord Stafford. Nothing wrong at all in their retaining the hundred realised by their picture-dealing speculation—it was perfectly fair 'in a business-like point of view.' Mr. Bird, who was generosity itself, was glad *his friends* profited by him, for he believed that in the first instance the Burghers of Bristol wished to inspire him with confidence; and such was doubtless the case, but their business habits were stronger than their generosities. He declined a second '*commission*'—of a like nature—and the 'Patrons' of Edward Bird only realised the sum of one hundred guineas; it appears good interest both for their money and their friendship. The same nobleman paid him five hundred guineas for the picture of 'The

* 'Sir,—Two days before leaving Edinburgh for this cottage, I was particularly gratified by receiving the sketch of the 'Battle of Chevy Chase,' which, in my opinion, does the highest honour to the artist, in point of composition and effect. As I am merely an ignorant admirer of the art, I should hardly venture to mention my own judgment were it not confirmed in the fullest extent by the friends to whom I have had the pleasure of showing it. I have destined it, when suitably framed, to hang over the chimney of my little library, among broadswords, battle-axes, and targets, to which it will form, from the subject and execution, a very appropriate companion. It would do me great pleasure, Sir, in any manner in my power, to acknowledge my sense of your kindness, but particularly if you should ever give me an opportunity of personally expressing how much I feel myself, dear Sir,

'Your obliged and faithful servant,

'*Abbotsford, near Melrose,*
12th March, 1814.' 'Walter Scott.

Death of Eli,' and the British Institution awarded him their three hundred pound prize for the same painting. The Princess Charlotte promised him her 'protection,' and accepted his offering of 'The Surrender of Calais.' In the heavy times that followed his death, Mrs. Bird applied to Prince Leopold for a loan of this picture to exhibit, and his Royal Highness generously returned it with a present of a hundred pounds. Are we wrong in the opinion that our greatest men have erred in straying out of their natural paths? One cannot imagine Thomas Carlyle writing 'Pickwick,' or 'Boz' inditing 'Hero-worship.' Yet how wonderful are they in their several spheres! Will not the observation hold good with regard to painters? In rural English life, in pleasant scenes, in delineations of home and its affections, Mr. Bird was at that time alone. Such of his pictures have, we are told, an 'original and unborrowed air, which mark an artist who thought and felt for himself, and sought the materials for his pictures in the living world around him, rather than in the galleries of Art.' In these he was eminently happy; but he was persuaded into scripture and pageant painting, and the last picture of this kind he attempted was so vexatious in its progress that it increased an illness brought on by the loss of one or two of his children, and terminated in his death. It was 'The Embarkation of the French King and his Attendants.' Louis and his courtiers were *suave*, and kind, and punctual; but *our* nobility were not so gracious: answering his applications and making promises of sittings which they never gave; thus retarding the completion of his labours, and depriving him of bread by wasting his time.

But the painter's days were numbered. Fame soon grows weary of sounding her clarion, and those whose hearts are stirred within them at its earlier blasts, quickly discover that the sound is air. His spirit was saddened by illness, and he felt with all the acuteness of a sensitive mind the civil rudeness of many who ought to have understood what they owed themselves and others. The damps of our English November clung too closely around him; his manhood was in its strength, for he had just completed his forty-fifth year; yet his kindly voice was silenced—his soft and gentle smile was hardened into the marble of death—his children were fatherless—his wife a widow!

His old friend loves to discourse of his many virtues, proving the truth of the exquisite lines—

> 'Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.'

We bethought us to inquire concerning the monument which more than thirty years ago we heard was to be erected to his memory.

The good man shook his head. 'Alack!' he said, 'facts are facts, and should be plainly told. The truth is this, that many in Bristol really loved the artist; others mourned for the man, and regretted a loss which deprived their locality of a distinction. Others—but I would rather not talk about them, for I love the fair side of human nature, and somehow, whenever Bristol is mentioned, the fate of Chatterton strikes upon my heart; and the bitter rhymes of Savage and Lovel force their way into my mind.' Yet the cutting and searing couplets of the poets are as milk and honey compared to the single fact that must be written or spoken by all who write or speak of Bristol and Bird in association.

The widow of Edward Bird designed that the funeral of the painter should be modest and plain, in virtuous and prudent accordance with her limited means, for they were narrowed to a bare sufficiency. Moreover, she wished to lay the remains of her beloved husband, companion and friend, in the churchyard grave, where her own might one day repose beside them—a natural and rational wish, which may not be abandoned without a hard struggle. But a proposal was made that he should be interred in the cathedral—that the funeral should be a public one, such as to honour dead genius and encourage living genius; and, above all, that a monument should be erected to his memory, to tell to aftertime that Edward Bird, the artist, was a glory and a benefactor to his kind. The widow felt it was her duty to yield; but she objected on the ground of the additional expense. That objection was overruled at once, by the assurance of its not falling upon her. No other presented itself, and she ceded the point; in melancholy pride that the husband she honoured with a full heart was to be thus honoured by others. Well, the 'public funeral' took place; between two and three hundred 'gentlemen of Bristol' followed the hearse, and stood about the aisles of the old cathedral while the 'earthly tabernacle' of the painter was consigned to its last rest. It was

a noble spectacle ; one that might well have made us forget the doom of intellect in mercantile England, where it is too usually rated in precise proportion to the weight of the purse associated with it. It was a great chance for the city of sugar-bakers and ship-brokers, which half a century before had been marked with a black cross in 'Fame's Eternal Volume.' The name of Bird was to stand in the trader's ledger as a set-off against that of Chatterton—a debtor and creditor side of the account would appear in the same book. Two or three hundred 'gentlemen' having performed the stipulated bargain, separated, and—what next ?

The long illness of the artist, and the 'hope deferred' that made the 'heart sick' had left an embarrassed family, and not a small one. The widow sold her furniture—for the vast sum of two hundred pounds—to augment her sources for payment of debts she regarded as blots on her husband's memory ; and she was rejoicing that, although houseless, these blots were, at least, to be removed, when—*the undertaker's bill for the funeral expenses of Edward Bird was handed to her.* IT WAS PAID AT ONCE—out of the proceeds realised by the sale of household goods—chairs, tables, and feather beds—it was paid ! There is no mistake at all about this matter. The Burghers of Bristol had their 'show ;' they had given low and loud expressions of sympathy to the young boy, the artist's eldest son, who attended as chief mourner ; the ceremony and the liberal 'givers' had been trumpeted by all the journals ! The 'gentlemen of Bristol' loved the laudation, but they were unwilling to pay for it ; it was an article that would not sell again, and realise a profit of 50 per cent.*

So the widow paid for the honour of her husband's 'public' funeral ; and thus, most unwillingly, either deprived his creditors of their due, or his children of the weak staff that was to aid them in traversing the dark valley.

But the monument that was to perpetuate the name, commemorate the genius, and recompense the long labours of the artist—surely the monu-

* It is only just to state, that of those who followed the painter to his grave, many were in utter ignorance of the circumstances under which his funeral was a 'public' one, and who, perhaps, to this day, are not aware of the 'arrangement' that had been made. Unfortunately, in such cases, it is difficult to separate the innocent from the guilty ; the reproach must fall, and it falls heavily, upon them all.

ment was erected by the 'gentlemen of Bristol,' in accordance with a promise to the living and a pledge to the dead?

A monument, indeed, marks the spot; and this is the inscription it contains:

'SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
EDWARD BIRD, ESQ., R.A.,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
NOV. 2, 1819,
AGED 45 YEARS.
HIS DAUGHTER CAUSED THIS STONE TO BE PLACED
AS A TESTIMONY OF RESPECT AND AFFECTION
FOR HER REVERED PARENT.'

Reader, if ever you visit the cathedral of Bristol, look at that small and simple 'slab,' for it is nothing more; look well upon it, and do not shame to see it through tears; for, although a plain bit of unadorned marble, to us it seems the noblest and holiest mausoleum in broad England. Let us tell you why. His daughter earned by the labour of her own hands the money that paid for it! It was not much—many among the three hundred gentlemen expended a greater sum upon a dinner on the afternoon of the 'public' funeral—but it was her all; the savings out of privations; the accumulated 'heap' of days and nights of toil; the working out to completion of a high resolve, formed not long after her father was buried, when she was a young child, but with wit enough to perceive what might be looked for from those who had suffered the widow and the fatherless to sell their furniture, rather than let an 'undertaker' protest that he was cheated into burying a man of genius upon credit.

Many years passed, indeed, before this solemn compact with her own heart and her dead father was fulfilled; but it *was* fulfilled at last; and let it be carved upon the corporate seal of Bristol city, that, although Edward Bird was interred with pomp in its cathedral,

The widow paid the funeral charges, and the daughter earned the money that placed a tablet over his remains!

THE GRAVE OF MRS. HOFLAND.

VERYTHING around us has a memory—an association—an idea beyond the present, altogether away from, and yet connected with, the past. There is no end to these keynotes, which set us in right tune, reminding us of the mortality of ourselves and all we love. Pictures appeal as strongly to the eye as music does to the ear; more strongly, perhaps, to the many, whose eyes are better educated than their ears, who are not keenly alive to the sensibilities of sound, but who comprehend those transfers of nature which enter into our homes, and dwell therein—thanks to the magic pencil of artists thoroughly our own. We shall never look from Richmond-hill, or ramble in the lovely valley of the Thames, without remembering one of the most admirable and excellent women England has ever produced—one who lived not only in the exercise of genuine love and charity, but whose life for many years was an example of that quiet, unostentatious, every-day domestic heroism which both sanctifies and glorifies the female character. It must be more than twenty years since we first saw Mrs. Hofland. We had longed most earnestly to meet her. 'The Son of a Genius,' a story not only of European but of universal popularity, had been one of our first 'story-books;' and we could not prevent tears gushing from our eyes when she took us affectionately by the hand, and said she was sure we should be good friends. We walked together the same morning to a private view of the Society of British Artists, and she showed us with wife-like pride a

view from Richmond-hill painted by her husband. One of his very best pictures it certainly was; and well did she know every glade, and avenue, and tree depicted therein. She spoke so eloquently of the beauty and richness of English landscape scenery, and more especially of the loveliness and sunniness of the banks of the Thames, that we forgot the fealty we owed to our native mountains, and thought only of the great English river. At that time Mr. and Mrs. Hofland lived in Newman-street, and her kind augury was amply fulfilled; we became friends; and we only wish that every woman had such a friend, and such an example, as she was to us and to all around her. In her manners she was perfectly natural, and altogether free from the plague-spot that marks so many literary women—affectation. Her accent still flavoured of Yorkshire; but her plainness of countenance was polished by the purest and gentlest benevolence. A ready wit and a keen perception of the ridiculous prompted her sometimes to say what, though true, would have been called severe if uttered by any one else; yet her natural dislike to occasion pain, healed before the reproved was conscious of a wound. Our knowledge of Mrs. Hofland in the domestic relations of life was such as rendered us altogether forgetful of her literary fame. Some there are who find it difficult to live up to their own printed standard of excellence; but she in her own life was an example of patience, forbearance, and devotedness, which if literally recorded would scarcely be believed. Her unselfishness was such as to deserve the term spiritual; and this extended beyond her home. Her friends saw it exercised daily towards themselves; and at one time, when in her literary capacity, she had the power of thwarting those whom a less generous mind might have considered rivals in the race of fame, her pen was ever first and freest in supporting the feeble, and bringing forward obscure merit. This, perhaps, a less honest critic would have done; but Mrs. Hofland did more. She paid an eager tribute to, and aided to augment, the reputation of those whose fame was eclipsing her own—the true test of a noble mind! We once heard this observed to her; and what was her reply? 'Ay, maybe so; I have had my day, and my sun will set all the happier, from a knowledge that a brighter and a better will rise on the morrow.' Then she was so fond of young people—so happy when her husband's health or inclination permitted her to have the innocent enjoyment of surrounding her table with cheerful

faces. Everybody told her everything, secure of her aid and her sympathy —the warm, generous, earnest sympathy that listened and advised. It is ill to write unkindly of the dead ; and he whose harshness caused her virtues to shine so brightly, honoured her in his heart ; though a long series of years of suffering from internal disease rendered him, despite his talent and his knowledge, so great a penance to so rare a wife. She was so proud of that talent—so eager to prove his excellence—so anxious, even while the flush of outraged feeling was burning on her cheek, to exhibit the bright side of his character to her most intimate friends—so prone to descant upon an artist's trials and an artist's vexations—so wishful to set *herself* aside, that *his* value only might appear in a strong light—so perpetually bringing into active work the charity that beareth all things, endureth all things, hopeth all things—that to learn the most exalted duties of woman's life is but to call to remembrance the practice of Barbara Hofland.

Had it not been for her high religious principles, and her buoyant and cheerful nature, Mrs. Hofland might be said to have passed a life of mingled labour and endurance. She chiefly wrote at night ; we do not remember finding her more than once at her desk in the morning ; and her household affairs were well ordered. It strikes us as a great advantage to a woman not to commence a literary career until her mind is thoroughly established as to her DUTIES : and in this Mrs. Hofland, or at all events her family and friends, were fortunate. She was the daughter of Mr. Robert Weeks, a partner in an extensive manufactory at Sheffield, and was born in 1770. Her father died when she was very young, her mother soon after married again, and therefore she was taken and brought up by an aunt, who had a great opinion of her cleverness, &c. She married, at the age of twenty-six, Mr. T. Bradshaw Hoole, a very worthy young man, connected with a mercantile house in Sheffield. She always spoke of this portion of her life as the happiest. It lasted not long, however ; for Mr. Hoole and their eldest child died in little more than two years after their marriage. She was left with an infant son four months old ; and the little property that belonged to her was lost by the bankruptcy of a trustee. These misfortunes determined her to publish a volume of poems she had composed from time to time as an amusement ; and it was eagerly subscribed for by the people of Sheffield. Two thousand copies were engaged, and the list of

subscribers occupied upwards of forty pages. It appeared in 1805. With the proceeds she established a school at Harrowgate, and continued to write and publish other small works from time to time. Eleven years after the death of her first husband she married Mr. T. C. Hofland, and removed to London the following year, viz., at the end of 1811. In 1812 she wrote five works, amongst which was 'The Son of a Genius,' and continued writing more or less every succeeding year.

Her son by Mr. Hoole was brought up for the church, became curate of St. Andrews, Holborn, but died in March, 1833. He was a most exemplary character, and his death was ascribed principally to his great exertions in his sacred office. His attentions to his mother were most affectionate, and all her patient resignation was needed to reconcile her to this sad bereavement. She never mentioned him without tears. Mrs. Hofland in her lifetime wrote about seventy different works, (besides contributions to periodicals,) of unequal merit in a literary point of view, but of high moral feeling, the gross sale of which, estimated from returns from the publishers, has been about 300,000 copies: this amount, of course, not including the translations (several of her books were translated into German and French), nor those sold in America, where her writings were and still are very popular.

Mr. Hofland died at Leamington on the 3rd of January, 1843, and his widow returned to Richmond soon after; and in the following summer visited Paris; her last work was, 'Emily's Reward, or a Trip to Paris.' Those who were constantly with her, and those who seldom enjoyed the pleasure of her society, alike perceived that her days were numbered: her eyes retained their brightness, but her features and form wasted daily, and though the immediate cause of her death was inflammation of the membrane of the brain, brought on, it is supposed, by a fall she had about a fortnight before, yet the oil was exhausted, she had no strength left to struggle against disease. She expired full of faith and hope, on the 9th of November, 1844, and is buried in Richmond Church.

CHERTSEY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

"Come now towards Chertsey."—*Richard the Third.*

ONE of the most pleasurable sensations of life arises from the consciousness of an increasing attachment, not only to the land we live in, but to our own immediate neighbourhood. We confess to the possession of a large organ of inhabitiveness; and can sympathise with the cat, the beaver,—even with the crow, who prefers repairing his old rickety nest to building a new one. 'Exile!' has ever seemed to us the most fearful of all punishments; and the power to augment the enjoyments and endear the associations of 'hope,' one of earth's greatest blessings; but when that 'home' is placed in a locality, where time and its memories sanctify the beauties of nature, and every walk or drive is suggestive of something which recals either history or legend, the interest increases daily, until we seem to claim actual acquaintance with those whom we can summon from amid the shadows of the past. So much has been done, so many scenes have been enacted, such numberless great men have lived and died within this small but mighty England, that every rood of ground, so to say, had its story; and it needs but small imagination to derive profitable instruction from highways and byways in any shire of our island.

The county of Surrey, so closely connected with London, is rich to overflowing in all sorts of memories, both of persons and events; and the little quaint and quiet town of Chertsey with its 'grants,' and 'fairs,' and 'markets,'—which to judge by its usual state of sleepy tranquillity seem to be rather fanciful than real—that very discreet little town could tell of the gorgeous and gloomy past, as much as, or perhaps more than, many of its ancient neighbours within a day's drive of the Metropolis. Had the old Abbey stones (out of which, according to tradition, the walls of sundry of its now meek-looking houses were raised)—had they but tongues, how they would discourse of gone-by years—when a visit to Chertsey was an undertaking; although now the distance between the city and the town is just an hour.

We hear as we enter our house (in Addlestone, one of its tributary villages) the curfew-bell, tolling as in 'the good old times,' when people dared not 'show' in the street after its last peal had sounded. The curfew has endured in spite of all 'reforms'—at once a relic and a reminder of ancient days, when it rung, as it does now, from Michaelmas to Lady-day, at eight of the evening. The worthy sexton of Chertsey first 'rings up,' that is to say, raises the bell; he then rings for a few minutes, and stops a little while; after which he tolls the number of the days of the month; on the first day of the month, he strikes the bell once, and on the last day thirty or thirty-one times.*

* The generally received opinion that the ringing of the curfew-bell and the consequent compulsory extinguishing of fire and candle, was imposed on the English by William the Conqueror as a badge of servitude, is open to considerable doubt, inasmuch as a similar law existed in other parts of Europe as a necessary safeguard at a period when houses were constructed of wood, and huddled together in walled towns. It is even stated that Alfred the Great, one of our most popular sovereigns, introduced the usage. That it was neither so odious nor unpopular as the Poet Thomson vividly describes it to have been, (and from whose lines probably most persons form their idea,) is apparent from the fact of private individuals in the middle ages frequently leaving sums of money towards defraying the expenses of ringing it, and keeping it in repair. In flat, marshy, and dangerous places it was an useful guide by night to the traveller. The curfew or *couvre-feu* itself was a metal instrument so contrived that it covered in and extinguished the whole of the wood fire on the hearth when it was raked to the back of the chimney. They are among the rarest of our domestic antiquities, being of that class which when out of fashion is soonest consigned to the melting-pot. Horace Walpole had one at Strawberry Hill; another is engraved in Hone's 'Every-day-book;' and a third in the Journal of the British Archæological Association.

Chertsey is described in county histories as a 'neat market town on the north side of Surrey, twenty miles from London;' it is singularly 'neat' and clean and quiet; nothing, within our memory, has occurred to disturb its tranquillity. The name was written occasionally in old chronicles, *Cirolesege*, *Certessege*, or *Ceroti Insula*. Its situation may be said to be insular; the Thames and Abbey river being on one side, and on the other a small stream, now known as the Bourne, which comes in a leisurely dreamy way from Virginia Water on its passage to the Thames.

Chertsey has also a branch railroad—our especial own—from Weybridge, with a station at the ambitious village of Addlestone.* The railroad partakes of the nature of the neighbourhood; not being by any means busy or boisterous, and having in an out-of-the-way corner of the pretty quiet town, a little low-shed terminus which seems as if it had no business there, and inclines to apologise for its intrusion; yet this absence of puff and noise on the part of the railroad, this intense quiet, is in admirable keeping with the present character of the peaceful locality: the town lies low, the Thames, bright and full-bosomed as it flows, is enriched on either side by the greenest and most verdant meadows. In the season you are certain to see many contemplative brothers of the angle engaged at their 'idle industry,' either along the banks or in unpicturesque boats—boats which sleep lazily among rushes, until the first of June calls them from their rest. But to write more seriously, nowhere, within twenty miles of London (except in the immediate neighbourhood of Richmond) does the bland and beautiful Thames appear more queenly, or sweep with greater grace through its fertile dominions, than it does at Chertsey. It is, indeed, delightful to stand on the bridge in the glowing sunset of a summer evening, and, turning from the refreshing green of the Shepperton Range, look into the deep clear blue of the flowing river, while the murmur of the waters rushing through Laleham Lock give a sort of Spirit-music to the scene. On the right, as you leave

* There are few villages in England more healthily circumstanced than Addlestone; on an elevated flat, upon a fine gravel soil, neither damps nor exhalations are ever seen there. Free currents of pure air are seldom interrupted by trees. The views, although there are none from the immediate village, are of singular beauty and extent in the neighbourhood. The village is scattered; there are about two hundred houses, yet no ten of them are together.

Chertsey, the river bends gracefully towards the double bridge of Walton; and to the left, it undulates smoothly along, having passed Runnymead and Staines, while the almost conical hill of St. Anne's attracts attention by its abrupt form when viewed from the vale of the Thames.

Nor must we forget that, about a mile on the Walton side, from our favourite bridge (Old Camden tells us so), are the 'Cowey Stakes,' marking the spot where Cæsar crossed the Thames.

Were the peasantry of Surrey and Middlesex as imaginative as their Irish brethren of Killarney, what legends would have grown out of this tradition; how often would the 'noblest Roman of them all' have been seen by the pale moonlight leading his steed over the waters of the rapid river—how many would have borne testimony to the fact that Cassivelaunus himself had been heard during the stillness of some particular Midsummer night working at the rude defence which can still be traced beneath the blue waters of the Thames. What hosts of pale and ghastly spectres would have risen from those tranquil banks, and from the deepest hollows of the rushing current, and—like the Huns, who almost live on the inspired canvass of Kaulbach,—fought their last earthly battle, again, and again, in the Spirit-world, amid the stars! But ours is no region of romance; even remnants of history, which go beyond the commonest capacity, are rejected as dreams, or put aside as legends. But history has enough to tell to interest us all; and we may be satisfied with the abundant enjoyment we have in delicious rambles, through the lanes and up the hills, along the fair river's banks, and among the many traditional ruins of ancient and beautiful Surrey.

Never was desolation more complete than in the ruin of the Mitred Abbey of Chertsey; hardly one stone remains above another to tell where this stately edifice—since the far-away year 664—grew and flourished, lording it with imperial sway over not only the surrounding villages, but extending its paternal wings into Middlesex and even as far as London.* The Abbey was of the Benedictine order, and founded almost as soon as the Saxons were converted from Paganism, by Erkenwalde, afterwards

* Stow, in his account of the ward of Queenhithe, says, 'There is one great messuage sometime belonging to the abbots of Chertsey in Surrey; and was their home wherein they were lodged when they repayred to the Citie.'

Bishop of London; but it was finished and chiefly endowed by Frithwald, Earl of Surrey.*

The endowment prospered rarely; the establishment increased in the reputation of wealth and sanctity; that it was 'thickly populated' is certain, for when the Abbey was sacked and burnt by the Danes, in the

Remains of Chertsey Abbey.

ninth century, the abbot, and ninety monks, were barbarously murdered by the invaders.

Standing upon the site of their now obliterated cloisters and towers, their aisles and dormitories, cells and confessionals, seeing nothing but the dank, damp grass, and the tracings of the fishponds—stagnant pools in our day—it is almost impossible to realise the onslaught of these wild

* Sir Edward Coke tells us, that *Saint* Erkenwalde was a younger son of Anna, king of the East Saxons, and was first Abbot of Chertsey (which he had founded) and afterwards Bishop of London.

barbarians panting for plunder, the earnest defence of men who fought (the monks of old could wield either sword or crozier) for life or death, the terrible destruction, the treasures and relics and painted glass and monuments, the plunder of the secret almerys,* the intoxicated triumph of these rude northern hordes let loose in our fair and lovely island; what scenes of savagery, where now the jackdaw builds, and the blackbird whistles, and the wild water-rat plays with her brood amongst the tangled weeds!

The fierce sea-kings being driven back to their frozen land, King Edgar, willing to serve God after the fashion of his times, refounded the Abbey of Chertsey, dedicating it to St. Peter, and vying with Pope Alexander in augmenting its privileges and its wealth.†

Some of the abbots took great interest in home improvements, planting woods, conducting streams, enlarging ponds—building, now a mill, now a dove-cot, according to the wants of the Abbey or their own fancies. Henry I. granted them permission to keep dogs, that, according to the old chronicle, they might take 'hare, fox, and cats.' King John, in the first year of his reign, gave them ample confirmation of all their privileges, which, it would seem, they had somewhat abused, for we find that the sovereign seized their Manors of Egham and 'Torp' (Thorp) ‡ on account

* In the ancient Rites of Durham, frequent mention is made of the Almerys, for different purposes:—'Within the Frater House door is a strong ambrie (almery) in the stone wall, where a great mazer, called a grace-cup, did stand, which did service to the monks every day after grace was said, to drink it round the table.'

† Chertsey was one of the Mitred Abbeys, whose head was also a baron or military tenant of the Crown, holding his lands by barony. It was founded in the year 666 by Frithwald, the King of Mercia's viceroy for Surrey. He endowed it largely with nine hides of land, well populated; and shortly afterwards larger possessions, so that the monks increased in worldly wealth, and obtained the Pope's confirmation of their possessions. The Danes burnt their home and killed ninety of the monks; but Edward the Confessor reinstated them, and granted them Chertsey itself, Egham, Thorp, Chobham, and some adjacent villages, so that they again waxed rich; at the Conquest, William I. munificently confirmed all to them free from any tax, and gave them entire jurisdiction over their lands, indulgencies which were ratified by his successors, who added many rich gifts; so that the Abbey became one of the wealthiest and most powerful in the country, remaining in quiet possession of its riches until the dissolution by Henry VIII.

‡ In the parish of Thorpe are two pieces of land called 'great and little custom-pieces.' The former supplies six loads of made hay every year for the use of the queen's deer in

of a servant of the abbot's having killed 'Hugh de Torp.' Oh, rare 'old times!' The abbot was mulcted in a heavy fine. Then, while Bartholomew de Winchester was abbot, from 1272 until 1307, during the reign of our first Edward, complaints were made to Pope Gregory X. that the possessions of the Abbey were alienated to civilians and laymen, whereupon the Pope issued a bull ordering such grants to be revoked.

It is worthy of note, that the Chertsey monastery sheltered, for a time, the remains of the pious but unfortunate Henry VI.—

> 'Poor key-cold figure of a Holy King,
> Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster:'

and the reader of Shakespeare will recal the scene in which Richard meets the Lady Anne on her way to Chertsey with her husband's body.

This poor king's remains had a claim to be well received by the monks of Chertsey Abbey, for he had granted to the abbot the privilege of holding a fair on St. Anne's hill, then called Mount Eldebury, on the feast of St. Anne's (the 26th of July): the fair has changed its time and quarters as well as its patron, and is held in the town on the 6th of August, and called Black Cherry Fair. Manning, in his History of Surrey, says, that the tolls of this fair were taken by the abbot, and are now taken by the owner of the site of the Abbey House; thus the memory of King Henry VI. is commemorated in the town of Chertsey to this day, by the sale of black cherries in the harvest month of August!

Centuries passed over those magnificent abbeys, whose ruins in many places add so much beauty to our fertile landscapes; they grew and grew and added acre to acre, and stone to stone, and knowledge to knowledge: but most they cherished the knowledge which blazed like a lamp under a bushel, and kept all but themselves in darkness: they preached no freedom in Christ to the Christian world, they abolished no serfdom, they taught no liberty, they enslaved even those who in their turn enslaved

Windsor Park, to be ricked there; and Mr. Bennett, lord of the manor of Thorpe, and vicar of the parish, delivers it regularly. If the crop of the great custom-piece is insufficient to supply the quantity, it is made up from the little custom-piece. In return, Mr. Bennett may claim an annual buck and a fawn or two, and the right of turning out four horses in Windsor Park; the latter claim is never exercised. This information has been courteously supplied to us by the Rev. Mr. Bennett.

their 'born thralls,' and saw no evil in it. Oh, rare old times! Better is it for us that the site of Chertsey Abbey should be scarcely traceable now-a-days than that it should be as it was, with its proud pageants and pent-up learning!—Yet we have neither sympathy nor respect for that foul king, who, to serve his own carnal purposes, overthrew the very faith which had hallowed his throne. But he did not attack and storm the Abbey of Chertsey, as he did other religious houses. He came to them, this Eighth Harry, with a fair show of kindness, saying that 'to the honour of God, and for the health of his soul, he proposed and most nobly intended to refound the late Monastery, Priory, or Abbey of Bisham, in Berks, and to incorporate and establish the Abbot and Convent of Chertsey, as Abbot and Convent of Bisham, and to endow them with all the Manors late belonging to Bisham.'* How the then Abbot, John Cordrey, and his brethren, must have shivered at the conditions; how they must have grieved at quitting their cherished home, their stews and fish-ponds, their rich meadows of Thorpe, overlooked by the woods of Eldebury hill, their nursing-ground where their calves and young lambs were stowed in luxurious safety in the pleasant farm of Simple Marsh at Addlestone! †

But their star was setting, and they were forced to comply with hard conditions; here they are in one terrible sentence:—

'The Abbot and Monks of Chertsey, give, sell, grant and confirm, to the King their house and all manors belonging to them.'

The total destruction of the Abbey must have amazed the whole country; an earthquake could hardly have obliterated it more entirely. Aubrey, writing in the year 1673, says, 'of this great Abbey, scarce anything of the old building remains, except the out walls about it. Out of this ruin is built a "fair house," which is now in the possession of Sir Nicholas Carew, master of the Buckhounds.' Dr. Stukely alludes to this house, in a letter written in 1752; he speaks of the inveterate destruction,

* Bisham Abbey, on the Thames, adjacent to Great Marlow, instead of being a ruin like Chertsey, is now a fine picturesque house, of singularly venerable character: it is inhabited by one of the Members for the county.

† The farm of Simple Marsh was the endowment of the sacristan of the Abbey, and its high and healthy situation was doubtless appreciated by the monks, who must have suffered from the low and swampy situation of their Abbey.

and of 'the gardener,' carrying him through 'a court' where he saw the remains of the church of the Abbey. He says the 'east end reached up to an artificial mount along the garden wall; that mount and all the terraces of the pleasure-garden, to the back front of the house, are entirely made up of the sacred rudera or rubbish of continual devastations. Bones of abbots, monks, and great personages, who were buried in large numbers in the church and cloisters which lay on the south side of the church, were spread thick all over the garden, *so that one may pick up whole handsfull of them everywhere amongst the garden stuff.*' Brayley mentions in his pleasant History of Surrey, that this artificial mount was levelled in 1810, and its materials employed to fill up a pond. Many human skulls and bones were found intermixed with the chalk and mortar of which it had been formed. Fragments of old tiles were also frequently found, and are still sometimes turned up. No trace even of the 'Abbey house' is left; it was purchased in 1809 by a stock-broker, who in the following year sold the materials—and so ends the great monastic history of the Mitred Abbey of Chertsey. Where are now its spiritualities in Surrey?—its temporalities in Berkshire and Hampshire?—its revenues of Stanwell and rents of assize?—its spiritualities in Cardiganshire? Alas! alas! they have left no sign, except on the yellow parchment—of rare value to the antiquary.

Those who desire, like ourselves, to investigate what tradition has sanctified, will do well to turn down a lane beyond Chertsey Church,*

* Chertsey Church is of old foundation; the only external traces of antiquity are in the tower, which has remained through all changes, the upper part being repaired and heightened by bricks. Within, the chancel is old, but has been altered to adapt it to the new work with which it is conjoined. The body of the old church being greatly decayed, and of too narrow dimensions for the necessities of the parish, it was determined to rebuild it in 1806, but the expense being considerably greater than the architect's estimate, the tower and chancel were incorporated with the new work. Of the six bells contained in its tower one is said to have belonged to the Abbey; it has round its verge an inscription in early English letters, each an inch in height, as follows:—

'Ora : mente : pia. pro : nobis : Virgo : Maria.'

In a few of the windows are fragments of stained glass, but there are none of the relics of antiquity within it which give such a charm to many of our country churches. Close to the altar rails is a bas-relief, by Flaxman, representing the Saviour raising the daughter of Jairus. It is a group of seven small figures treated in the simple and severe style of the sculptor.

which leads directly to the Abbey Bridge; there amid tangled hedge-rows and orchards, stands the fragment of an arch, partly built up, and so to say, disfigured by brick-work, and an old wall, both evidently portions of the Abbey. In the wall are a great number of what the people call '*black stones*,' a geological formation, making them seem fused by fire. Layers of tiles were also inserted in this wall, and where the cement has dropped away they can be distinctly traced; there is also an ivy, very aged indeed; it is so knotted and thick that it seems to grow through the stones, the soil has so evidently encroached on the wall that it is most probably rooted at the foundation. The pleasant market-garden of Mr. Roake covers the actual ground on which the Abbey stood. The workmen frequently turn up broken tiles and human bones, and there is no doubt that by digging deeper much would be discovered that might elucidate the history of the past. At the farther end of the market-garden a vault has been discovered which is of considerable length and breadth; but the water rises so high in it (except when a long continuance of dry weather has sealed the land springs) that it is impossible to get to the end without wading. An enormous quantity of richly-coloured and decorated encaustic tiles have been found here; some are preserved iu our local museum. But the most interesting remains in this place are the 'stews,' or fish-ponds, which run parallel to each other, like the bars of a gridiron; these ponds do not communicate one with the other, nor has the water any outlet: a little care and attention might make them valuable for their old purposes, but they are deplorably neglected. Occasionally you see the fin of some huge fish, whose slow movement partakes of the character of the stagnant water he has inhabited for years—who can tell how many?

'The Abbey River,' as it is still called, travels slowly along its way, fertilising the meadows and imparting life and freshness to the placid scene. The denizens of Chertsey have planted orchards, and in a few instances gardens on its banks. One, the garden of Mr. Herring, is a model of neatness, almost concealed by its roses and carefully-tended shrubs. We wandered from orchard to orchard, amid the trees and over the uneven ground: all was so still and lonely, that it required the suggestions of an active imagination to believe it had ever been the scene of contention by flood and field. From the Abbey Bridge the richness of the meadow

scenery is exceedingly refreshing, the grass is deep and verdant, as it cannot fail to be, lying so low, and fertilised by perpetual moisture.

During their wide-spreading magnificence, the abbots of Chertsey erected a picturesque chapel, on the lovely hill of St. Anne: this was done somewhat about the year 1334. Orleton, Bishop of Winchester, granted an indulgence of forty days, to such persons as should repair to, and contribute to the fabric and its ornaments.

There is nowhere a more delightful road, than that which leads from the 'Golden Grove,' rendered picturesque by its old tree,* the plantations

'The Golden Grove.'

of Monksgrove on one side, and those of the once residence of Charles James Fox on the other. The road is perfectly embowered, and so close is the foliage that you have no idea of the beautiful view which awaits you. until leaving the statesman's house to the left, you pass through a sort of wicket gate on the right, and follow a footpath to where two † magnificent trees crown the hill; it is wisest to wait until passing along the level ridge,

* The little inn is somewhat romantically styled the 'Golden Grove;' before it is a large tree, the branches of which spread luxuriantly at about eight feet from the ground, and support a railed platform, fitted round the central stem, upon which are a table and seats, embosomed among the leaves and branches, the ascent being by a flight of steps.

† There were originally four; we remember three, but two have been lately destroyed.

you arrive at the 'view point,' and there, spread around you is such a panorama as England only can show, and show against the world for its extreme richness.* On the left is Cooper's Hill, which Denham, that high-priest of 'local poetry,' long ago made famous; in the bend just where it meets the plain, you see the towers of Windsor Castle; there is Harrow Hill, the sun shining brightly on its tall church; a deep pall hovers over London, but you can see the dome of St. Paul's looming through the mist; nay, we have heard of those who have told the hour of the day upon its broad-faced clock, with the assistance of a good glass. How beautifully the Thames winds! Ay! there is the grand stand at Epsom, and there Twickenham, delicious soft, balmy Twickenham; and Richmond Hill—a very queen of beauty!

Yonder, beyond the valley, are Fox's Hills, crowned with lofty pines—and that is the church at Staines, and as you turn, there again is Cooper's Hill; Laleham seems spread as a tribute at your feet, and there is no end to the villages and mansions—the parks, and cottages like snow-drops in a parterre, and church spires more than we can number; while close behind us are the stones, piled thickly one on the other,—the only relics of the holy Chapel of St. Anne.†

How grandly the promontory of St. George's Hill stands out—sheltering Weybridge, and forming a beautiful back-ground to Byfleet and the banks

* St Anne's Hill, anciently called Eldbury or Oldbury Hill, has on its top visible traces of an encampment. There is a group of trees on its summit near which stood a small chapel dedicated to St. Anne, of which a few stones are now all that remains. They are shown in our cut. It is a spot which attracts all lovers of nature by the beauty of the view. Cowley, in a letter dated May 21, 1665, says, 'methinks you and I and the Dean (Dean Spratt) might be very merry upon St. Anne's Hill. You might very conveniently come hither by way of Hampton Town, lying there one night.' A curious instance of the badness of roads and inconvenience of travelling in those days, Hampton being but thirteen miles from London, and Chertsey only twenty.

† In Chertsey Church is a black marble tablet to Laurence Tomson, buried there, and one of the earliest translators of the New Testament into our language, of which two editions were published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He resided during the last twenty years of his life at Laleham, and died in 1608. Anthony Wood speaks of his being a great logician and philosopher, and states that a report was then current at Chertsey that he built the house which now stands on the top of St. Anne's Hill, out of the ruins of St. Anne's Chapel, and on the very spot where that chapel stood, having a prospect into several counties; if so, these stones are, probably, the relics of St. Anne's Chapel and Laurence Tomson's house.

of the Wey; not forgetting its ruins—a Roman encampment of two thousand years ago, and its modern ornaments of rare trees, of which a generous nobleman * has made common property, to be enjoyed daily by all who choose. At the foot of this richly planted hill, is the beautiful park of Oatlands—on the eve of becoming an assemblage of villa-grounds.

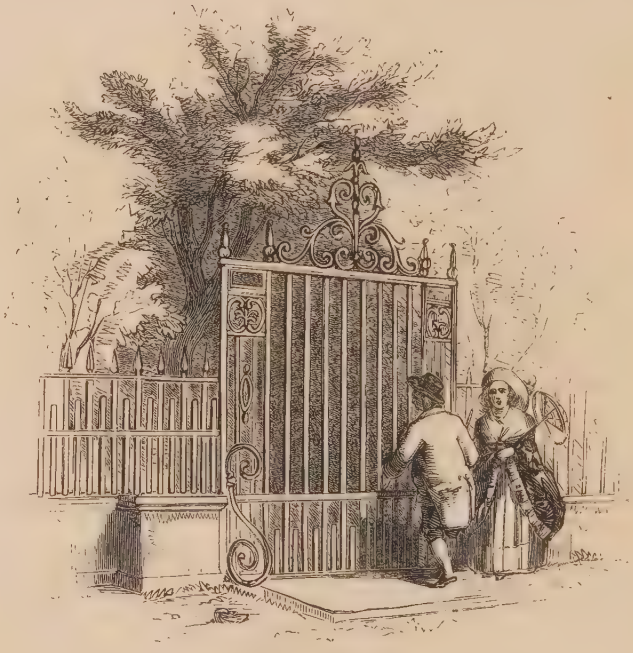
'The Nun's Well.'

How pleasant to feel that we can account, by our own knowledge of that glowing mount—for all the shades formed by the hills and hollows, and different growths of trees in the depths or heights of 'the encampment' which forms the delight of many a toilsome antiquary. Beyond are the more distant eminences of the North Downs, and a tract of country extending into Kent. But we have not yet explored the beauties of this

* The Earl of Ellesmere.

our own hill of Chertsey ; truly, to do so would take a day as long as that of its own black cherry fair.

A path to the left, among the fern and heather, leads to a Well famed for its healing properties—it is called the 'Nun's Well';* even now, the



Gate of Fox's House.

peasants believe that its waters are a cure for diseases of the eye ; the path is steep and dangerous, and it is far pleasanter to walk round the brow of the hill and overlook the dense wood which conceals the well, fringing the meadows of Thorpe, than to seek its tangled hiding-place in the dell. The monks of old would be sorely perplexed if they could arise,

* The spring, called the 'Nun's Well,' once used medicinally, and which rarely freezes, is lined with stone, and is almost hidden by the vegetation which flourishes thickly around it. It is on the north side of the declivity, and on the east is another spring formerly celebrated for its virtues. It is in a wood called 'Monk's Grove.'

to account for the long line of smoke which marks the passage of the different trains along their railroads. But we turn from them to enjoy a ramble round the brow of St. Anne's Hill; the coppice which clothes the descent into the valley, is so thick, that though it is intersected by many paths you might lose yourself half-a-dozen times within an hour; if it be evening, the nightingales in the thickets of Monksgrove have commenced their chorus, and the town of Chertsey, down below, is seen to its full extent, its church tower toned into beauty by the rich light of the setting sun, while through the trees and holly thickets you obtain glimpses of the Guildford and Leatherhead hills, so softly blue, that they meet and mingle with the sky.

Summer House in Fox's Garden.

Those who feel no interest in monkish chronicles, may reverence St. Anne's Hill, because of its having been the favourite residence of Charles James Fox, the contemporary of Pitt and Burke and Sheridan and Grattan, at a period when men felt strongly and spoke eloquently. The site of the house on the south-eastern side of the hill, is extremely beautiful, and it is much regretted in the neighbourhood that it finds so little favour in the heart of its present noble proprietor. The grounds are laid out with much taste; there is a noble cedar planted by Mrs. Fox, when only the size of a wand. The statesman's widow survived her husband more than thirty-six years, but never outlived her friends or her faculties. There is a temple dedicated to Friendship, which was erected to perpetuate the coming of age of one of the late Lords Holland; on a pedestal ornamented by a vase, are inscribed some verses by General Fitzpatrick; another placed by Mrs. Fox to mark a favourite spot where Mr. Fox loved to muse, is enriched by

a quotation from the 'Flower and the Leaf,' concluded by two graceful stanzas—

'Cheerful in this sequester'd bower,
From all the storms of life removed,
Here Fox enjoy'd his evening hour
In converse with the friends he loved.

And here these lines he oft would quote,
Pleased from his favourite poet's lay,
When challenged by the warbler's note
That breathed a song from every spray.'

At the bottom of the garden is a grotto, which must have once possessed many attractions, and above it, there is a pretty little quaint chamber that was used as a tea-room, when, according to the custom of the time, the English drank tea by daylight; it is adorned by painted glass windows; there are portraits of the Prince of Wales, and Mr. Fox, when both were looking their best, and the balcony in front commands a delicious view of the surrounding country.

The Temple of Friendship.

The peasantry are still loud in their praise of 'Madam Fox;' and some remember with gratitude the education they received at her school, and love to tell how the old lady was drawn there at 'feast times,' to see how they all looked in their new dress. She certainly retained her sympathy with the young, and put away the feelings and habits of old age with a determined hand, for, it is said, when she was eighty she took lessons on the harp. The present generation remember personally nothing of the great statesman; he has become history to us, and we must look to history, garbled as it always is, and always will be, by the opinions and feelings

of its writers, to determine the position of Charles James Fox in the annals of his country. Those who were admitted to his society have written with enthusiasm of his social qualities, and bestow equal praise on his brilliant talents, his affability of manner, and the generosity of his

Fox's Arbour.

disposition. He was the third son of Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, and his mother was the eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, and consequently great-grand-daughter to Charles II.; the maternal descent is one of blotted royalty, of which a man like Fox could not have been proud. His academic course was unmarked by any of those honours of which Oxford men are so ambitious, and yet, like his great rival, William Pitt, he became a statesman before he was of age.

At St. Anne's Hill he enjoyed as many intervals of repose and tranquillity as could fall to a statesman's lot; in the time of wars and tumults, how he must have luxuriated in its delicious quiet, surrounded by friends who dearly loved him; and swayed only for good by the wife who (although it is known that her early intimacy with him was such as prevented her general recognition in society) according to the evidence of all who knew her, was the minister only to his better thoughts and nobler ambitions, and who weaned him from nearly all the follies and vices which stained his

youth and earlier manhood. Various causes led to his death, before age had added infirmities to disease. He died at Chiswick House, and his last words addressed to Mrs. Fox were, "I die happy." It is said he wished to be buried at Chertsey, but his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

The brilliant Sheridan pronounced so elegant an eulogium on his character, that it is pleasant to think of it in those shades where, as we have said, he so often sought and found repose: "When Mr. Fox ceased to live, the cause of private honour and friendship lost its highest glory, public liberty its most undaunted champion, and general humanity its most active and ardent assertor. In him was united the most amiable disposition with the most firm and resolute spirit; the mildest manners, with the

Cowley's House.—Street Front.

most exalted mind. With regard to that great man, it might, indeed, be well said, that in him the bravest heart and most exalted mind sat upon the seat of gentleness."

There is at all events, an imaginary pleasure in turning from the wearing

out turmoil of a statesman's life, to what the world believes the tranquil dreams of a poet's existence. But there are few things the worldling so little understands as literary industry, or so little sympathises with as literary care. We have no inclination to over-rate either its toils or its pleasures, and perhaps no life is more abundantly supplied with both. Its toils must be evident to any who have noted the increasing literary labour,

Cowley's House.—Garden Front

which is necessary to produce the ordinary sources of comforts; but its high and holy enjoyments are not so apparent; they are so different from those of almost all others as not to be easily explained or understood; but above all other gifts, the marvellous gift of poesy is a distinction conferred by the Almighty, and should be acknowledged and treasured as such. We know little of a poet's studies except by their imperishable produce, and it is a common but ill-founded prejudice to imagine regularity or diligence incompatible with high genius. Genius is neither above law, nor opposed

to it; but as many have a poetic taste and temperament *without* the inspiration, the world is apt to mistake the eccentricity of the pretender for the outward and visible sign of genius. Whether or not the poet of the Porch-house of Chertsey had the actual poetic fire, we do not venture to determine. Abraham Cowley takes a prominent position amongst the poets of our land, and the eventful times in which he lived, and his participation in their tumults, give him additional interest in all the relations of his anxious and not over-happy life. It is recorded of him that he became a poet in consequence of reading the Faërie Queene, which chance threw in his way while yet a child. In allusion to this, Dr. Johnson gave his well-known definition of genius—"A mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction." We had almost dared to say this is rather the definition of a philosopher than of one who comprehended the spirituality of a marvellous gift. Abraham Cowley—the posthumous son of a London grocer—owed much to his mother. She, by her exertions, procured him a classical education at Westminster School. She lived to see him loved, honoured, and great, and what was better still, and more uncommon, grateful. At the age of fifteen he published a volume called 'Poetic Blossoms,' which he afterwards described as 'commendable extravagancies in a boy.' He obtained a scholarship in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1636, and there took his degree; but was ejected by the Parliament, and thence removed to Oxford. Shortly after, he followed the Queen Henrietta to Paris, as Secretary to the Earl of St. Albans, and was employed in the court of the exiles in the most confidential capacity. In 1656 he returned to England, and was immediately arrested as a suspected spy. He submitted quietly—the royalists thought too quietly—to the dominion of the Protector, but his whole life proved that he was no traitor. At the Restoration, that great national disappointment, his claims upon the ungrateful monarch were met by a taunt and a false insinuation—he was told that his pardon was his reward! Wood said, 'he lost the place by certain enemies of the Muses;' certain 'friends of the Muses,' however, procured for him the lease of the Porch-house and farm at Chertsey, held under the Queen, and the great desire of his life—solitude—was obtained.

The place still seems a meet dwelling for a poet, and is, perhaps, even

more attractive to strangers than St. Anne's Hill. The porch, which caused his residence to be called 'The Porch-house,' was taken down during the last century by the father of its present proprietor, the Rev. John Crosby Clarke, and the house is now known as 'Cowley House.'* It is situated near the bridge, which crosses a narrow and rapid stream, in a lonely part of Guildford Street; a latticed window which overhangs the road is the window of the room in which the poet expired; on the outside wall Mr. Clarke has recorded his reason for removing the porch. 'The porch of this house, which projected ten feet into the highway, was taken down in the year 1786, for the safety and accommodation of the public.'

'Here the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue.'

The appearance of the house from Guildford Street, is no index to its size or conveniences.† You enter by a side gate, and the new front of the dwelling is that of a comfortable and gentlemanly home; the old part it is said was built in the reign of James the First, and what remains is sufficiently quaint to bear out the legend; the old and new are much mingled, and the modern part consists of one or two bed-rooms, a large dining-room, and a drawing-room, commanding a delicious garden view, the meanderings of the stream, and a long tract of luxuriant meadows, terminated by the high and richly timbered ground of St. Anne's Hill. A portion of the old stairway is preserved, the wood is not as has been stated oak, but sweet chesnut. One of the rooms is panelled with oak, and Cowley's study is a small closet-like chamber, the window looking towards St. Anne's

* The large outer porch of Cowley's house had chambers above it, and beneath the window in front a tablet was affixed, upon which was inscribed the epitaph 'upon the living author' which Cowley had written for himself, whilst living in retirement here, commencing

'Hic, O Viator, sub lare parvulo,
Couleius hic est conditus hic jacet.'

It is represented in its original condition in the two views we have engraved.

† Some additional rooms have been added to the house by the same occupant, who has however, religiously preserved all the old rooms, which still exhibit the 'fittings' that existed in Cowley's time. The bed-chambers are wainscotted with oaken panels. The staircase is a very solid structure, with ornamental balusters, leading toward the small study in which the poet wrote,—a little back room, about five feet wide, looking upon the garden. It may be distinguished in our back view of the house, by a figure placed at the window. Cowley ended his life in this house, at the early age of forty-nine.

Hill.* It is never difficult to imagine a poet in a small chamber, particularly when his mind may imbibe inspiration from so rich, and lovely a landscape. Beside the group of trees, beneath whose shadow the poet frequently sat, there is a horse chesnut of such exceeding size and beauty, that it is worthy a pilgrimage, and no lover of nature could look upon it without mingled feelings of reverence and affection.†

Cowley's Seat.

Here then amid such tranquil scenes, and such placid beauty, the 'melancholy Cowley,' passed the later days of his anxious existence; here we may fancy him receiving Evelyn and Denham, the poets and men of letters of his troubled day, who found the disappointments of courtly life more than their philosophy could endure. Here, his friendly biographer, Doctor Spratt, cheered his lonely hours.

* The father of the present proprietor was Chamberlain of London, and greatly beloved and respected in Chertsey. It is a happiness to be able to record also how much the Rev. Mr. Clarke deserves the gratitude of the dwellers in our little town. During the late visitation of the cholera, his attention was drawn to the crowded state of the churchyard, and he not only made a grant of a piece of land to the parish as a cemetery, but has been at the sole expense of enclosing it, and erecting the necessary buildings for the purposes of interment.

† There is also in the garden a walnut-tree of which the history is curious. When Mr. Clarke was sheriff of London, it was a custom for the out-going sheriff to present to the in-coming sheriff, when he transferred to his custody the prisoners in Newgate, a bag of walnuts; one of these walnuts Mr. Clarke planted in the garden, of which it is now—more than half a century having passed—the pride.

Cowley was one of those fortunate bards who obtain fame and honour during life. His learning was deep, his reading extensive, his acquaintance with mankind large. 'To him,' says Denham in his famous elegy,—

'To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own.'

His biographer adds, 'There was nothing affected or singular in his habit, or person, or gesture; *he understood the forms of good breeding enough*

Staircase.—Cowley's House.

to practise them without burdening himself or others.' This indeed is the perfection of good breeding and good sense.

Having obtained, as we have said, the Porch-house at Chertsey, his

mind dwelt with pleasure—a philosophic pleasure—upon the hereafter, which he hoped for in this life of tranquillity, and the silent labour he so dearly loved; but he was destined to prove the reality of his own poesy—

'Oh life, thou *Nothing's* younger brother,
So *like* that one might take one for the other.'

The career of Abraham Cowley was never sullied by vice,* he was loyal without being servile, and at once, modest, independent and sincere. His character is eloquently drawn by Doctor Spratt. 'He governed his passions with great moderation, his virtues were never troublesome or uneasy to any, whatever he disliked in others he only corrected by the silent reproof of a better practice.'

He died at Chertsey on the 28th of July 1667,† and was interred in Westminster Abbey. A throng of nobles followed him to his grave, and the worthless king who had deserted him, is reported to have said, that Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England.

It is said the body of Cowley was removed from Chertsey by water, thus making the Thames he loved so well, the highway to his grave; there is something highly poetic in this idea of a funeral, so still and solemn, with the oars dropping noiselessly in the blue water. Pope in allusion to it, says

'What tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led;'

which rather inclines us to the belief, that in this, as in many other instances, the poetic reading is not the true one,

'The muses oft in lands of vision play:'

but the fact that he died at Chertsey, as much respected as a man, as he was admired as a poet, is certain, and his house is often visited by strangers,

* Brayley in his 'History of Surrey' states that Cowley accompanied by his friend, Dean Spratt, having been to see a 'friend,' did not set out for his walk home until it was too late, and had drunk so deep, that they both lay out in the fields all night; this gave Cowley the fever that carried him off. Brayley's authority for this slander (which is not borne out by the poet's previous course of life) is 'Spence's Anecdotes.'

† On comparing dates, it is evident that Cowley could not have enjoyed his retirement more than between two and three years.

who are permitted to see his favourite haunts by the kindness of its proprietor, who honours the spot so hallowed by memories of 'the melancholy Cowley;'—he who considered and described 'business' as—

'The contradiction to his fate.'

Thoroughly to appreciate England, the stranger must leave its mighty Babylon;—to understand the rich treasures of her actual beauty, he must

Trees on St. Anne's Hill.

quit the iron-shodhigh ways of her traffic, and away, from even her country towns, into her villages; abandon himself, heedless of the passing hours, to the wonderful fertility and loveliness of her bye-lanes, her high and

fragrant hedge-rows, her unrivalled parks, timbered with gigantic trees, and clothed in tints of ever-varying underwood. He must sit beneath the shadows of her church steeples, when the bells are ceasing to chime for morning service, and the sons and daughters of the village crowd to render the homage of consecrated prayer to the Almighty: he must inhale the rich perfume of her cottage gardens; he must survey the swelling and folding hills, the placid and fertilising rivers; he must loiter, again and again, in her lanes, creeping close to the hedges to permit the richly-laden wagons to pass on; he must pause beside the entrances of her suburban villas,—and, stranger that he is! wonder at the marvellous order, and regularity, and neatness of every arrangement; seeing that flowers grow, and turf is levelled, and arbours are twined as they are in no other country of the world: so that hill and dale, wood and park and field, castle and cottage, look one universal garden, where tillage seems as a garlanded pastime, and the wildest luxuriance of nature is tempered—perhaps too much tempered—into beauty.

In Scotland—stern, rigid, right-hearted Scotland—mountains, and streams, and lakes, and magnificent rocky passes abound; but there is little richness to repose upon, little that gives assurance of the abounding, overflowing prosperity of England—*too little*, for our taste, of the garden-like aspect, so suggestive of home and home delights. In depopulated Ireland there are the unfilled outlines of everything great and nothing accomplished,—except by nature; the amazing fertility of the soil contrasting painfully with careless farming and ruined 'cabins.' The bewildering beauty of Killarney and the loveliness of the county Wicklow, steep the soul in sadness, because of the misery that clothes a fine cordial-hearted people in rags, and the unfortunate policy which still trails them through the 'Slough of Despond' in which so many have perished: thus our spirits are blighted, and our sense of the beautiful is dulled by sorrow for sufferings we cannot alleviate.

How our English hearts rejoice when we pass the liquid barrier of our sea-girt isle, into the fertile, peaceful, rich, and glowing beauty of dear old England! How do we gladden at the reality of our return HOME! How we joy in the noble trees, the park-like meadows, the delicious lanes and hedge-rows,—the abundance of rural delights, which are fraught with a

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

thousand times the enjoyment we derive from any foreign travel in the 'mere country.'

The overpowering and wonder-working provincial cities of England—filling space with the magnitude of their utilities—afford subject matter for the philosopher and the 'man of business;' but for ourselves, we love the pastoral employments of England, we shun the power-loom, the railroad, and the steam-engine, and when we desire enjoyment we seek it

'In cool grot and mossy cell,'

by dimpled brooks, where, through the woodland lacings of the trees, the blue arch of heaven reminds us of a future home, and the sunbeams, as they dapple the rich sward beneath, tell of bright pathways to eternity.

Of late, the world has given itself up, soul and body as it were, to railway travelling; we cannot project a journey of twenty miles without inquiries as to the 'next station,' and an immediate reference, not to the county map, but the almost unintelligible almanac of the railway, more perplexing in its 'ups' and 'downs' than the most intricate rule in algebra; but which we regard, nevertheless, as an oracle, regulating our movements and our time thereby. We make no appeal from the laws of the steam-king; we relinquish the independence of posting; we are content to stop alike at the most convenient, or inconvenient distances from our object, provided we stop at a 'station.' We give our freedom, our comfort, our WILL in all matters of movement to the despot STEAM! We only use our horses to pay visits, and our carriages as make-shifts—'where there is no train!' We submit our motives to the locomotive, and yield us a willing sacrifice, in helpless listless multitudes, to the wholesale traffickers in steam and iron.

Happily for us, our little innocent railroad terminates, as we have said, peacefully enough at Chertsey; it arrives at its shady terminus in anything but an ostentatious manner, and, to confess a truth, has made our tardy carriers wondrous civil, and reduced the price of coal,—it leaves us plenty of highways and byways, it has not displaced an inch of the old Abbey meadows, or interfered with the sacred groves of St. Anne's Hill. It seems, as we have before said, rather ashamed of disturbing our rural ways at all, seeing it has so very little to do; its puffs are reduced to sighs,

and its whole bearing is really so unobtrusive that we scarcely object to its neighbourhood, and if it were drawn by a horse instead of an engine, we believe it might even look in keeping with the crowned head of St. George's Hill, and the mimic pine forest, through which, when detached from its parent train, it creeps along its own particular 'siding' from the Weybridge Station. Leaving it, therefore, in peace, we proceed musingly on this our pilgrimage towards THE DWELLING OF THOMAS DAY.

Thomas Day! the eccentric and accomplished author of 'Sandford and Merton,' the friend of Lovel Edgeworth,—Thomas Day, who planted the dark woods of Anningsley, which sweep round the bend of Timber Hill, skirting the wild village of Brocks, the still wilder common of Woking, and separated only by the hill from the Saxon holding of Ottershaw! We take the lower road of St. Anne's Hill, fringed as it is with laurels and over-hanging shrubs; and ever and anon a peep at a grotto, a temple, or an undulating lawn realises Arcadia. Away rapidly, yet without the assistance of steam, through a road shaded by picturesque trees, and commanding a view of Fox's Hills, until we come to a railing, inclosing a modern Elizabethan cottage, suggestive of far more comfort than belonged to the period. The name—Almner's Barns—reminds us of the appropriation of the estate to the almoners of Chertsey Abbey, becoming in progress of time, vested in the crown at the period of the suppression of religious houses. Tradition says that for a long, long time, this estate was occupied by the Wapshott family, both as tenants to the abbots of Chertsey and to the crown; the same tradition, leaning to the marvellous, declares that these old heritors of the soil had continued to cultivate the same spot of earth from generation to generation, ever since the reign of Alfred, by whom the farm on which they resided was granted to Reginald Wapshott, their ancestor. This is a curious legend in farm history: tradition moreover adds that the ancestor of the Wapshotts was standard-bearer to Alfred, but turned his sword into a ploughshare, and became a farmer. There is, we are told, abundant proof that for at least five hundred years the Wapshotts rented this property, but during the period that the crown estates in Chertsey were held by his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, the rental of Almner's Barns was considerably increased; and, after a heart-breaking struggle to retain the farm of his ancestors, the last of

this humble but time-honoured family, resigned what he felt he could not profitably or honestly retain. It is exceedingly interesting to converse with the aged, but clear-headed and firm-hearted man—the representative of the ancient yeoman-farmer race—who still resides in our pensive little town of Chertsey; he is an admirable specimen of the hale old English farmer, who guided his own plough and gloried in his team. He speaks freely of his long and lost inheritance, and believes that his ancestor was *warrener*, not armour-bearer to Alfred.

He argues 'that none of his descendants were inclined to cultivate the art of war, but that all were peace-loving, industrious farmers, and that if

Kitchen in Almner's Barns.

their ancestors had been warlike, the war spirit would have descended to some among them.' At all events, whether the story of the standard be true or not, it is certain that the same family has occupied the same farm for several hundred years—never above, and never below, the rank of yeomen-farmers. Mr. Wapshott told us it was remarkable that his father died the very day they received notice to leave Almner's Barns, 'which,' he added, 'was a most happy change for him, as he continually said the government would never turn the family out:' adding, 'but I knew better.' The measure was very unpopular in the neighbourhood, where the Wapshotts

were much respected.* England of late has deserted ancestral for mammon worship, but this fine intelligent old man is still a subject of interest and an object of great respect in his native district.

He tells us there has long been a saying in Surrey that no Wapshott was ever very rich or very poor, and that he, the last of his race, will go to the grave in strict fulfilment of the adage. He dwells upon his ancestors' fondness for field sports—it may be they were too fond of them, and maintained large hospitality in a warm country fashion, dining and supping as they did on a long oak table, the servants 'below the salt,' the farmer's family and friends at the upper end, and that concluded, they assembled within the walls of the great chimney which is still, as you see, in a degree preserved at Almner's Barns; and while the mistress and her daughters spun or worked, and the servants were busied according to the season, the song was sung, the story told, and the events of the neighbourhood talked over. We cannot but think it melancholy that these old heritors have passed for ever from their holding; it is the going out of a singular race, the extinguishing of a great fact in rural history; and shining and pleasant as Almner's Barns looks now, and though we wish all good to its present possessor, we regret that it has passed into his hands.

* A newspaper of the period just before the Wapshott's compulsory flitting from their inheritance, gave the following sketch of this 'farming family:'—'In the parish of Thorpe, between Chertsey and Egham, there resides a family, the most ancient perhaps in Europe, though by no means the most conspicuous.

'While disease, the sword, and sometimes the gallows, or the guillotine, have reduced or extinguished so many families, while the revolutions in human affairs have elevated some, and sunk others in obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of Church and State, the peaceful family of Wapshott has continued to cultivate the same spot of earth, ever since the time of king Alfred. The storms which swept away such multitudes during the contests of York and Lancaster, passed harmless over this obscure dwelling. The Saxon, Danish, or Norman conquests affected them not, and every king, from Alfred to George III., inclusive, may see the same space of a few acres, freely yielding its produce to the laborious hands of a Wapshott.

'This family never experienced any elevation, and its humility is such as to exempt it from danger of depression. * * * * The pride of ancestry which swells in the bosom of a Courtenay, a Howard, or a Russell, is unknown to the lowly bosom of a Wapshott, whose blood flows on in an uncontaminated stream from the remotest ages:—he tills the same land that was ploughed by his grandfathers, and then sinks into the same grave.

"Doomed to the spot on which he grew,
He seeks his native bed."'

Leaving Almner's Barns, we turn up 'Hardwick Court Lane,' passing several tangled-looking cottages, and the green where once a fair was held; (after the lapse of twenty years, forgotten! with all its revels, its buying and selling, and cheating and winning, as if it never had been!) this pretty lane brings us out opposite the noble park of Botleys—the finely built and richly wooded seat of Robert Gosling, Esq.—which we skirt, shaded by its umbrageous trees on one side, and those of Bretlands on the other, and leaving the tiny villa of Marylands to the right. On, along this wide and well-kept road, until we arrive at the old Saxon village of Ottershaw; on

Lodge Gate, Anningsley

—and up Timber Hill, pausing on its summit to inhale the pure fresh breeze, and take in, at a glance, the beauty and variety of the surrounding country. To the left, crouching beneath the shelter of the pine wood, is the lodge and gate of ANNINGSLEY, and the enjoyment of a wild wood drive is indeed refreshing, when, however high and hot the sun, the shadows of those perfumed trees lie closely upon beds of moss and waves of fern and heather.

What a delicious wood it is! wild and wandering—untrimmed and prodigal of its own peculiar beauty; such deep-toned red-brown stems to the lofty firs, whose dark green spines mat above our heads, where the summer breeze makes such reed-like music that we could fancy it the court of Pan himself. We hear the bleating of the lambs in the far-off

meadows, and the soft tinkling of the sheep-bell ; the whistle of the blackbird, the loud daring song of the missel-thrush, and the soft whispering 'coo' of the little brown dove,—'Brown Bessy,' as the boys call her. The insect world revel in this shady place —the stag-beetle and the greedy dragon-fly are of enormous size, and wood-lizards and stony-eyed frogs rove among the moss, while the 'game' rustle about the spiral fern. We remember, last spring, seeing piles of fir-trees—shorn of their boughs—heaped outside the gates, and we trembled lest the wood had been despoiled of its greatest beauty,—'cleared,' or 'trimmed,' or 'untangled,'—but no, the hand of the spoiler had not impaired the character of the dark woods of Anningsley, and the only regret we feel is when they are left behind, and we reach a short tract of cultivated land through which the drive passes to the house.*

The house, we can hardly tell how, looks put away in a corner, though there is no corner to put it in ; but it is exactly the sort of house we should have imagined Mr. Day, in his eccentricity, would have desired. Something shy and mysterious, commodious and unpretending ; peeping, rather than looking, at the wild, solitary world beyond, and loving uncultivated, rather than cultivated, nature,—even at the time that his fine mind and benevolent heart were acting together for the good of present and future generations.

Some years ago it was our privilege, while visiting Edgeworthstown, to hear much of this singular man, from Maria Edgeworth, who loved to speak of her father's friends. It was pleasant to hear her talk of the author of 'Sandford and Merton,' as she talked of every one, developing a character in a sentence, and touching the foibles of humanity with rays of her own light and good-nature until they almost brightened into perfections. Much of her power and innate cheerfulness she inherited from her father, who, though very different from Mr. Day, was his chosen friend from the time when Mr. Edgeworth was pursuing his mingled path

* At the time when Mr. Day purchased this estate, there were at least 20,000 acres of land lying waste in its immediate vicinity. It lies about three miles south of Chertsey, but the district was as little visited, and the people as ignorant, as if in the wilds of the New Forest. It was among such unpropitious circumstances the philosopher seated himself to improve the soil and its inhabitants.

of philosophy, amusement, and mechanics, at Hare Hatch, where Mr. Day, who then lived with his father and mother at Bear Hill, in Berkshire, called upon him and sought his acquaintance.* 'To the day of his death,' Mr. Edgeworth has written, and the characters are well drawn, 'we continued to live in the most intimate and unvarying friendship,—a

Anningsley.

friendship founded upon mutual esteem, between persons of tastes, habits, pursuits, manners, and connections totally opposite. A love of knowledge and a freedom from that admiration of splendour which dazzles and enslaves mankind, were the only essential points in which we entirely agreed. Mr. Day was grave, and of a melancholy temperament; I, gay, and full of "constitutional joy." Mr. Day was not a man of strong passions; I was. He delighted, even in the company of women, to descant on the evils brought upon mankind by love; and yet he could not avoid frequently tempting his fate, and what was still more extraordinary, he expected that, with a person neither formed by nature nor cultivated (at that time) by

* Day was born, in 1748, in Wellclose-square, London, and received the first rudiments of his education at the Charter-house, completing his acquirements at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He studied for the law, and was called to the bar, but the pursuit was ungenial to his tastes, and his fortune being ample, he studied to indulge it by a connection with the first literary men of the day, in whose friendship and correspondence he found the greatest pleasure, and to one of whom—Rousseau—he dedicated his 'Dying Negro.'

art to please, he should win some female wiser than the rest of her sex, who should feel for him the most romantic and everlasting attachment,—a paragon!—who should forget the follies and vanities of her sex for him —who

> "Should go clad like our maidens in grey,
> And live in a cottage on love."'

Mr. Edgeworth says that Mr. Day's exterior was not prepossessing: 'He seldom combed his raven locks, though he was remarkably fond of washing in the stream.' Gentlemen seldom agree with ladies in their estimate of manly beauty; we think Mr. Day's portrait decidedly handsome, though the want of *self-esteem*, which must have been a prominent organ in Mr. Edgeworth's development, was evidently deficient in that of Mr. Day; he doubted his own success, and consequently did not succeed. His matrimonial views were a strange mingling of sacrifice and selfishness. Mr. Edgeworth states that, 'for an object which should resemble the image of his fancy, he could give up fortune, fame, life,—everything but virtue;' but he expected the lady to do the same, to yield up to his her habits, and even tastes, down to the selection of a glove or a ribbon. Love will do this, and more, spontaneously; but love is impatient of dictation. He attached himself to Mr. Edgeworth's sister, but the lady was not to be entreated, and, after this disappointment—the herald of others—Mr. Day put in practice a scheme which had long occurred to his imagination: he resolved to rear up two girls as equally as possible, under his own eye, hoping they might be friends in childhood, and that before they grew to be women, he might be able to decide which of them would be most agreeable to himself as a wife. The first selected was a beautiful orphan child, from the orphan school at Shrewsbury, whom he called Sabrina Sydney; he then took another from the Foundling Hospital in London, whom he called Lucretia. He first placed these wards at a widow's house, in some court near Chancery Lane, and immediately applied himself to their education. For our own part, we think the plan might have succeeded had they been younger, but they were eleven and twelve years old, and, of course, their feelings and habits were already, in a great degree, formed. His romantic scheme occasioned inquiry and curiosity; to avoid both, he determined to take them to France, where, as they were perfectly unacquainted with

the language, their minds would be more under his control. He resided some time at Avignon. Whatever surprise his mode of life or opinions might have excited, his simplicity and purity of conduct, his strict morality, uncommon generosity, and excellent understanding, removed. He entertained an unconquerable horror of the empire of fashion over the minds of women: simplicity, perfect innocence, and attachment to himself, were the only qualifications at that time which he seemed to desire in a wife; he was Rousseau-mad, but afterwards recanted the opinions he had endeavoured to practise. After the lapse of a few months he returned to England and parted with Lucretia, finding her either stupid or unwilling to learn, or unlearn, what he desired. He gave her three or four hundred pounds, placed her under proper protection, and, after a time, she married some small shopkeeper in London.

Every one who knew Mr. Day was desirous of seeing how the second part of this philosophic romance would terminate. Sabrina was most engaging and amiable; her guardian took a pleasant house at Stow Hill, near Lichfield, and steadily pursued his plan. All the ladies of the neighbourhood took notice of the girl, and attributed only the most honourable motives to Mr. Day. There he first met Honora Sneyd, whose personal and mental charms, developed beneath the loving care of the poet, Anna Seward, and her accomplished family, had power to attract the affections of three distinguished men,—Major Andre, Thomas Day, and Richard Lovell Edgeworth; subsequently Honora became the wife of the latter, but not until after Major Andre's departure for America, and it is doubtful if she ever responded to the affection which the unfortunate officer felt for her to the last hour of his existence, and which drew forth the beautiful monody on his death from Miss Seward's pen. Sabrina, failing to realise her guardian's dream, he at last placed her at a school; she was wilful, perhaps, touching the colour of a ribbon, or the arranging of her hair, and his feeling towards her fluctuated considerably at last. He provided for her with his usual liberality, and remained her friend until his death.*

* It was singular that when no longer very young, Sabrina was wooed and wed by a barrister, a Mr. Bicknel, who was the companion of Mr. Day when he selected her from among the orphans at Shrewsbury.

Perhaps Mr. Day's new-found love for Honora Sneyd had much to do with his final rejection of Sabrina; he offered this beautiful woman his hand, in a voluminous letter, telling her *honestly* what he expected, which men seldom do until *after* marriage. He was next led captive by the charms of Elizabeth Sneyd, a younger sister of the conquering Honora; but again his want of self-esteem overthrew his wooing; he absolutely went to France, and, in the simplicity and gravity of his heart, determined

('Such is the power of mighty Love,')

to cultivate those graces which he despised, in the hope they would aid his course of love.

Mr. Edgeworth says, in his Memoirs, 'It was astonishing to behold the energy with which he persevered in these pursuits. I have seen him stand between two boards, which reached higher than his knees, from a desire to make them straight; these boards were adjusted with screws, but the screwing was in vain. I could not help pitying my philosophic friend, pent up in durance vile, for hours together, with his feet in the stocks, a book in his hand, and contempt in his heart.'

And yet, after all this martyrdom, besides 'doing' dancing, and fencing, and riding, on his return he was refused by the fair Elizabeth. Surely any loving, wise woman could have been happy with—and, as the phrase goes, 'managed'—such a man. A man who has sufficient honesty to talk common sense to a woman before marriage, pays the highest possible compliment to her intellect, and proves that he desires her friendship and companionship as well as her love. Mr. Day talked loudly of man's prerogative; simply because he felt the kindliness of his own nature, he feared he should yield too much, be too heavily bound by the chains he sought. At last, and after, in a right noble-hearted manner, promoting his friend Richard Lovell Edgeworth's marriage with Honora Sneyd, Mr. Day was united to Miss Milnes, of Wakefield, in Yorkshire; a lady of charity and benevolence as unbounded as his own; and the only objection he ever made to this accomplished lady was, that she possessed a large fortune! No wonder that Thomas Day, the author of 'Sandford and Merton,' should be called 'eccentric.'

Maria Edgeworth said Mr. Day 'talked like a book,' and she believed (to

use her own expression) 'that he always thought in the same full-dress style.' He wrote as fast as his pen could move; this arose from the early care he had bestowed upon his native language. His poem of the 'Dying Negro' was in advance of our abolition of the slave trade; and it is believed that Dr. Darwin wrote more than one of the stanzas in that touching poem. The history of his authorship of 'Sandford and Merton' was bound up with the Edgeworths.

Mr. Edgeworth and his charming wife, Honora, felt the lack of a particular class of books to follow 'Mrs. Barbauld's Lessons,' and commenced, without any intention of publication, the first part of 'Harry and Lucy, or Practical Education,' as it was called in the title page to the first copies, printed literally for their own children. Mr. Day, much pleased with Mr. Edgeworth's plan, offered to assist him, and, with this intention, began 'Sandford and Merton,' which was first designed as a short story to be inserted in 'Harry and Lucy.'

The illness and death of Mrs. Honora Edgeworth interrupted the progress of the little volume, and Mr. Edgeworth, for a long time, could not endure to think of what her loss had rendered so painful. Meanwhile, Mr. Day wrote on rapidly, and finished, and published his delightful book. While this floated on the full tide of popularity,—for a period of twenty years, or more,—'Harry and Lucy' remained *perdu* at Edgeworthstown. Miss Edgeworth used to say that all her dear father's literary ambition was for her, and that he at last gave her the first part of 'Harry and Lucy' for a portion of her 'Early Lessons.' Well for the world was it that he did so!

We have heard that Mr. Day underrated 'Sandford and Merton,' and fancied his poems, and some political tracts he wrote, of far higher consequence. But while they are forgotten, the bright story-book of our own childhood will endure; and were it 'got up' in the modern fashion now, and republished, with a few erasures, and the illustrations it so frequently suggests, its popularity would revive, and it would be welcomed wherever the highest and best sentiments of our *moral* nature are cultivated.

It was deeply interesting, while driving through the very wood at Anningsley, which, in 1789, Mr. Day was occupied in planting, to read

one of his letters to Mr. Edgeworth, where he confesses, nearly at the commencement, that he is out of pocket 300*l.* a-year by his farm! He says the soil he has taken is barren,—'the most completely barren in England,'—adding, 'I consider the pleasure of everything to lie in the pursuit, and, therefore, while I am contented with the conveniences I enjoy, it is a matter of indifference whether I am five, or twenty years in completing my intended plans. I have, besides, another very material reason, which is that it *enables me to employ the poor.*' This last consideration was ever uppermost in his mind: with all his eccentricity and affected stoicism, his nature was essentially benevolent, brave, and thoroughly independent. While he fancied himself a misanthrope, he was exerting his time and faculties, and expending an ample fortune, for beneficial purposes, relieving, to the utmost of his power, all the wants of his fellow-creatures. Some one has said, that whoever plants a tree is a patriot; although Mr. Day's marriage was unblessed—or unplagued—with children, he delighted in planting those beautiful woods for some future inheritor of the stubborn land.

It may be that our quotations seem somewhat tedious, but we write of one who, in that respect, like his friend Richard Lovell Edgeworth, was singularly in advance of his period; in our childhood we revered the author of 'Sandford and Merton' next to the author of 'Early Lessons,' and now never pass beneath the trees he planted without the memory of old feelings creeping into our very heart. Among many blessings we thank GOD that he keeps our 'memory green,' and that our enthusiasm is as genuine as when we first trembled with reverence in the presence of some of those great thinkers whom we hope to meet HEREAFTER. Anningsley, with its varied shadows and mysterious woods, is to us a place of deep interest. Though it is difficult to identify the rooms which were, or were not, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Day, the house and land have not departed from the family.* The joyful voices of happy children echo through the woods, and tempt one almost to forget that on the confines of that very wood the author and philosopher breathed his last, on the 28th of September, 1789. His death is but another lesson of the uncertainty of

* The present owner of Anningsley is the Hon. James Norton, in right of his wife the grand-niece of Mr. Day.

life, which we too often calculate on, as if it were eternity. Mr. Day held a theory that whenever horses were vicious or unruly, it was simply because they had been harshly treated. Having reared a favourite foal, he determined to 'break it' himself; he mounted the colt, but his horsemanship was not sufficiently good to enable him to keep his seat, when the animal plunged, and eventually threw him, and struck him with his heels so severe a blow on his head that it terminated his existence.*

Mrs. Day was inconsolable; she loved her husband with all the enthusiasm of young romance; never was there a more devoted wife. She loved sufficiently to forget his peculiarities in her admiration of his virtues, and she placed the following epitaph over his remains, in Hargrave Church, Berkshire. The epitaph had been written by Mr. Day for the monument of a friend, but it was well applied to himself:—

'Beyond the reach of time, or fortune's power,
Remain cold stone, remain, and mark the hour,
When all the noblest gifts which heaven e'er gave,
Were centred in a dark untimely grave!
Oh! taught on Reason's boldest wings to rise
And catch each glimmering of the open skies!
Oh gentle bosom! oh unsullied mind!
Oh, friend of truth, to virtue, to mankind!
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
Secure to feel no second loss like thine.'

The walk from Chertsey to WEYBRIDGE is as pleasant a walk as can be desired; especially on a morning of May, when the weather is cool, and the sun is playing at bo-peep through the fleecy clouds, which yield shade and refreshment to the teeming earth. Those who have no desire to pass through the pretty scattered village of Addlestone (where, here and there, an ambitious 'villa residence' intimates that Londoners are appreciating its salubrity and convenience) may still desire to prolong their walk by rendering homage to the CROUCH OAK, one of the most superb trees in England, which deserves a pilgrimage to its leafy shrine from any genuine

* The accident was the more sad, as it occurred when Mr. Day was paying an affectionate duty which he never omitted, once a year—a visit to his aged mother. She resided at Bear Hill, near Wargrave, in Berkshire, and he was on his journey thither when his horse threw him, and he died on the spot.

lover of nature.* But if this has been already seen, it is pleasanter to wander up Woburn Hill than to pass over the Addlestone railway. The hill is deliciously sheltered from wind, and rain, and heat, by the outspreading foliage of the beautiful trees of Woburn (the seat of the

The Crouch Oak.

Hon. Locke King); and the public road, after crossing Fordwater Bridge, continues between the trickling Bourne and the Basingstoke canal, until it crosses the bridge where the Wey (dividing the parishes of Weybridge and Chertsey), the canal, and the Bourne, unite in one considerable body of water.

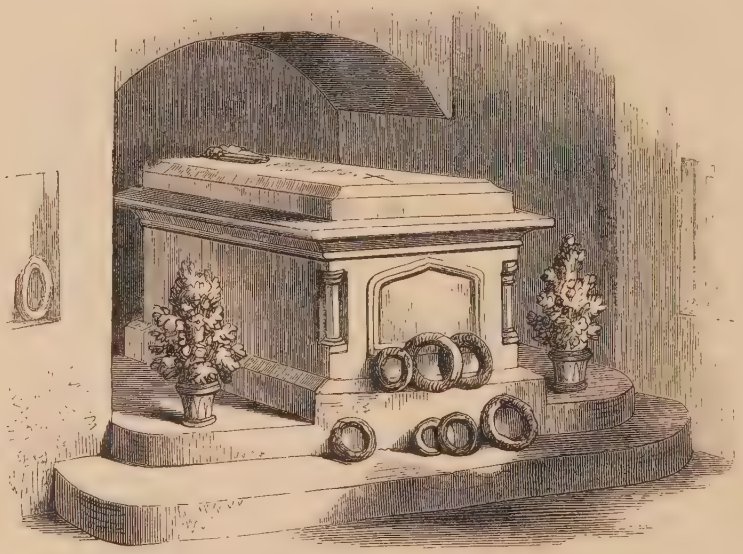
* In Brayley's excellent 'History of Surrey,' we are told that 'tradition states that this oak, in former ages, was considered to mark the boundary of Windsor Forest in this direction, and Queen Elizabeth is said to have dined beneath its shadow.' Its girth at 2 feet from the ground is 24 feet. At the height of 9 feet, the principal branch, in itself as large as a tree, shoots out almost horizontally from the trunk to the distance of 48 feet, and is known to have been 8 or 10 feet longer about twenty years ago. Before the enclosure of the manor of Chertsey-Beomond in 1808, this oak stood on the open common; but the plot of ground on which it stands was patriotically purchased by Captain de Visme—who has laid the neighbourhood under an obligation by adding it to his estate, as its former owner determined to *cut it down!*—and if this had not been done, its decay would have been accelerated by a superstitious practice—namely, that of having the bark peeled off by ignorant females, from an opinion that, taken internally, it operates as a love charm! The name of *crouch* oak may possibly have been given to this tree from the low, crouching form of its chief branches. There is also a tradition that Wickliffe preached under it.

We are told that some rare aquatic plants border the meandering Bourne, and render a stroll along its banks a rich treat to the botanist. The entrance to the village of Weybridge has something of a foreign aspect, owing, perhaps, to its lofty trees and an uninterrupted avenue of limes, between quaint houses that are dimly seen beyond their walled-in gardens. But there are two roads, which, as it were, gird the village and spread out in different directions ; one, leading to the common and station,

The Wey Bridge.

passes the chapel where the remains of Louis Philippe are for the present interred, and which is rendered still more sacred by the sorrows and tears of a royal, but exiled family, living not far off—at Claremont—and those of many illustrious pilgrims from their native land. The chapel commands a beautiful view over the breezy heath, bounded by the bold headland of St. George's Hill. We were courteously admitted beneath a domed porch (where the turning of a wheeled gate rings a soft-sounding bell), and conducted through a picturesque and exquisitely-kept garden to the little chapel where the exiled family of France frequently assemble. We then descended to the crypt, containing two tombs—that of the founder of the chapel, a devout man (according to his faith), and that of the first King of the French who maintained peace in France for eighteen years, and preferred the abdication of his Throne to the shedding

of his people's blood.* There was an earnestness and fulness of sorrow within that crypt, which we have not often felt in the midst of elaborate tombs and the pomp and pageantry of death. The perfect and entire silence—the loneliness of the situation—the rays of light pouring directly through the windows upon the founder's tomb, while that of the KING occupied what may be called the centre of the crypt, elevated two steps above the floor, and reaching to the far end of the vault. There is something inexpressibly grand in the simplicity of this last refuge of a



Tomb of Louis Philippe.

great man and a mighty monarch. Our hearts were filled with memories of the past ; when we saw him in the radiance of his power—the venerated Ruler of a nation—combining the holiest virtues of domestic life with the dignity and duties of his high position. We remembered his vicissitudes —his large attainments—his suavity and royal bearing—

'All crushed into that small and silent tomb.'

* The chapel is a very small building capable of giving accommodation to fifty persons only ; its ground-plan is, however, cruciform.

Great he was in adversity, and great in prosperity: for he had learned the 'uses' of both. Hereafter, he will receive gratitude from France, and justice from History. In him the Arts of Peace had their patron and protector: his choicest rewards were accorded to men of genius: his recognition of *mind* was ever ready and cordial: and to have been useful to his country—or to any country—was the surest road to those public honours of which he was the wise and liberal distributor.

It is, therefore, a privilege to render homage at the grave of the illustrious exile: for it is homage less to the greatness of the monarch than to the virtues of the man!

A crown and sceptre are carved at the head and these few words:—

DEPOSITÆ JACENT
SUB HOC LAPIDE
DONEC IN PATRIAM
AVITOS INTER CINERES
DEO ADJUVANTE TRANSFERANTUR RELIQUIÆ
LUDOVICI PHILIPPI
PRIMI FRANCORUM REGIS
CLARMONTII IN BRITANNIÆ
DEFUNCTI DIE AUGUSTI XXVI.
ANNO DOMINI MDCCCL.
ÆTAT. LXXVI.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.*

Upon the steps were placed several garlands, such as decorate the tombs in Père-la-Chaise, and two vases of flowers.† 'These,' said the attendant, 'were placed here by the Queen.' A robin poured forth its wealth of song close to the window. A saintly requiem could not have moved us more; it was so wild and tender—such clear, gushing music; there was no other sound upon the clear, frosty air. We did not move until the chaunt was finished. We ascended into the outer world, and heard the key turned upon the door of that lonely crypt.

The other road, after passing the new church, leads beneath the lime

* Under this stone lie buried the remains of Louis Philippe, first King of the French; until, by God's assistance, they may be transferred into his country, among the ashes of his ancestors. He died at Claremont, in Great Britain, on the 26th of August, 1850, in the 76th year of his age.—May he rest in peace.

† Wreaths of *immortels* are placed in front, upon which we noticed two inscriptions formed in dark flowers—'Regrets Eternels,' 'Au meilleur des Rois,' and the dates '1847—1851.'

avenue more directly to the most interesting part of Weybridge—the entrance to Oatlands Park. The manor of Weybridge anciently belonged to the Abbey of Chertsey; Henry VIII. obtained possession of Oatlands, and Queen Elizabeth is said to have shot with a cross-bow 'in the paddock.' Anne of Denmark, the wife of James I., took to cultivate silk-worms at Oatlands, and had there a silk-worm room. The youngest son of Charles I. was born there, and was hence styled Henry of Oatlands; it had previously been settled by the unfortunate Charles, as a dower-land, on Henrietta Maria. The house and domain were much injured during the interregnum, but, after the Restoration, it was returned to the queen in its dilapidated and dismantled state. It has confessed to many masters, and amongst others, to the Earl of Lincoln, who formed the gardens at Oatlands.*

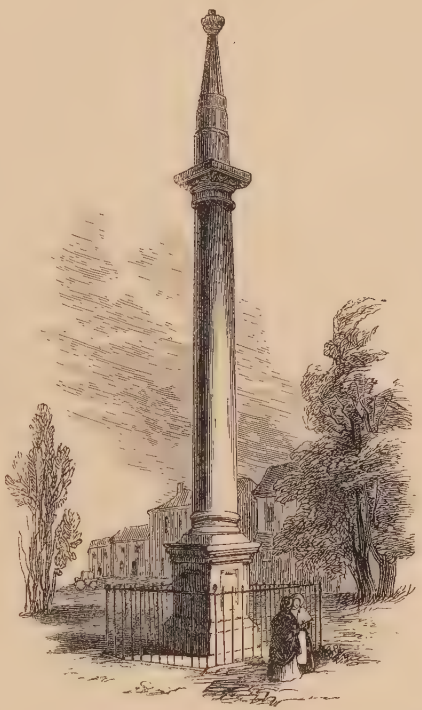
The first gateway leads from the park to Walton-on-Thames; another, designed by Inigo Jones, and which formed an entrance to the terrace, was not long ago sold for 10*l.*, pulled down, and removed. It was a fine work, and a real loss to the place. The Duke of Newcastle built the far-famed grotto within the park, and after the park and grotto† became the property of the Duke of York, the duchess indulged her feeling and her fancy by the erection of some sixty monuments to the memory of her dogs.

* There is a curious bird's-eye view of the old palace at Oatlands, as it appeared about the time of Elizabeth, in Manning and Bray's 'Surrey,' and which is reproduced on a smaller scale in Brayley's County History. Many of its features closely resemble Hampton Court, particularly its square gate-towers, flanked by octangular turrets. The buildings were exceedingly irregular, the entrance-court a waste walled space of great size, with stabling and offices on each side, a central path leading to the principal gateway, through which a square enclosed court of an oblong form was reached, surrounded with dwellings; beyond this, another gate, of very similar construction, led to some smaller courts, and a confused triangular assemblage of buildings, seemingly constructed in 'most admired disorder,' with characteristic turrets and gables. The garden wall still exhibits traces of the old palace, in a brick gateway, evidently of the time of Henry VIII., and some remains of vaulted cellars are preserved in other parts of the grounds.

† The grotto is reported to have been constructed by a father and his two sons, who were occupied many years in its formation, at a cost to the Duke of Newcastle of about 40,000*l.* It is entirely composed of minute pieces of spar, coral rock, minerals, and shells, and consists of various apartments and winding passages. The upper room has a domed roof, from which hang stalactites of satin spar, and here George IV., when Prince of Wales, gave one of his luxurious *petites soupers* to a select party of his friends. It was also a favourite retiring-room of the Duchess of York, and the Chinese chairs and other furniture remaining are those she used, the cushions being covered with her needlework.

These are placed at intervals round what was once an ornamental piece of water, stored with gold and silver fish. But her Royal Highness' love of the animal creation was only one of the phases of her benevolence; she was a singularly amiable and kind-hearted princess, and there are those in Weybridge, to this day, who speak of her charities with intense gratitude.

It was deemed necessary, by some, to erect a monument to her memory, and those who designed to do honour to her excellent qualities also desired to be as sparing as possible of their pecuniary resources. In times long past the column which was known as the 'Seven Dials' in London had been removed, and conveyed, for some forgotten purpose, to a place in our neighbourhood, called 'Sayes Court,'—a handsome, well-wooded residence, whose gables and chimneys form a picturesque object from Crockford Bridge, which spans the stream of the Bourne, on the New Haw and Pyrford roads,—there it lay, for many years, amongst the *débris* of long grass and architectural fragments, and from thence it was again removed and set up at Weybridge; the original direction as to the locality of the Seven Dials * being cast away where it still is, close to a



Column at Weybridge.

* The stone, although marking the '*Seven* Dials,' is hexagonal; and it is clear that it must have been originally cut with six sides only. Indeed, it is recorded that one of the dials served for two streets, opening into one angle; it is engraved in our initial letter. The marks are plainly discernible where the indexes of the various dials were placed, and portions of the metal with which they were secured is still remaining.

public-house on the green, and the graduated spire crowned by a coronet, while an inscription is introduced upon the pedestal, expressive of an admiration which deserved a better monument.*

Oatlands Park is, however, *now* only 'Oatlands Park' by courtesy; its glory has departed, and it has been let in lots for building. Its noble trees are removed or retained at the pleasure of those who erect Swiss cottages, or trim, bright, glazy villas, amid the silent groves, where once the deer browsed, and the squirrel played, and which often echoed the hunting-horn of royalty. The views over the valley of the Thames are most beautiful, and Windsor Castle towers in the distance. There are many trees, vistas, and glimpses of scenery which still delight the lover of nature, but the once great palace is now park-less, and we cannot but regret that, however desirable for 'building ground,' such a noble heritage should be 'lotted' and cut up for mere utility; it is one of the signs—alas, too many!—that the *poetry* of life is fast fading from among us.

The ascent to St. George's Hill, from either gate, is sufficiently easy for man or horse. The view, from the 'view point,' is more extensive on one side than from its neighbouring hill of St. Anne's; its sides are more precipitous, it is altogether grander and bolder; it stands proudly above the landscape, as if conscious of its Roman encampment,† of its woods,

* A new church has lately been erected at Weybridge, and when a spire is added thereunto, it will be handsome both inside and out. But here Chantrey's monument to the excellent Duchess is thrust into a corner, with all the other tablets and monuments removed from the old church—much to the disgust of all who conceive that God's temple ought to be adorned by the beautiful works of men's hands.

† Though constantly described as a Roman camp, and even sometimes called 'Cæsar's camp,' the irregularity of its form would lead the judicious antiquary to give it an earlier date, and ascribe it to a British origin. Brayley considers it 'one of those hill fastnesses from which our rude ancestors were driven by the superior discipline and weapons of the Roman soldiers. The discovery of some ancient urns at Silvermere (at the foot of the hill) a few years ago, may be referred to as corroborative of this opinion. These urns were discovered in a grave mound, and were of unbaked clay, ornamented with a double zig-zag round the rim, and are decidedly of British manufacture. The area of the camp encloses nearly 14 acres of ground; the vallum and ditches are perfectly distinct, the latter very deep in many places. The ground plan is exceedingly irregular, taking in the crest of the hill, and on the south side is an embankment enclosing the declivity, as if the original camp had been thus added to, or strengthened. On St. Anne's Hill are traces of similar entrenchments, which were, no doubt, formed by the early inhabitants of the country, who would

enriched of late by so many rare trees, of its historic and antiquarian importance; it hardly bends its leafy crown to imperial Windsor; it commands a grand view of the Surrey hills, and mingles Alpine and English scenery together; it is delicious to inhale the breeze, so fresh and pure, that rushes over the valley; and pleasant to rest, after the fatigue of the ascent, on the seats so kindly set apart and sheltered from the sun, by the considerate liberality of its noble proprietor, the Earl of Ellesmere; it was also pleasant, during the feverish summer of 1851, to show the foreigner such a view, so rich in English beauty, and to hear his exclamations of delight and astonishment.

WALTON is another village, quite within a walk of CHERTSEY, even if you skirt the Thames from Weybridge, and leave Oatlands to the right; you then obtain a better view of the double bridge of Walton, and see to advantage the sweep of Lord Tankerville's villa. Walton is a pleasant village to live in, and, having a station of its own, and being near the Thames, it has many summer attractions for those whose duties limit them to a 'convenient distance' from London.

Its church* contains several interesting monuments, and the intelligent clerk, who is not a little proud of the structure, turns up a piece of matting and shows the flat, grey stone, inscribed to the memory of the once famous astrologer, Lilly, who resided five-and-forty years in Walton;† but the leading attraction of Walton Church is the monument executed by Roubiliac, by order of Grace, Countess of Middlesex, to the memory of her father, the Lord Viscount Shannon, commander of the forces in Ireland.‡

naturally choose such commanding and elevated situations for their fortresses. Coway Stakes is about a mile and a half distant from St. George's Hill, and here Camden and other writers affirm that Cæsar crossed the Thames, in pursuit of Cassivellaunus.

* The church is a very ancient structure; it consists of a nave and side aisles, with a chancel beyond. Four pointed arches spring from massive columns on each side of the nave, which were probably constructed in the twelfth century; but the church has undergone so many changes, that its other antique features are lost, or masked by more modern work.

† The stone has been removed from its proper place, over the grave of Lilly, which was on the left side of the communion table. It was placed there by his friend, the visionary antiquary, Elias Ashmole, who records that this 'fair black marble stone' cost him 6*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

‡ He was nephew to the famous Robert Boyle, and "volunteer when a youth at the battle of the Boyne."

Those who remember the doings in England during the Commonwealth may people the churchyard of Walton with a singular assembly when, a few Sundays after the execution of Charles I., a soldier bearing a lighted candle in his hand, having failed to compel the rector of Walton to resign his pulpit to him, mounted a tombstone, and preached one of those extraordinary discourses, so common in that wonder-working age.

We read the other day of a Tuscan city, where every house in which a remarkable person had been born was marked by an inscription: we

Walton Church.

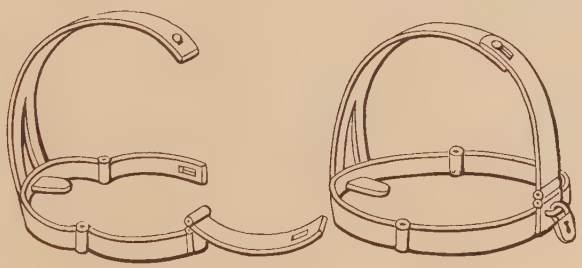
render genius no such homage here. A man of singular wit, talent, and learning, Doctor Maginn, died and was buried at Walton, little more than ten years ago. There is no stone inscribed with his name; and we wandered over many half-obliterated mounds before even the sexton could point out to us the spot where he had been dropped into his grave—*

'Alas, poor Yorick!'

There are some curious monuments within the church, and five brasses

* We have also sought in vain for the house in which Admiral Rodney was born, though it is known he was born at Walton.

in memory of a certain John Selwyn, one of himself, another of his wife; one where, mounted on the back of a stag, he is in the act of stabbing it in the throat, and another of no less than 'eleven branches,' all belonging to the said John Selwyn, a forester of Oatlands in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, famous for his deeds of daring; the fifth contains the inscription to their memories.* This parish is also endowed with an instrument for the control of female eloquence, which would in no degree receive homage from the 'Bloomers' of the present day. It is of curious



The Scold's Bridle.

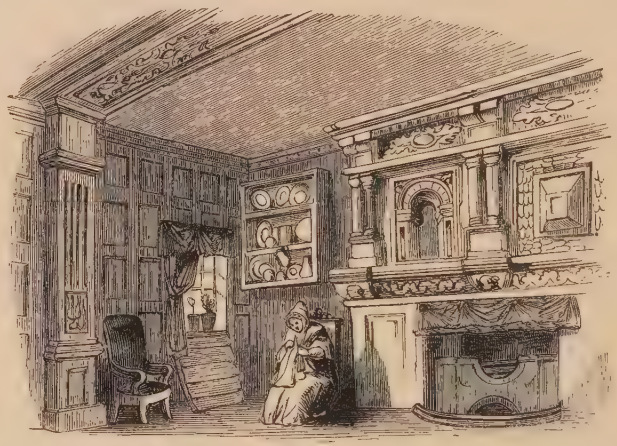
construction, and, when fixed on, one part enters the mouth, and prevents articulation. It originally bore the following inscription, and the date 1633, but only faint traces now remain of either.

'Chester presents Walton with a bridle,
To curb women's tongues that talk too idle.'†

* These five plates are evidently a series, forming only one memorial to Selwyn and his family, and originally inserted in a grave-stone. The most curious plate is that representing Selwyn stabbing the stag, and it is still more remarkable as it is a *palimpsest* (or brass engraved on both sides), with some variations of the same incident, which has been explained as being, probably, an incorrect version of the exploit, turned face downward, and a more correct one done on the same plate, to save expense. Selwyn was under-keeper of the park at Oatlands in the reign of Elizabeth, and was remarkable for his skill in horsemanship; upon one occasion, during the heat of the chase, he leaped from his horse upon the back of the stag, and, keeping his seat gracefully, notwithstanding all efforts of the affrighted beast, guided it towards the Queen, and drawing his *couteau de chasse*, plunged it in its throat, and it fell dead at her feet.

† It is said that this bridle was presented by the individual whose name it bears because he had lost an estate 'through the instrumentality of a gossiping, lying woman.' Its construction and mode of fastening is shown in our cuts, which exhibit the bridle unfastened, and as it would appear when closed over the head; when locked a flat piece of iron projects

Ashley Park, seated with so much dignity upon its stately lawn, commands the admiration of all wayfarers, and *is said* to have been inhabited by Oliver Cromwell. But the most interesting relic of *his* times is the house of the President Bradshaw. Its effect is much injured by a



Interior of Bradshaw's House.

narrow street of small houses, built in such a way as effectually to prevent the whole from being seen at once.* The house within is divided and subdivided into small tenements, where old and young are mingled together

into the mouth, and effectually keeps down the tongue, a triangular opening in the bar above admits the nose, and allows the machine to fit tightly on the head. One of a precisely similar kind is described by Brand in his 'History of Newcastle-upon-Tyne,' and Dr. Plott engraves another in his 'History of Staffordshire,' 'which being put upon the offender,' he tells us, 'by order of the magistrate, and fastened with a padlock behind, she is led round the town by an officer, to her shame, nor is it taken off till after the party begins to show all external signs imaginable of humiliation and amendment.' The town council of Lichfield still possesses one of these bridles, another is at Beaudesert, the seat of the Marquis of Anglesey; but the most curious is at Harnstall Ridware, in Staffordshire, which has apertures for the eyes and nose, giving the face a grotesque appearance, and towering above it like the cap of a grenadier.

* There is a very good engraving of the exterior of this house before the street was built, in Brayley's 'Surrey.' It was then an exceedingly picturesque object. The best notion of its original appearance may be obtained from an examination of the room we engrave, which is now the only unspoilt portion of this once important and interesting house.

as in one large family ; one aged woman, who stood in the middle of the room on the ground floor, which exhibits the most considerable remains of the original fittings-up in its carved chimney-piece, panelled wainscoting and strong beams, said 'it was a great house once, but full of wickedness, and no wonder the spirits of its inhabitants troubled the earth to this day,' but all others were silent as to sights or sounds belonging to the world of shadows. Many, doubtless, were the consultations held within these mouldering walls, touching the fate of England, and it is not a matter of wonder that the superstitious who are in its immediate neighbourhood should sometimes there 'see visions and dream dreams.'*

These 'visions' and 'dreams' are, of course, less frequent, now that the house of the Regicide is, as it were, 'shored up' by streets, where a ghost of any respectability would find it impossible to wander, even on the darkest night. In old times, the 'good old times,' the house must have been isolated, and far away from any dwelling of equal size or pretension ; it was surrounded by a garden, and there is a rumour of a subterranean passage, leading, one report says, to the Thames, another states to the palace at Oatlands, another to Ashley Park. In old times (whether deserving the epithet of 'good' or not is a question), these underground passages and caves were necessary alike for the preservation of property and life, and we believe there are still numerous excavations immediately round our old mansions, which have been either intentionally walled in, or have become choked up by the *débris* of time ; it is somewhat remarkable, that, even when discovered and inspected, so little traces have been found of those who sought protection and shelter within their gloomy sanctuary. It is trite enough to say what tales their walls could tell, but it is impossible to look into them without wishing 'these walls had tongues.'

Pyrford is certainly a good long walk from Chertsey, and is, unfortunately for the lovers of the picturesque, but little known. It cannot be called a hamlet, there are too few houses, and neighbourhood it has none. The walk moreover is flat and lonely. We pass through Addlestone, over Crockford or Crokford bridge, then over the canal bridge, and under that

* Tradition affirms that in this house was signed the death-warrant of the unhappy King Charles I.

of the South Western Railway. The country is rough and wild; gravel pits, whose sides are wreathed with fern and heather, patches of fir plantation, with here and there a farm-house swarming with black pigs, lowing calves, and noisy poultry; a cottage half hidden by its abundant orchard; more heather, more fir plantation, more black pigs and poultry, and the roads mottled by the restless shadows of the waving birch trees, whose branches hang with pensile grace, above the hedge rows: as we draw nearer to our destination the trees and hedges mingle, forming a bower above our heads.

'And what was Pyrford, or Piford, or Pyreford?' Truly it has its histories! of Old, old, it belonged to the Abbey of Westminster, then to the Abbey of Sheen, then Elizabeth reclaimed it for the Crown, then Edward Lord Lincoln, Lord High Admiral of England at that time, built himself a fair house at 'Pyriford,' but after all this expenditure it would seem as though he had only a life interest in the place, for we find Elizabeth visiting 'John Wolley,' at 'Pirford,' the same 'John Wolley' who succeeded the learned Roger Ascham as her Majesty's Latin secretary; in the eventful course of years it had many masters whose names only live in church books, upon old tombstones, or in forgotten county histories. Evelyn in his Diary speaks of Mr. Denzil Onslow's seat at 'Purford;' and Aubrey calls it a delightful place, 'three miles about,' and tells us how it 'is a fair house standing near the river Wey, and that from the lodge you may overlook the ruins of Newark Abbey, the seven streams running by it, and the rich meadows, watered by them.' He tells of avenues of elms and birches, of a decoy pool, 'with four tunnels,' of the great lake of Sheerwater, 'two miles about.' Alas! all these are gone! the house has been pulled down, the decoy suffered to go to ruin, the lake drained and filled up, population (thin as it seems), and cultivation have overspread the solitude of conservatism, and though the present 'Ladie farm' looks perfectly innocent of aristocratic associations, crouching amid evergreens and roses, its ample byre filled with the

'Lowing herd,'

yet many a

'Yeoman and bowman bold,'

have claimed hospitality, and received a welcome on the self-same spot.

Yes, there is Pyrford Church, or, as we believe it is more correct to call it, chapel. Ascending the path which leads to its humble gate, you pass the pretty little school (unless you like to tarry and hear the pleasant music of young voices), and the gate which leads to the Vicarage, and you exclaim 'what a fine old yew tree!' You are interested by the number of 'green graves,' purely brightly green, where the grasshopper hops and the white moth glistens in the sunbeam. The church is very small and very old. There is nothing to 'notice' in the interior; the pews of oak,

Pyrford Church.

irregularly placed generally, are old and worm-eaten. The building simply consists of a nave and chancel, with a low tower, surmounted by an ordinary spire rising from the roof of the former. What a primitive-looking old church it is! it belongs so entirely to the past, that you wonder how it has been preserved! and that rude old spire seems so perishing! You look from the Porch, through the trees across to the Vicarage—what a lovely spot, the spot of all others suited for the residence of a country clergyman; and, happily, a good man is there!

You gaze upon it with delight, and think the report of the beauty of Pyrford no exaggeration; but you are only on the threshold of its beauty. Move slowly, and carefully through the long grass—carefully! lest you tread upon those nameless but hallowed graves; you now know, that the withered-looking little church stands upon a commanding mount. You can hardly believe that such is the case—the ascent has been so gradual; now you are close to the hollow tree that for ages has sentinelled the path-way-pass to the rich valley outspread at your feet—THERE! Look at it with loving eyes, where it reposes in the sunshine, while a soft warm mist half shrouds the distant hills, and seems to unite them to the heavens; they are not so grand or so harsh as mountains. Oh, no! our Surrey Hills pretend to nothing so ambitious or so cold; but we are very grateful to them for giving what we so often want—a background to our pictures. To the left are the ruins of Newark Abbey, which the artist would clothe with ivy—though, perhaps, grim and grey as they are, they contrast better with the deep bright green by which they are surrounded.* We will not believe that in old times monks blessed with such a residence ever disturbed the peace of the fair nuns of Ockham:† there is a wicked old ballad which prates of this, but it is doubtless a fable; these however are the ruins, which, with their surrounding scenery, composed of rivers and rivulets, foot-bridge and fords, plashy pools and fringed tangled hollows,

* The old Priory of Newark was inhabited by canons regular of the order of St. Augustine, and was founded about the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, by Ruald de Calva, and his wife Beatrice de Sandes. The church was dedicated to the blessed Virgin and St. Thomas of Canterbury, and was well endowed with lands by himself and successors; the canons gradually increasing in wealth, and lands, and privileges, until the time of Henry VIII., when it was surrendered to the rapacity of that sovereign by the principal, Richard Lyppescomb, who gained thereby a pension of 40*l.*, and grants to seven other canons belonging to the foundation. The priory church is now so much ruined, that scarcely any of the facing stones remain; the walls are about three feet thick, and exhibit little more than the core of flint, cemented with grout and rubble; the country folks and road contractors formerly came here as to a stone quarry for materials to repair walls and roads, and the wonder is that anything remains of this once important edifice.

† At Ockham, in the adjoining parish, was a nunnery, and the tradition goes that a communication between that building and Newark Abbey was formed by a subterranean passage, which passed beneath the river. It is needless to call attention to the fact, which must have fallen under the observation of all who investigate old buildings, of the frequency with which such tales of subterranean passages are narrated, and their general absurdity.

trees in groups or alone, cattle—enjoying the freshness and food of this happy valley, or gathering round the wide-spreading trees, chewing their cud or tossing their tails at the intruding flies, while there the beauty of the herd remains perfectly motionless, as if conscious of her importance in so lovely a landscape. These, and a hundred other pleasant things—the floating of the rooks beneath the fleecy clouds, the cooing of the ringdoves

Ruins of Newark Priory.

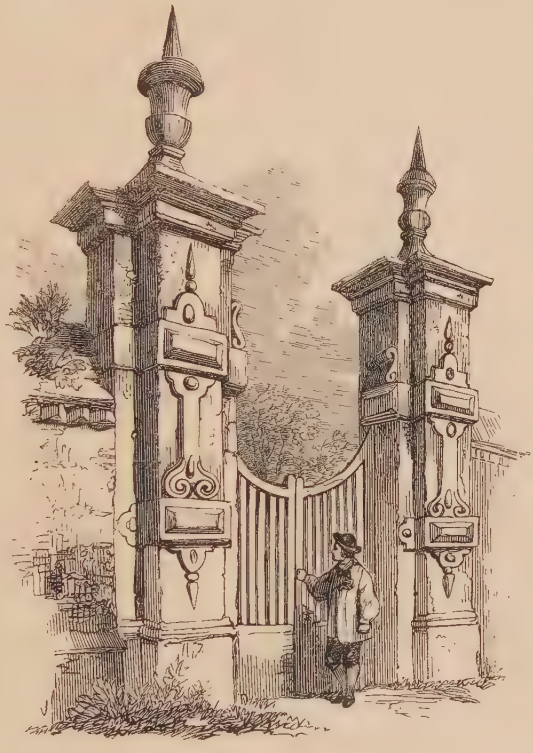
in the nearest copse, the impassioned song of the wondrous nightingale from a bough somewhere in the verdant ravine; the coming and going effects of the shadows, now deepening the tone of a clump of hawthorn in the foreground almost into blackness, then spangling the meadow with diamonds; now flying over hill and valley, then lingering on the ruins until they seem steeped in some dark dream of the past; while all the time the purring river keeps circling in little eddies round the supports of the foot-bridge, and taking frothy leaps over huge stones which make-believe

to intercept its course from that cavern of foliage from whence it issues to fertilise the meadows of Newark Abbey! Ay, look, and look again, enjoy it all—for it is a blessed enjoyment, one forbidden by no law, moral or divine—to enjoy the loveliness of wood and water, hill and dale, with which the Almighty has decked as with a garland our blessed English land. But your pleasant task is not ended until you descend the ravine and reach the foot-bridge; then look up at the old church, and if you have pencil and paper, and do not sketch it on the instant, you will never be an artist!

Between this lovely spot and Woking, somewhere near the healthy heathy common which bears the same name, once stood the mansion of Sir Edward Zouch, and there, it has been written, he often received the visits of his patron, James I. The king went thither from his palace of Oatlands, and according to Mr. Manning a tradition prevails that a turret, still existing on a hill to the north of the house, was built for the purpose of exhibiting a light, as a beacon for the guidance of messengers who resorted to the king at night. We could gossip through a goodly quarto did we speak of all the places deserving remark in our neighbourhood, but one other has an especial interest for us, and we at least found it worthy a visit, though it lies quite away from the very pretty village which bears its name—we mean Byfleet Park. Byfleet* is an admirable village for the artist—a treasure house of long barns, whose roofs are overgrown with moss—its dwellings so well cared for, half farm half cottage houses, its trees so nobly grown, and more than one or two stately venerable mansions opened upon by solid gateways, and protected by massive railings, or walls covered with ivy—it lies low certainly, but that makes vegetation more luxuriant—and what more beautiful to gaze upon than the green ravines

* About the middle of the last century the rectory of Byfleet was held by the Rev. Stephen Duck, who was originally an agricultural labourer, but his poetic talents attracted the notice of Caroline, consort of George II., and though his poetry is forgotten, it procured him the notice and education which led to the living of Byfleet; not long did he enjoy it, for in a fit of melancholy insanity he drowned himself at Reading. There is another instance of elevated circumstances near this, but with a happier result. When the house of James Kirkpatrick Escott, Esq., at Ongar Hill, was building, Sir George Soane worked at its walls, as a bricklayer's boy. There is a monument in Byfleet Church to the memory of the amiable and accomplished Joseph Spence.

and bold promontory of St. George's Hill. But the road to Byfleet Park—(a royal chase until purchased from the Crown by the late Lord King—) is narrow passing the entrance to the mill, where the Wey dividing its waters circles round an island, which we are told is the very paradise of



Entrance Gate, Byfleet.

gardens ; then forward—ploughed land on one side, and on the other the Wey, now broad, now narrow, seen through the copse, and, glancing beneath the tall trees, it shines in the sun like liquid silver, lovely, capricious river that it is ! seldom retaining the same aspect or breadth for half a mile.

The house, as you approach it, has a singularly lonely and deserted

appearance ; standing so straight and narrow against the clear sky, it looks like something left as a monument of the past ; two piers of carved stones are flanked by high walls, and the hall door is reached by a flight of high narrow stone steps, divided and timeworn ; it has been for some time used as a farm-house, or rather occupied by the person to whom a portion of what was so long royal property has been let by its present 'lord and master,' the Hon. Locke King, M.P.

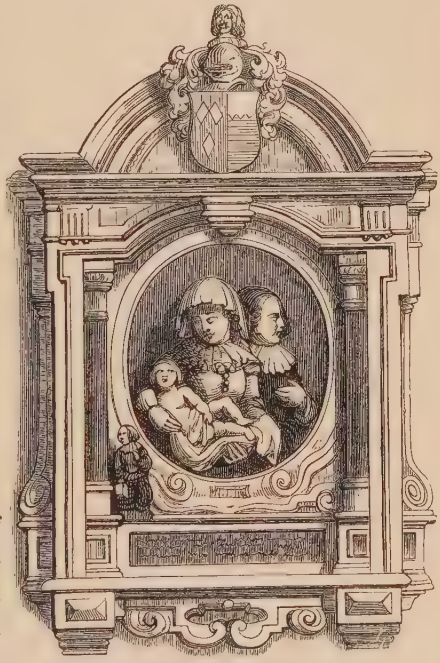
The kind courtesy of its occupant permitted us to enter, and the cold lonely aspect of the house was at once changed to one capable of every comfort. Above the fire-place, in the entrance hall, is a coat of arms ; but the staircase has been barbarously painted over, though evidently of oak ; the rooms are panelled, and 'beautified' (?) by paint, they are lofty and cheerful ; the walls are thick, and as the roof has no gutters, the dryness of the house is a proof of its solidity ; in one of the bedrooms, a beautifully carved slab of stone-work forms the front of the chimney-piece, and the walls of a little attic which commands a delicious view of the windings of the Wey, and St. George's Hill, were once richly panelled and gilt, but the taste of the times has incrusted it with white-wash ; our fair guide disclaimed any act or part in this tragedy, which she assured us was perpetrated before her husband became tenant of the farm.

Chimney, Byfleet House.

A portion of these walls, it is believed, heard the stormy wailings of Henry VIII., when the huge baby was (so runs the legend) sent to nurse at Byfleet Park. They have been 'modernised,' the greater part rebuilt and patched up with the

old decorations, probably during the reigns of William or Anne,* yet still this is the very spot from whence Edward II. dated letters for the arrest of the Knights Templar.

Passing to the back of the house, the view as *home scenery* is all that can be desired, If wings were added to the present house it would form a charming dwelling, for nature has decked the site with exceeding care. The bridge, leading to Byfleet Mill, would delight the 'water-colour men' who like brilliant and broad effects; the Wey in that spot creates little bays, and picturesque 'aites' crowded with charming water-foliage, broad leaves, spiry rushes, and floating islands of forget-me-nots repeating the blue sky of heaven. There is a wild-looking keeper's lodge on an eminence, which we were assured commanded a delicious view, and from which the mill and the mill-house on its flowery island were seen to great advantage, but the autumn sun was going down, and warned us to return. At the back of the dwelling, where the inequalities of the turf seem as if much that was mysterious lay beneath its surface, a subterraneous communication, perhaps with the house, has been discovered; the entrance is arched, and farther on a hole has been dug into it, proving its continuance; it might or might not be worth the trouble of excavation, but it is difficult to resist the desire to



Tomb of Denham.

* This is very perceptible, both within and without; the traces of modernisation on the façade do not conceal the few enrichments of an earlier period, while withinside, there is much carved work, and decorated panelling.

investigate a subterraneous passage of any kind, and the more impracticable it seems the more the desire increases ; we could not learn that any relics of old times have been found there, but when they are found in our neighbourhood they are seldom preserved with care.

We might extend our walks with profit and enjoyment as far 'Windsor Way,' as we have done in the opposite direction. The church at EGHAM (some three miles off or thereabouts) contains several monuments, of which any church might be proud. Among the more remarkable and interesting are two to the Denham family, one representing a body in the act of rising from the grave, the other telling of the Judge Denham who was twice married. The monument is rather remarkable because of the figure of Sir John Denham, the poet of 'Cooper's Hill,' in baby boyhood. Having seen these memorials of the poet's family, it will be pleasant to prolong our walk over the plashy lowlands that lead to the surpassing loveliness of 'Cooper's Hill,' and the heroic field of Runnymead —heroic inasmuch as

> 'Peace hath her victories as well as war!'

Cooper's Hill still overlooks the glorious river,—Denham's 'theme,' which he longed to make his 'example.'

> 'Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
> Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.'

The hill yet remains, famous for its beauty, as it has ever been :

> 'his shoulders and his sides
> A shady mantle clothes ; his curled brows
> Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
> While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat—
> The common fate of all that's high and great!'

Its vicinity to Egham, where repose the poet's ancestors, adds interest to the theme of his song.*

* Sir John Denham, the poet of 'Cooper's Hill,' was born in Dublin in 1615—his father being then Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer. The poet was an uncompromising loyalist, and was actively engaged in the Civil Wars ; and he relates that some lines written by him coming accidentally under the notice of Charles I., the king advised him to 'write no more,' alleging that 'when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the over-

The Company of Basket-makers (if there be such a company) have claimed a large portion of the field—where the barons, 'clad in compleat steel,' assembled to confer with King John upon the great charter of English freedom, by which, Hume truly but coldly says, 'very important liberties and privileges were either granted or secured to every order of men in the kingdom; to the clergy, to the barons, and to the people'—the Basket-makers, we say, have availed themselves of the low land of Runnymead to cultivate osiers; piles and stacks of 'withies' in

Runnymead.

various stages of utility, for several hundred yards shut out the river from the wayfarer, but as he proceeds they disappear, and Cooper's Hill on the left, the rich flat of Runnymead, the Thames, and the groves of Time-honoured Ankerwyke, on its opposite bank, form together a rich and most interesting picture. It is now nearly a hundred years since it was first proposed to erect

flowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.' 'Cooper's Hill' obtained a rapid popularity; Dryden described it as 'the exact standard of good writing;' and 'Denham's strength' wa lauded by Pope.

a triumphal column upon Runnymead; but we have sometimes a strange antipathy to do what would seem unavoidable; the monument to the memory of Hampden is a sore proof of the niggardliness of liberals to the liberal; but all monuments to such a man or to such a cause must appear poor; the names 'Hampden' and 'Runnymead' suffice; the green and verdant mead, encircled by the coronet of Cooper's Hill, reposing beneath the sun, and shadowed by the passing cloud, is an object of reverence and beauty, immortalised by the glorious liberty which the bold barons of England forced from a spiritless tyrant.

Though Cooper's Hill has no claim to the sublimity of mountain scenery, its peculiar situation commands a broad expanse of country. It rises abruptly from the Runnymead meadows, and extends its long ridge in a north-westerly direction; the summit is approached by a winding road, which from different points of the ascent progressively unfolds a gorgeous number of fertile views, such as no other country in the world can give

> 'Of hills and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
> And glittering towns, and silver streams.'

We have heard that the views from KINGSWOOD Lodge—the dwelling of the hill—are delicious, and that its conservatory contains an exquisite marble statue of 'Hope.' On the west of Cooper's Hill is the interesting estate of ANKERWYKE PURNISH. Anckerwycke has been for a series of years in the possession of the family of Harcourt. There is a 'meet' of the three shires in this vicinity,—Surrey, Buckinghamshire, and Berkshire. The views from the grounds of ANCKERWYCKE, are said to be of exceeding beauty, and the kindness of its master makes eloquent the poor about his domain. All these things, and the sound of the rippling waters of the Thames, and the song of the myriad birds which congregate in its groves, and the legends* sprung of its antiquity, all contribute to the adornment of the gigantic fact that HERE, King John, sorely against his will, signed

* There is much interest attached to a fine old yew tree, beneath whose shadow tradition says Anna Buleyn met Henry VIII. There is a legend, also, that a dove conveyed a bough of that yew tree in its bill to Germany, where a convent was built to protect the relic of Anckerwycke; but Germany was abandoned after a time for Spain, where the tree now flourishes, it having been transplanted by the monks.

MAGNA CHARTA! How that single fact fills the soul, and nerves the spirit; how proudly the British birthright throbs within our bosoms. We long to lead the new Napoleon, the absolute Nicholas, the frank, hospitable, and brave, but sometimes over-confident American, to this green sward of Runnymead, and tell them that HERE was secured to the Englishman—a LIBERTY *which other nations have never enjoyed!* Here in the thickset beauty of yon little island, was our CHARTER granted. As to how we have kept it, and how enlarged it, 'by God and our country' we may be tried! But surely there is stern truth as well as true poetry in that passage of our Anthem which tells us that

> 'The nations not so blest as thee,
> Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
> Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
> The pride and envy of them all!'

There has been much dispute as to whether the Charter was signed upon the Mead or on the Island called '*Magna Charter Island*,' which forms a charming feature in the landscape, and upon which is built a little sort of *altar-house*, so to call it. We leave the settlement of such matters to wiser and more learned heads; but we incline to the idea that John would have felt even the mimic ferry a protection. The island looks even now *exclusive*, and as we were impelled to its shore, we indulged the belief that the charter was really there signed by the King. There was a poetic feeling in whoever planted the bank of 'Forget-me-not' just at the entrance to the low apartment which was fitted up to contain the *charter stone*, by the late Simon Harcourt, Esq., in the year 1835. The inscription on the stone is as follows:—'Be it remembered, that on this island, in June, 1215, JOHN, KING OF ENGLAND, SIGNED THE MAGNA CHARTA, and in the year, 1834, this building was erected in commemoration of that great and important event by George Simon Harcourt, Esq., Lord of the Manor and then High Sheriff of the county.' A gentleman rents the island from Mr. Harcourt, and has built there a Gothic cottage in excellent keeping with the place. It adjoins the altar-room, but does not interfere with it, nor with the privilege so graciously bestowed on the public by Mr. Harcourt,—permitting patriots or fishermen to visit the island, and pic-nic in a tent prepared for the purpose, under the shelter of some superb walnut trees.

Though our varied pilgrimage draws to a close, let not our friends imagine there is

'No more to see, no more to tell.'

There is much within a walk of our little pensive town, which we have not recorded, but which we hope we may induce others to record hereafter.

Our Surrey Hills and our Surrey Vales, are, in truth, beautiful; but their beauty is enhanced by the many associations of glory that are inseparably and for ever linked with them.

Especially, and above all, be it remembered, that from every ascent to which, in this our Pilgrimage, we have made reference, we obtain a view of Royal WINDSOR, perpetually reminding us, that while, on the one hand, we 'hold fast' the liberties that have been obtained for us by arms or eloquence, on the other we are preserved alike from the evils that Despotism creates, and the perils that arise out of Democracy. And surely, while we raise our hearts to God in thankfulness that the land about us is free as well as fertile, we may waft a blessing towards that regal dwelling, whence, over all the kingdom and its dependencies, a holy and happy influence issues and spreads—teaching goodness by example alike to the high and to the humble, and showing that nowhere, either in palace or in cottage, are the duties of life more wisely or more purely performed than they are in THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

THE END.

KENSINGTON PUBLIC LIBRARIES

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

Collated by J.C.
Date 15-10-15

15 JUN. 1934